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ART. I.—THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.

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AMONG the prevailing topics of conversation, is that of the relations of England and France, as bearing upon the interests of all other nations as well as their own. It was an annoyance to Cæsar that the two peoples were so ready to unite in being troublesome to him, although they appeared to know so very little as they did of one another's doings. His theory was, that the parts of Britain that he had to deal with were peopled from Gaul, however the case might be further inland. The language was the same on both sides the Channel, he said: the wattled huts, with domes or peaks thatched with straw, were the same; and the way of living altogether. Britain was the very sanctuary of the Gaulish religion; the Gauls made a fortune by the monopoly of tin and lead which they sold from Marseilles, keeping it a secret, as long as possible, where they got the metals; and the British bought in return the woven cloths (woollen always, and linen after a time), which were manufactured in Gaul. Yet, with all this communication going on, Cæsar could not get the Gauls to tell him anything whatever about the people who lived behind those white cliffs to which he was pointing. He intended to cross on a reconnoitring visit to that coast. He wanted to get some of the British pearls, and to know what sort of country it was.

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He assembled, somewhere near Boulogne, merchants from the whole country—from the coast where the British metals were landed, and along the road thence to Marseilles and Narbonne—a road which it took thirty days for the commodity to travel; he knew that a great number of those merchants must have been in Britain, in pursuit of their business; and yet, from no one of them could he learn what he wanted to know of the fertility of certain districts of our island, nor about the number and defensible condition of the people. He believed that the Gauls were now repaying the British for former favours, while consulting their own interests. The difficulty of conquering the Gauls had been much aggravated by the aid and support which the British were always sending across the Channel. So great was the apparent ignorance of these travelled merchants, that they could not even tell what harbours there were on the opposite coast, nor how large the island was, nor how the inhabitants made war; so that Cæsar was obliged to give up his trip, and send an officer, in a single galley, to explore. Meantime he remained between Boulogne and Calais, because that was the narrowest crossing, and collected as many ships as could be found for his invasion. The circumstance of the alliance of the two peoples in resisting the aggression of the Czar of those days was certainly talked over at Rome, much as the repetition of the same conduct is now discussed at St. Petersburg. It was annoying; and the foolhardiness of the opposition was really astonishing; but, if the recusants would compel the great man and his legions to drive them into the sea, why, they must take the consequences. It was rather a pity, however, that those places were too far off for the ladies of any great provincial city to see the thing done. There was no Roman town or tower near enough to afford to any lady the amusing spectacle of either Gauls or British, or both, being driven into the sea. The relation of the two peoples was not always that of alliance, it appears. When there was no Cæsar to be dreaded, Cornwall and Bretagne had their bickerings and mutual invasions; and by conquest, and the marriages which in those days followed such an acquisition of a footing, the Bretons and the Britons came to be almost as much alike as their names are now, and quite as much as Cæsar described them.

The great bond, however, was clearly their mutual dependence in matters of religion and learning. Druidism was their common faith; Britain was the holy place of Druidism, and Mona its holy of holies: so the Gaulish youth gazed with reverence over the narrow sea. On the other hand, we have the evidence of Tacitus for the eagerness with which the British youth emulated the learning of Gaul. Though all knowledge came through the Druids, and the strongholds of Druidism were in our islands, it

certainly appears that learning was more cultivated in France than in Britain at the time of the Roman invasion. Tacitus tells us that when Agricola had time to attend to such matters, he stimulated the sons of the chiefs to painstaking with their Latin, by professing to admire the native genius of the Britons more than the cultivation of the Gauls; and this set the youths to work at once to qualify themselves to give vent to their native eloquence in the language which was to introduce them to literature. Still, to judge by a hint from Juvenal, the law-schools of Gaul were resorted to by Britons for at least a century and a half afterwards. He says that even the people of Thule were talking of hiring orators; and yet he says that eloquent Gaul trained the pleaders of Britain.

Here, then, are the earliest known relations between England and France. They helped one another against the Romans; they traded together, keeping one another's counsel about topographical matters in a highly curious way; and they looked up to each other in regard to the highest of all interests—religion and learning. Frays and forays were interspersed, as will happen with next-door neighbours in an imperfect state of cultivation; but, quarrelling or at peace, they were certainly of immense importance to each other, and of not a little to great Rome herself.

For some centuries after this, the two countries seem to have parted off in destiny. Britain kept its independence and France did not; or only Bretagne, which took that attitude from the settlement of British soldiers who had followed Maximus, the usurper, into Gaul. The nationality of the Gauls had been broken down by that act of Caracalla which seemed a great boon—the extension of Roman citizenship to all the natives of the provinces. This incorporated the fate of Gaul with that of Rome; and when the empire sank, the provinces also became a prey to the conquerors. Early in the fifth century, the Vandals and other barbarians crossed the Rhine, which they never recrossed. They got over the Pyrenees into Spain, looked over the Lake of Geneva, followed the Rhine and the Loire, and sat down where they pleased—except only in Bretagne. During the centuries when the Britons were harassed by the Saxons and Danes, the Gaulish coasts suffered no less; and neither could help the other against this new foe, except by Bretagne affording a refuge to some of the pillaged islanders, while others fled to their fastnesses in Wales and Cornwall. The Northmen were preparing, during these centuries, new relations between England and France which should affect, through all time to come, the destinies of the human race. While Clovis was raising the Frankish name above that of all other races of invaders, drawing the various Frankish tribes under his own rule, and founding the French empire, deep dark-

ness settled down on the history of Britain. There are glimpses of tradition about Vortigern and Rowena, and other such valiant and charming personages; but nothing is really known beyond the settlement of one band of Saxons after another in England, while they pressed no less fiercely on the coasts of France. Under the last weak descendants of Charlemagne, the Northmen were successful in obtaining a great division of France for themselves; and it was as memorable a day for the one empire as for the other, when those fierce admirals obtained from Charles the Simple, in A.D. 911, the Duchy of Normandy as a fief of the Crown. The French had begun with their great line of kings, the Capets, less than a century before we began with our line of Norman kings. The destinies of many nations were involved in that act of cession of French territory to a people who were, in a century and a half, to furnish sovereigns to England.

The scenery and adjuncts are mightily changed before Norman eyes since the early days of English and French relations. The Druids are cold in their graves; the oaks are valued for the number of swine they will shelter and feed; and the mistletoe is rudely plucked, and not cut with a golden sickle. Instead of these old sanctities, there are monks, with their power of absolution and anathema; and shrines, and such a tubful of dead men's bones and the dried flesh of saints as the Bayeux tapestry shows us as the altar on which the English Harold swore his great oath to the Norman William—unaware that such relics lay under his hand. He shuddered at the sight, as an old Briton would have done at an invoked clap of thunder. The chase remained through all these thousand years. Many of the Druidical congregation came clothed in the skins of the beasts of their forests; and Duke William was fitting new arrows to his bow in the woods near Rogen when the news of Harold's coronation was brought to him. When he gave his bow to an attendant and unsheathed his sword, he determined the relations of France and England to this day.

For two centuries those relations could hardly be said to involve the English people. The Normans on both sides the Channel were a kind of intermediates between the Franks and the Anglo-Saxons; and the superiority in power of the French or the English king alternated, as power must fluctuate under a *régime* which treated territory as the personal property of royalty, or of its feudal rulers as dependents on royal personages. Louis VI. was a match for our Norman kings, because the Crusades were sensibly weakening the feudal chiefs, and giving the sovereign a power of consolidation and regulation of which Louis ably availed himself; and then again, in the next reign, the superiority reverted to England; because Henry II. had married the divorced

wife of Louis VII., Eleanor of Guienne, who had brought thirteen provinces as her dowry. In the next reign, again, that of Philippe II., this predominance of the English kings strengthened the power of the French; for it united the other powerful vassals of France with their sovereign, and raised his kingly prerogative more and more above theirs, while the dissensions among the sons of Henry II., the onerous Crusade of that time, the heavy ransom of Cœur-de-Lion, and the bad government of John, all helped to make the territorial superiority of England of no practical effect. Of the intercourse between the two kingdoms during the reigns of the Edwards—the jealousies, the vacillations, the bribes at one time and the frank generosity at another; the wiles and tears of queens and the hatred or ostentatious friendship of kings, we have happily an elaborate picture in “Froissart’s Chronicle.” Never was an inquisitive faculty better bestowed than on that spirited and painstaking man; and the interval of which he wrote lies before us in as full a light as the French and English alliance of this day. We enter more completely into the deliberations about the great question of homage between Edward III. and Philippe of France than we shall ever do into the European negotiations of our own time, till the intolerable practice of secrecy in diplomacy is done away; and the onset of the English archers upon the French deputation at York, when the Frenchmen got bludgeoned from the carters’ stores to defend themselves with, is as vividly placed before our eyes by the “Chronicle” as the reception of the band of the Emperor Napoleon’s Guides at the Crystal Palace and at Windsor is by the newspapers of last October. Three hundred archers lay dead, “all from the bishoprick of Lincoln;” and the historian concludes: “I believe that God never showed greater grace or favour to any one than he did that day to Sir John de Hainault and his company,” who were in the utmost peril as long as they remained at York. Truly, the international visiting has completely changed its character.

And not less so the international alliances and controversies. The people and their welfare had no concern in peace, nor were there any liberties then to be the cause of war. When the Cardinal de Perigord rode backwards and forwards, as Froissart tells us he did, between the French and English armies, for the whole day (Sunday) before the battle of Poitiers, trying to negotiate, in order to save, as he thought, the slaughter of the skin-and-bone English, it was about castles and lands, and captive noblemen, that the controversy proceeded or halted: and when the French king was taken prisoner, the interest of the war became more individual and less national at every step. By this time the accession of the House of Valois, after the failure of the direct line of the Capets, had brought the two countries into direct

collision,—Edward III. claiming the crown of France in right of his mother. How this went on there is no need to tell any English reader; how our Henry V. got himself acknowledged as heir, and his son baptised as king of France; and how, something like a national spirit having been aroused by this encroachment, the English were soon almost entirely expelled from France.

A new phase appeared when the feudal system was broken down by Henry VII. in England and Louis XI. in France. No preceding phase, and perhaps no following one, could be of nearly so great importance; for it presented for the first time a distinctive national character on the opposite shores of the channel. While feudal institutions were essentially alike in different countries, there could be no marked differences in the popular character of any two, because national interests could hardly be said as yet to exist. The nobles of France and England contended for personal rights, represented by castles, lands, and dependents; and their followers fought for their respective lords, with or without some partial notion of what the quarrel was about. When the contemporary sovereigns of the two countries instituted a new *régime*, the great and portentous act might be said to mark the birthday of the two nations. Little more than sixty years had passed (so that a man might remember the two events) since Henry VI. had been crowned at Paris, as king of England and France, when Henry VII. mounted the throne, to put an end to those feudal pretensions in which our wars, with France and at home, had originated. The French kings had meantime become pretty well tired of feuds, Burgundian and others, at home; and Louis XI. found it time to put forth his strength in repression of the nobles. He took the great step of instituting a standing army: and our Henry made a small beginning in the same way. We are apt to associate the institution of standing armies with Louis XIV., because he developed the system which has since governed international destinies; but it was Louis XI. who began it, with his company of Swiss mercenaries, and his 10,000 infantry, paid out of his own purse. An image of Scotch archers, with the monarch's red gold in their pouches, will here occur to the readers of Scott's novel "Quentin Durward." Our Henry, who liked to keep his red gold in his own pouch, began in a much humbler way. He established a band of fifty archers, as a royal guard; and these fifty were the total military force of England in that day. In the next reign, the king so far imitated the French as to have fifty horsemen, with as many archers in attendance, with others in the rear of them; but the expense was found to be too great, it is supposed, and they were sent their ways. The fifty archers, paid by the king, were the standing army of England when the feudal system was overborne by the monarchical.

The aim of both monarchs was the same—to subdue the aristocracy, and establish absolutism. The one succeeded, because the aim was in accordance with the elements of the national character about to be developed. The other appeared to himself to succeed; but the English are not made for an absolute monarchy, and when the Tudors and the Stuarts had ended their struggle for it, the French,—king and people together,—were glorying in their full development of it. When our James II. hung like a beggar about the court of Louis XIV., and the predominance of the aristocracy had been proved, and representative institutions made secure in England, France was in a state of high exhilaration at the pitch of glory to which their absolute monarch had brought the national name—in arms, in arts, in literature, and ostensibly in commerce. The character of each nation had so grown and become manifest in the interval, that the political relations between the two countries had become truly popular:—that is, the minds of the people went along with the action of their rulers more or less consciously. The French people liked an absolute sovereign better than an overruling aristocracy, because there is, in such a case, a closer union and mutual regard between king and people than there ever can be between the people and a powerful aristocracy. So the French, as a nation, were proud and fond of the monarch who ruled them for seventy-two years, though he taxed them dreadfully, drained away their manhood for his wars, exiled their best artisans and operatives, and even whole branches of manufacture and commerce, by his revocation of the Edict of Nantes, insulted their Dutch customers by calling them a nation of shopkeepers (or something equivalent), and at length lost his conquests, caused the standing armies of all Europe (conjured up by himself) to post themselves round his frontier, and finally left an enormous debt, with smaller means than ever of paying it, from the exhaustion of the country. If this picture should call up in the reader's mind the features of a later time, we need only say that Louis XIV. and Napoleon Bonaparte were very much alike as sovereigns, and not wholly unlike as men. The one lived before and the other after the explosion of revolution in France; and their birth and training were so very different that it is the strongest possible evidence of the tendency of the French people to absolute monarchy that the reigns of the sovereigns who reigned seventy-two years before and seventy-two months after the great revolution should have been so much alike as they were. The tendency to absolute monarchy, it must be remembered, is akin to the tendency to republicanism: or rather, they are the same tendency in different stages of development. There can hardly be any political philosopher who does not see that France is destined for

republicanism, and that the day of her nascent republic, guarded by a Gallic Washington—in armour perhaps, rather than in ruffles and powder—is not far off.

The divergence of the English career from its parting with the French, after the repression of feudalism, was remarkable enough to leave no occasion for wonder that the international dislike rose to the point that it reached at the end of the period described. In politics and religion, the two peoples pursued opposite courses, and did one another a mischief, most piously and patriotically, as often as they could. Henry VIII. and Francis embraced in a very grand way in the Field of Cloth of Gold; but then the marriage of the king of Scotland with a French princess awoke the old jealousy again; and there was more war than peace in that century, as in every other. What will posterity say to the fact that the two nations have been at war for eighty years out of every hundred since modern history began? But Catholic France was in close alliance with Scotland while the court of Scotland remained Catholic; and in all times of trouble with Ireland, France was ready to help her kindred in race and faith against us. Elizabeth put on mourning for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and resented the plots on behalf of her victim, the Queen of Scots. When the Reformation was felt to be secure in England, such cordiality as there was between the two courts was always distrusted and condemned by the English nation, because they were then engaged in their political struggle against absolute monarchy. The friendship between Charles I. and the French rulers was vehemently denounced by the Parliamentarians; and when Cromwell got on so well with the court and nation across the channel, it was because he was the head and representative of the Commonwealth. When France became the refuge of the outcast Stuarts, and constitutional monarchy took its place on the English throne in the form of William III., and Marlborough drove back the most absolute of monarchs within his proper boundaries, the opposition of principle and feeling between the two nations was at its height, and the French and English may be regarded as having then reached the extreme point of international repugnance, though the broadest expression of their mutual enmity might be yet to come.

During the seventy-two years which intervened between the death of Louis XIV. and the overthrow of the monarchy, the two peoples really knew scarcely anything of each other. The English were very earnest about Protestantism, whereas the French never went through that phase; and the Calvinistic section which bore that name never flourished, in the absence of sympathy from court and people. Even persecution failed in naturalizing Protestantism in France. While we and our Georges were always

talking about Protestantism, the French were talking one another down about Jesuitism and Jansenism. There were struggles at Paris between the parliaments and the courts on the one hand and the kings and the clergy on the other: but they were not effectual enough to command much interest among us who had got our theory of representative government acknowledged, however far the practice might lag behind. And then came war again and again. There was war about the Canada boundary line, and in the great quarrel between Austria and Prussia—we siding with Prussia, and France with Austria—with Irish malcontents to show how to invade England with flat-bottomed boats. Then came our quarrel—that is, the quarrel of a bad government of ours—with our American colonies, and the jealousy excited by seeing that great aptitude of the French and Americans for alliance which, at this day, we regard with such hearty satisfaction. By this time, however, the enmity between England and France which all the world took for granted, through tradition and long habit, had ceased to be international. We refuse to admit that the oppression of our American colonies was a national policy; and the French have shown pretty plainly that they repudiate the government of the family successors of Louis XIV.,—not on account of its form so much as its deteriorated quality. Amidst such traditional hostility as the peoples supposed they mutually felt, there was a deep and true sympathy, as soon as the moment arrived which would permit it. When the revolution broke out, there was infinitely more sympathy with the nation than with the monarchical government; and, strong as was the appeal to the emotions and social ideas and habits of the English people when the royal family of France, with hundreds of the *élite* of the nation, were murdered, the war of 1793 was regarded as a dynastic war in England as elsewhere. The French people did not want to go to war with us. They went to the utmost stretch of forbearance and patient explanation, in hope of avoiding war. And on our part it may be said that the people of England never had a fair opportunity of pronouncing their judgment. The king, his allies, and his ministers, took for granted the going into a vindictive war; and, under the appalling circumstances of the time, it is probable that if it had been put to the vote, a larger number of Englishmen might have been mustered on its behalf than at any time since—or, at any rate, till now: but it never was a hearty national war, till Bonaparte renewed it after the short peace of Amiens. Then the state of things had wholly changed. There was absolute monarchy, unconsecrated by the hereditary principle, in France; and the elected or permitted despot threatened our national existence. No wonder that the enmity of Englishmen then made its strongest manifesta-



tions, and that it became the maxim of our navy under Nelson to "hate a Frenchman as you would the devil."

No wonder, on the other hand, if the French people detested us for thrusting the Bourbons back upon them. Because we British,—Edinburgh reviewers and all,—rejoiced and gloried in the battle of Waterloo, which gave national security to ourselves and everybody else, the French nation supposed that the Bourbons were English idols, and that restoring them to their old throne was our national act. The supposition was natural; but we need not stop to prove that it was a mistake. Nobody cared much about the Bourbons, except in a compassionate way, and during their hopeless years. We do not remember that anybody pretended to expect that they would prove themselves particularly wise, good, or acceptable in their governing function. But the French people knew what few English were aware of—that Louis XVIII., when in London before his departure for his kingdom, testified towards the Prince Regent a gratitude so excessive as to hurt and offend the Emperor Alexander; and that this gratitude was occasioned by the Regent having been the first to move the Allies to dethrone Napoleon and restore the Bourbons. The initiative was taken by the Regent sending for Count Lieven, on the 25th of January, 1814, to propose and urge this scheme. Louis was melted with gratitude,—the sovereigns and their agents knew why, and the French nation, by a very natural instinct, were also assured why: but the British people knew nothing about it. This was one of the many lessons we have had on the mischief of that system of secret diplomacy which has been the cause of incalculable sin and woe, and which it is the opprobrium of our people that they still tolerate. The French had taken our own word for it that we lived under free institutions, and that by them the nation was the governing power; and they regarded us as answerable for the restoration of the Bourbons accordingly: whereas, the recent publication of the Castlereagh correspondence first made known (3rd Series, i. p. 267) a dispatch of Count Lieven which tells the story. The fact is, Englishmen supposed the whole case of the French to depend on their fitness for constitutional government; and when they saw how the Bourbons were sympathized with at Paris about white cockades and such things, while the Chambers summoned by the provisional government were shut up and forgotten, they felt what parliamentary English may be supposed to feel, and without sufficient consideration for the length of time that the French had been living under absolutism. All this was set right by the Revolution of 1830. On the first irrefragable proof of what the French people were willing to do and to suffer for liberty of the press, the English heart was won.

• We were disposed to date the French Alliance from the Three Days of July, 1830. The crowns might have allied themselves before,—amidst much popular grumbling in France. The people allied themselves now, amidst much grumbling of court and cabinet. It should never be forgotten that public meetings were held day and night, all over our country, to congratulate the French on their noble emancipation from the Polignac tyranny; and that a long series of deputations went to Paris to present the addresses. None of us can forget how anxiously we questioned whether we could hope for such a manifestation of popular virtue in the conduct of a revolution, if revolution were rendered necessary by a refusal of parliamentary reform. None of us can forget the eagerness with which we looked out for and received the news, that Paris was in a state of siege, that the Parisians had taken Paris, that the Bourbons were coming over to England again, and that the Chambers had met, in a composed and dignified way,—which might prove a good pattern of behaviour for us. We do not forget the hoisting of the tri-colour in the Thames, nor the Duke of Wellington's celebrated act of turning away from the sight of it; nor the remarkable unanimity with which everybody agreed that the friend of Polignac could be no prime minister of ours. Neither do we forget that to the French Revolution of 1830 we owe our first liberal ministry, our Reform Bill, and the opening of a new period of political and social regeneration. This then we consider the date of that alliance which is at present the leading political idea in both countries, and which must long continue to be, in its preservation, or in that reversal which there is no occasion to contemplate, the most important international concern in the world. While the exiled Bourbons were again slowly and sorrowfully travelling towards the refuge we had once more to afford them, Harry Brougham was going through his celebrated Yorkshire election. While the Polignac ministry were owing their lives to the contempt of their nation, Englishmen were eagerly showing each other how the representation was now the ground of every struggle for freedom. And while Lafayette was making the questionable experiment of giving a constitutional king to a people clearly destined to pass from absolutism to republicanism, the English were making up their mind to profit by the example of the French in regenerating their own constitutional system.

During the troubled dream of the reign of the Citizen King,—(though he was too inimitably vulgar to have any right to that title,)—the sympathies of the English were certainly more thorough and genial towards the French people than the French could possibly know that they were. We knew that the centra-

lizing system which Louis XIV. had instituted, and which was no less dear to the heart of Louis Philippe, was a fatal obstacle to political improvement, and must inevitably explode sooner or later every government that was based upon it, from the moment that the nation had conceived the idea of political liberty. As for the repeated danger of war between the two countries during that reign,—we certainly never believed the French nation to be anxious to break with us about Tahiti, or dreamed of making them answerable for the infamy of the Spanish marriages; and we have trusted that they gave us similar credit,—though we cannot say that we fully deserve it till we have secured a faithful representation or ministerial responsibility to us, in regard to affairs of international policy. We knew that there was a war party in France which was very small indeed, though it made a prodigious noise. That clamour was not the voice of the nation; nor was it ever supposed by the mass of sensible Englishmen to be so: nor could any sane man believe that such a scheme as that of the Spanish marriages could be devised or sustained by any body of higher morals than a pettifogging son of Egalité, and a minister whose love of place and consequent obsequiousness had wrought their usual curse of moral obscuration and perversion. There is a passage in the “*London and Westminster Review*,” under the date of December, 1838, (vol. xxxii.) which we may be permitted to cite here, not only for its interest at the present time, but because it exhibits the view entertained by the most popular, as to its politics, of the English Quarterlies at the middle term of the reign of Louis Philippe, when Louis Napoleon had achieved his Strasburg exposure, and was gone to the United States,—to learn universal suffrage, no doubt. After declaring an opinion that Bonapartism was done with in France, the reviewer says, (p. 96.)

“In speaking of Europe and of France, we must be understood to speak of the people of each country, not the government; for to the people, in the last resort, belongs at this day the decision of all important questions. Were it only a question of dynasty between Louis Philippe and Napoleon Louis, we should perhaps judge differently, but there is for the consideration of both, and standing between them, another thing,—the nation; and the nation, we believe, will not make a revolution for the sake of re-establishing the Empire upon the ruins of Louis Philippe’s royalty—a revolution of the palace merely. She will perhaps for a long time to come remain quiet, though suffering; working out for herself a common social and political creed, of which she is now in want. But if she shall one day lift up again her degraded head, it will not be for the expulsion of a man but of a principle; that of a financial and trading aristocracy, represented by the spurious kingship of the Orleans branch. It will not be for the sake of enjoying

for a moment, as is promised her by Napoleon Louis, the liberty of choice to relinquish it again. It will be to organize through national institutions a continuous exercise of her liberty and sovereignty, so secured as not again to be lost by any mistake she may commit as to an individual or a dynasty. In short, it will be, not to repeat experiments which have cruelly disappointed her, but to try a new one, the struggle for which, indeed, she has already gone through, but has never yet realized its peaceable enjoyment."

There is more truth than error, we believe, in this passage. The people did *not* dethrone Louis Philippe to put a Bonaparte in his place,—though one has since waded to it through the blood of French men, women, and children. France is, we hope, working out for herself such a creed as is here described; and she *will* finally achieve liberty and popular sovereignty, "so secured as not to be lost again by any mistake." And the avowal of these expectations, nearly ten years before the expulsion of the Orleans family, we consider as strong an evidence of intelligent sympathy as Frenchmen could receive from our country. The spirit of true alliance is in that passage.

When, in 1810, Louis Napoleon tried his Boulogne experiment, the most striking thing, perhaps, in his proclamation, was his declaration that an alliance between France and England was indispensable and inevitable. He is a man who, as we all know, is not apt to change his views, but rather to cling with extraordinary pertinacity to whatever ideas he has fairly adopted. This was remembered, a few weeks since, by the English who saw him at Boulogne; and one such gazer, knowing that that proclamation had become scarce, sent him a copy. Such are the curious turns of fate! and such was the method chosen to keep the adventurer emperor's mind fixed on the declaration of that critical hour! He returned the paper, sending word that he had preserved copies, and would not deprive the owner of what seemed to be considered valuable. The document is now, in fact, extremely rare: but a copy has been lent to us; and we cite it,—partly because it is a curiosity, and yet more on account of its hint of an Anglo-French alliance:—

"Voyez vos ports presque déserts; voyez vos barques qui languissent sur la grève; voyez votre population laborieuse qui n'a pas osé protéger son commerce, écriez vous avec moi, 'Traîtres, disparaissez! L'esprit de Napoléon qui ne s'occupe que du bien du peuple, s'avance pour vous confondre.' Habitants du département du Pas-de-Calais! ne craignez point que les liefs que vous attachent à vos voisins d'outre-mer soient rompus. Les dépouilles mortelles de l'Empereur et l'aigle Impériale ne reviennent de l'exil qu'avec des sentiments d'amour et de réconciliation. Deux grands peuples sont faits pour s'entendre; et la glorieuse Colonne qui s'avance fièrement sur le rivage

comme un souvenir de guerre, deviendra un monument expiatoire de toutes vos haines passées.

"Ville de Boulogne! que Napoléon aimait tant, vous allez être le premier anneau d'une chaîne qui réunira tous les peuples civilisés; votre gloire sera impérissable; et la France votera des actions de grâces à ces hommes généreux qui les premiers ont salué de leurs acclamations notre drapeau d'Austerlitz.

"Habitants de Boulogne! venez à moi, et ayez confiance dans la mission providentielle que m'a léguée le Martyr de Sainte Helène. Du haut de la Colonne de la grande armée le génie de l'Empereur veille sur vous, et applaudit à nos efforts, parcequ'ils n'ont qu'un but—le bonheur de la France."

The British people are, and have long been, in alliance with the French in judgment and sympathy; and they would be so if the Emperor were not. But it is a prodigious security and advantage that the existing ruler of France, who, as we have said, is not apt to change his views, declared himself so long ago in favour of what is now the desire and decision of both nations.

We close our retrospect of the political relations of the English and French, by declaring our belief that the present alliance is independent of the particular person who conducts it in the name of France. The alliance would have taken place, no doubt, if the republic had existed at this hour. It is fortunate that the interests of the Emperor lie in the same direction with the convictions and inclinations of the people; it is fortunate that so unexceptionable an opportunity offers itself for the usurper to manifest his best qualities, and win personal consideration, and acquire friends among the rulers of Europe. The opportunity is a god-send to him who so lately wandered outside the circle of European royalties, all of whom turned their backs upon him. Since the war began, a manifest change has come over the cold and self-contained man. There is a geniality of spirit and cheerfulness of manner which are new; and even his dull eye and unpromising face have lightened up. He is a happier man, tremendous as must still be his anxieties, as the one man responsible for the fate of a suffering nation, by whom he knows himself to be not too well beloved,—not even tolerated, if they could help themselves. Tremendous as must be his anxieties, his self-love is less suffering than it was; and the consequence is, (the natural and ordinary consequence of improved happiness,) the improvement of the man. The moral exhilaration caused by his new advantages is what his character most wanted, and his conduct as the ally of our government has certainly been excellent,—frank, sincere, decided, able, and liberal. However it may be about other matters, he may be accepted as a true representative of the French in regard to the English alliance. And this is all that the English have to do with in act and speech. Our

neighbours know that our convictions and sympathies are in favour of national self-government, local instead of centralized, and of a free press and liberty of personal action; and they know therefore what congratulations from us are in store for them whenever they obtain those blessings. Meantime, we have only to accept the fact that their ruler is nominally the choice of their nation, by a democratic vote; and, while accepting that fact, to take care how we assume the acts of the man to be those of the nation. In regard to the English alliance, the case is happily very clear: and that it is so saves a world of mischief and pain on both sides the Channel.

Our survey of the relations between the two countries, from the dawn of history to this day, yields the all-important consideration that we have entered upon a new period, from whose conditions no arbitrary government, no power of human will whatever, can drive us back. The old meetings and partings, the old peace and war, were ordained and accomplished by external force; whereas now, all international action must proceed from within. Politically, the ground of sympathy is, (as was shown in 1830) attachment to representative institutions; and two nations enjoying, or intending to enjoy, such institutions, can never be driven into warfare by external compulsion. If they go to war, it will be on account of some quarrel between themselves. Commercially, they become more and more advantageous, and even necessary to each other, with the progress of time, and the advancement of civilization and mutual knowledge. Intellectually, the affinities which have once begun to work can never be stopped. The only question in such a case is whether there be affinity; a thing of which there is in this case no longer any question. There has been for centuries a French and English alliance in the regions of science, and, such a beginning once made, art and even literature must sooner or later come in. This, however, is the last domain that will be conquered from the old world of exclusion and prejudice. As a whole, the two nations do not yet understand one another's minds, or share one another's tastes; and the wonder would be if they did, considering how lately it was that the English in general believed that all Frenchmen were always engaged in either dancing or cutting off people's heads, while the French conceived of us as always eating raw beef, or drowning ourselves in despair at our fogs. We know a lady, still living, who gives out very confidently that all French people are frivolous; and she evidently supposes all the men of that nation to be powdered and spindle-shanked, and all the women pattering about in high-heeled shoes. In the same way, we find one popular French writer describing the three sons of Sir Thomas Somebody as Sir William, Sir Henry, and Sir John; and another represent-

ing (in fiction, but gravely) Wellington as unsatisfied with all his honours,—with even being made Duke of York, till the crowning glory of being appointed Lord Mayor of London was shed upon him. There is more of this ignorance remaining in both countries than it is at all gratifying to any body's complacency to be obliged to admit. It is not twenty years since one of the wisest of American philosophers discoursed to us on the great new discovery which remained to be made, in the exploration of the French mind. In his opinion, that mind was then altogether a *terra incognita* to English and Americans; and certainly, to hear him discourse reminded us of Columbus in the convent, with the chart under his hand, and his series of glorious evidences streaming from his eloquent lips. The intervening years have accomplished much; but it will be a long while yet before French and English literature are to each other what the German and Italian are to both.

In our opinion, the way to this result is not by direct effort, or in a direct course, but through another department. The Commercial point of view seems to us the most important of all, in regard to the Anglo-French alliance. The scientific men of the two countries will always be comrades. Their alliance is safe enough: but they are few, and above the heads of the many. In the needs and pleasures of the multitude of both nations lies the broad ground of union which is least likely to be broken up by political accidents.

There is no occasion for either people to be proud of superior wisdom in regard to the principles of commerce, in the olden time, or at any time. Both nations had to "live and learn," like everybody else; and both are showing now that they have learned to some purpose, though a good deal remains to be done on both sides the water. We are still in want of French wines, to drive out the alcoholic poisons which are such a curse to our country; and the wine-growers of France have interesting facts to tell of the pressing need of the free introduction of some of our products. If the two nations are attaining wisdom together, they began their commercial career in a curious resemblance of folly. In 1651, the English Parliament passed the Navigation Act, the object of which was to exclude the Dutch from our carrying trade; and in thirteen years more, M. Colbert aimed his blow against the Dutch in his famous tariff, by which he fully expected to secure the commerce, and promote the manufactures of France. It was not only in that day, as we all know, that statesmen concluded that injuring a rival was benefiting one's self, in matters of trade. The Dutch were duly injured; but there remained to France and England, if no other common ground, that of perplexity, because they did not gain what Holland lost, but found the mischief some-

flow spreading to commerce at large. The most emphatic lesson ever given to Europe on this matter was by Bonaparte. His Berlin decrees and their operation will be quoted to the end of time as the proximate cause of that Free-trade which will be recognised hereafter as the life and soul of international alliance. Among the romance of history may be deposited the curious stories which have been recorded, and others which there are still living witnesses to tell, of the adventures of commerce during the last war. In Bourrienne's *Memoirs*, some remarkable facts are told; and there is plenty of other evidence that during that period almost every man in Europe was a smuggler. But while British commodities found their way everywhere, with more or less impediment, trouble, and cost, France was well nigh ruined. While one Englishman kept five hundred horses, and set his pack-carriers converging from many odd outlying places towards France, and while another kept a multitude of dogs, to run to and fro across a frontier, and a third set up a *dépôt* all alone in a wild island of a stormy sea, the grass was growing in the streets of Havre, the harbour was empty, and whole rows of warehouses and dwellings were shut up. The taste for—even the very knowledge of—various colonial products was lost; so that when, on the downfall of Bonaparte, the provisional government opened the ports to colonial produce, there was scarcely any demand, and the people were actually taught the use and luxury of such products by the excessive cheapness which ruined the first importers. Bonaparte is well known to have kept a small loaf of beet-root sugar under a glass shade on his *mantel-piece*, looking on it with fond complacency. The haters of the Bourbons clung to their emperor's attachment to beet-root sugar and commercial prohibition, among other things; and excessive was their consternation when cane sugar was selling in their ports at one-third of a remunerating price, from the provisional government having opened that colonial trade, before which beet-root sugar cannot stand. We ourselves had little to boast of in those days, as to our practice, though we were getting on in theory. We were free from a difficulty which retarded the emancipation of French commerce to a late date, if it does not still work in that direction. It is one consequence of the preponderance of an aristocracy in England and of the monarchical power in France, that our aristocracy are, or may be, commercial, or connected with commerce, while the French noblesse always were separated from it by custom, and partially by law. Not only must no French noble be concerned in commerce, but he must not connect himself in marriage with a commercial family. When, therefore, the time arrived for commerce to become the social force and interest that it is, any antagonistic interest that would not be reconciled with it must go



down before it. Thus it is that while the British aristocracy are upheld in position and fortune by their connexion with commerce, the French noblesse are become a mere name,—an instructive specimen of political and social helplessness. Some of them, of ancient and venerable name, may shrug their shoulders at the mention of our Marquises and Earls of Londonderry and Durham as great coal-owners, and our Ashburtons and Overstones as retired\*merchants and bankers; but the question is, whether the aristocracy chooses to endure or to perish. If it happens not to think that honour requires suicide, it must comply with modern conditions of existence; and the more cheerfully it does so, the better are its chances of longevity. Our aristocracy has made its choice, as every order of society must, and all entire communities;—to live under the conditions of society in modern times—one of which is the freest and fullest communication of benefits all round.

Under this condition the Anglo-French alliance has been formed; and it is obvious that an entire free trade between the two countries is essential to its perfection and permanence. It will be one of the marvels of history, some day, that the parliament of William III. declared the trade with France to be a nuisance: and that so lately as twenty years ago, our exports to France were less than (even then) to Turkey, and less than one-third of those to Italy. Such was the legitimate trade between two countries which lie in sight of each other, and which are eminently in want of one another's productions. France not only wants our cottons, but cannot manufacture cottons or other fabrics for herself without our iron and coal. Our pottery clays, too, furnish another article which can be sold in France for less than half what earthenware can be had for on the spot. There is no occasion to describe our own need of French products—the wines, brandies, silk and lace fabrics, and a multitude of articles of use and ornament. The amount of smuggling going forward across the Channel was enormous, up to twenty years ago, while the legitimate trade was so small that ten times its amount was crossing the other—the Irish Channel. So lately as till 1831, we persisted in laying a duty of above 83 per cent. higher on French than on Portuguese or Spanish wines. So we must take a large share of blame to ourselves for the grudging commerce which was the disgrace of both parties in those days; and if the French have been slow in following our lead in the course of free trade, we must remember that we, a more manufacturing and commercial people than they, set them an example at the outset, and for above a century, of a more vicious system of restriction than Colbert ever imagined. What both have to do now is to throw open their mutual trade altogether; and it was agreed a year ago

between the French authorities and some qualified English investigators, that whenever we remove the duties on French wines, the French government will act liberally in regard to our cottons, coal, and iron. All advocates of the Anglo-French alliance must apply themselves to obtain free trade in wines.

Are our readers aware that the revenue from imported wines has remained stationary for a quarter of a century, while population has in that time more than doubled? They must all know what horrors arise from spirit-drinking in our islands; but have they ever considered how largely that pernicious indulgence would be superseded by wholesome refreshment, if the immense variety of light French wines were freely admitted, which are now passing out of growth in favour of wheat and other cereals, for want of our demand? The French are not very good agriculturists, but they are capital wine-growers; and Mr. Oliveira has made known the cruel facts of their privations and losses through our wine-duties. His reception by the merchants of Bordeaux last year showed how strong was the desire for free trade there; and in the course of his tour through the south of France, he gathered facts which encourage us to hope that the household consumption of wholesome wines may ere long relieve us from the horrors of the gin-palace, and the spectacle presented by the country beer-shop, where the labourers get their stomachs destroyed by the drugged beer which stupefies their heads. Mr. Oliveira learned that there are numberless varieties of wines grown, or ready to be grown, in France, of which nothing is known here, but which would suit our climate and taste as well as those which are known. The growth of these might be increased to any extent; but, as we will not take those wines, the quantity grown is only for local or a very narrow commercial consumption, and the vines are pulled up to make way for wheat. The evidence of Baron Clausel de Clérant before the Wine Duties Committee in 1852 agrees with all that Mr. Oliveira's statements in Parliament have unfolded. The witness says:—"Wine is not of limited production in France. The ground that is fit to produce wine is now tilled with corn, because wine does not serve them well (does not answer); but as soon as the price rises, the ground would, by a very cheap operation, be converted into vineyards. That has been done very often in France, especially in the part of the country I inhabit. You see, the people engaged in the wine trade continually digging up the vines and sowing corn, and then, when prices rise, or there is an increase in the demand, they plant the vine again, and in three years the vine produces." He had no doubt, he said, that France could supply wine enough to sustain our present revenue at one shilling a gallon—the quantity required for that being five times the present importation. He

had no doubt that, even if we lowered the duty in this way on the wines of all Europe, France could soon undertake to keep up our revenue by her own supply alone. If this be true, for what an injurious interference with French industry are we responsible by our wine duties! And, as for our own industry—what an amount of our products would not our neighbours demand, in exchange for their wines! And this, we must remember, was said in 1852, before the imperial government had had time to show the disposition which they have since practically manifested to relax restrictions on commerce. It was before the manufacturers of Rouen and other places had let us know their opinion that they can compete with British cottons at a low duty; an opinion which threatens no harm to us, but promises as much good as lies in fostering the willingness of the government to repeal or reduce existing duties. It is believed in France that the manufacturers engaged in the woollen and worsted fabrics will tell their government the same thing.

But we are not writing on tariffs, except collaterally; and we must check ourselves. Suffice it that the war of tariffs, which was once as fierce as the other wars between the two countries, is at an end; and we must strive to put an end to the tariffs too, or to as much of them as can possibly be speedily remitted. We confidently anticipate this being done. The French authorities are willing; and they have made considerable reductions already. Our government appears to be willing; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was prudently placed in a position of silence last year by Mr. Oliveira's discretion; and he remains therefore at liberty to say and do what he thinks right, after a year of the French alliance. Already disposed in favour of the wise commercial and financial course, he cannot but be fortified in it by the political considerations of the present time. If we add to our blockade of Russia a vast release of, and stimulus to, French and English industry, we shall be at once strengthening our control over the disturber of national security, and increasing the stamina of international peace between the two greatest countries in the world.

This commercial reciprocity, free and beneficent, is an irrevocable progress in the philosophy and fact of Anglo-French alliance, arising, not from the convenience of kings, but from the desires and instincts of their peoples. Alliances by external force are over for ever; and that by interior growth has fairly begun. Commerce is an evidence of this, and will be its security and its aliment. The same interior growth will accomplish the indissoluble alliance of the genius of the two countries. The free soil, the common ground, which the scientific men of the two nations have had too much to themselves, will now be thrown

open to a wider intellectual union. There will not only be a free reciprocity of the gifts of the earth, but of the richer gifts of the human brain,—of the national genius of each country. The means cannot long be wanting when the proclivity is determined; and the personal and epistolary intercourse requisite to the fusion of minds easily and surely follows upon the liberation and expansion of commerce. To facilitate this intercourse, something remains to be done on both sides of the channel. One of the first favourable reports heard in this country about Louis Napoleon was, that he intended to abolish the passport system. Whether he never intended this, or changed his mind, we do not know; the thing has not been done. There is no occasion for us—or for any Englishman anywhere—to prove the hopeless badness of the passport system. It is enough to say here, that that system hangs on the weak point of the Anglo-French alliance, of which we shall have to speak presently; and that, precisely as far as it goes, it introduces precariousness into the relations of the two peoples. There is no mode of human relations, perhaps, in which small irritations go for so much as in the intercourse of long hostile, and newly reconciled peoples; and the amount of irritation inflicted by the passport system is so great, that the French government would surely not persist in it for a day, but for the impossibility of extricating it from the rest of the despotic and centralized method of which it forms a part. We, on our side, have something to do. Some time since we should have had a fine subject for remonstrance with our own authorities about the intolerable vexations of our custom-house, (quite as bad as the passport system, except that the trouble occurs only once in a journey;) but, bad as the method yet is, and sad as is the spectacle of the irascible foreigners who may still be daily seen, at one or another of our landing-stations, expressing their sufferings under perplexity and delay, something has been done in the way of improvement which warrants our hoping for more. When free trade has received the extension we anticipate, there will be an end of these custom-house grievances. When, again, the conflict on behalf of national liberty which has made us allies, has attained any one of its stages or periods, there must be liberty of travelling on French territory,—under what difficulty and at whose expense will appear when the time comes. The thing will be done; and therefore, whatever stands in the way of it must succumb;—a serious consideration for the authorities who maintain such a restriction after its removal has been discussed, if not promised.

From the time that London and Paris first spoke and replied to each other by the submarine telegraph, the question of cheap postage was virtually decided. That postage is cheaper

than formerly, and likely to be cheaper still, is not enough. We must have the penny rate. No doubt, the daily epistolary intercourse between London and Paris is greater than between London and Dublin or Edinburgh; and the disproportion is immensely increased when our provincial towns are included in the view. Every old cathedral city, and every new manufacturing town, and every area sprinkled with county families, must send more letters to Paris than to Dublin; and the prospect of increase is immeasurably greater. There can be no valid excuse therefore for charging ten times as much postage to Paris as to Dublin; and the allied rulers had better consider at once about removing this barrier to intercourse, and therefore drawback upon alliance.

So much for the methods. As for the results of intercourse,—we see some very pretty sights already. It is pleasant to see our delightful Crystal Palace band strenuously improving themselves by the example of the band of the Imperial Guides. It is pleasant to think of that Imperial band playing at Windsor Castle, for the gratification of the Queen. It is more than pleasant to see their leader, in the name of them all, turning over their well-earned rewards to the Patriotic Fund. It is more than pleasant to see the English at Boulogne, admiring the French camp, associating merrily with the troops in their quarters, and cheering their manœuvres at review. As for the brotherliness of the armies at the seat of war, it is far too animating and deeply interesting to be spoken of in ordinary terms of pleasure. And so it will be with those future reciprocities which the next generation may witness and enjoy, if we and they so strengthen the weak point of the alliance as to ensure its stability. When the two peoples thoroughly enjoy one another's literature, and appreciate one another's views of art, of morals (one cannot say much at present for the prevalent philosophies of either), and especially of life, in its individual, political, and social relations, the human race will have made a great step onwards, and life will have become richer and wiser to many more millions even than those who inhabit the two foremost countries of the world.

Many in both countries see and believe all this: and after saying it to each other, they sigh. And why?

Because, before such good things can come to pass, there is something doubtful and formidable to be gone through. The two peoples are tending together towards a grand future, on which the rising national hope is shining gloriously; but between the travelling hosts there is a gulf,—of which some people now think "the less said the better." In us, however, surveying and exhibiting the conditions and tendencies of the age, it would be an act of unfaithfulness to ignore that chasm, and to pretend that it is just the same thing whether the two parties pay mutual cour-

beside across it or travel side by side. The gulf of the salt deep has been conquered. Our electric wires run under it, and our navies ride above it. But the gulf which separates the sympathies and action of a free and enslaved nation has neither bottom nor surface, and is absolutely impassable. If the French people were to be regarded as really and hopelessly subjected to the despotism of an absolute ruler, there would be no possibility of an alliance with us, like that of which we have been treating. But they and we know that they are not permanently subjected to a despotism. The great and fearful question is whether their Emperor knows this too, and frames his intentions accordingly. If he believes that he is doing well to subject the French nation to an iron control for a time, on account of former political failures, and (aware how skilful and noble those people are in defying and punishing tyranny) purposes to convert their bondage into freedom by gradual emancipation, we can only say that the presumption that he is able to achieve this mighty yet delicate transformation implies a consciousness of possessing an amount of wisdom, as well as of power, which no precedent justifies us in ascribing to him, and that until the dangerous experiment shall have been actually conducted to a successful issue, the Anglo-French alliance has after all but a precarious tenure. We will do all in our power to preserve it, in hope of better days for our neighbours; but it would be rank unfaithfulness to them, and treason to the great cause which unites us, to pretend that any alliance between a free and a fettered nation can be secure. Certain as Englishmen feel that a contest cannot be far off between the views of the ruler of France and the will of its people,—they ask, “With which party is our alliance, when it ceases to be practicable with both?” There is no doubt about the answer. Our alliance is with the people:—with their Emperor as long as he and the people are of one accord,—after that, with the people. But the compact is made by the Emperor, and in his own name: and here is the weak point of the alliance: and on it hangs, as we have already intimated, the whole machinery of his absolutism,—which is a weight too tremendous for any alliance to be expected to bear. We English have our own cause for humiliation, and plenty of it,—humiliation that, at this time of day, we should be laying the great cause of European freedom at the feet of Austria,—right in her path—for her to pick up or kick aside, as it may suit her convenience. We must amend this, and the French people must win freedom at home, before the new blessing of our alliance can be secure to ourselves, or we can have any confident hope of doing our duty to Europe at large, whose destinies now appear to be deposited in our hands.

What that duty is may be said to be completely illustrated by

a combination of the works which head this article. The history of the reigns of the two last Bourbon princes exhibits the anomalies and impracticable and injurious projects to which the European peoples in general, though the French in particular, were subjected by the abuse of the opportunity of the peace of 1815. The work is able, full of information, and consequently, very interesting, while it fills a gap which remained after all the special narratives of the time. Count Krasinski's pamphlet is no less striking and important than his sagacious and heart-warmed vaticinations always are. Mr. Crowe's history presents, clearly and vividly, an important section of the past: the Count's work sets before us the proper aim for the future; and in the "Annual Register" we find the records of the diplomatic events which preceded the war. Count Krasinski alludes, at the close of his work, to the great scheme of European pacification, the conception of which is assigned by some to Henri IV., and by others to Queen Elizabeth, but in which it is known that they cordially agreed;—a scheme for so controlling the encroachments of Austria (the Russia of that day) as to leave the way open for the representation of the wants and feelings of the nations in a permanent congress, which should have full power of action, as well as arbitration. In reference to this, the Count says (p. 62):—

"If such a feeble voice as mine could ever reach the throne of the monarchs in whose hands Providence has now placed the destinies of Europe, I would say to the Elect of the French nation, 'Sire, two hundred thousand Polish lives have been cheerfully sacrificed, under the banners of republican and imperial France, as a price for the future restoration of their country. An envious fate did not allow Napoleon I. to accomplish this great act of justice and wisdom. It has been reserved to you, Sire—you, who have achieved a nobler triumph than all the conquests of your great predecessor; for you have gained the friendship and esteem of his most formidable rival.' No less glory is it to Queen Victoria to have inaugurated a new period in modern history, by the establishment of a cordial union between the two most powerful and civilized nations in Europe (whose divisions had been the source of so much misfortune to humanity), and a mutual confidence between their governments, such as had not existed since the days of Elizabeth and Henri IV. Why should not therefore the present Anglo-French alliance accomplish that splendid scheme, devised by the genius of those two great sovereigns, for the establishment of the peace of Europe on a solid and permanent foundation, but the execution of which, suspended by the death of Elizabeth, was prevented by that of Henri IV. at the very moment when he was about to begin it? The restoration of Poland must form an indispensable part of such a scheme, as being the only means of effectually counterbalancing the power of Russia (which, even after its reduction, will be considerable,) by covering Europe from the

Baltic to the Black Sea, and allowing the development of the Christian populations, from the Danube to the Mediterranean, free from Russian influence, and in a manner accordant with the interests of true civilization, as well as the peace and security of Europe."

So much for the sovereigns. As for the peoples, they should remember that a nation is an aggregate of individuals, every one of whom has a duty in the matter of this alliance no less individual than his relation to it. If all French and English men and women (with very few exceptions) disliked one another but a few years ago, it is necessary that, as individuals, they should now learn, without any exception at all, to appreciate one another in that fairness and geniality of spirit which is sure to bring liking after it. If there are any of us old enough to have some of the ancient prejudice clinging to our minds and feelings—prejudice from which a younger generation is free; or, if we have damped some youthful fervour or dimmed its liberality by the infection of our own distaste, let us grow wiser, and be at once more dutiful to the spirit of our time. In order to grow wiser, perhaps we could hardly do better than recur to a little parable, spoken some time since, on the borders of Wales, by an itinerant preacher of the Evangelical Alliance:—"I was going towards the hills," he said, "early one misty morning. I saw something moving on a mountain side, so strange-looking that I took it for a monster. When I came nearer to it, I found it was a man. When I came up to him, I found he was my brother."

## ART II.—BALLADS OF THE PEOPLE.

1. *Percy's Reliques.*
2. *Anderson's Cumberland Ballads.* London: Routledge and Co.
3. *Remnants of Poetry.* By Thomas Hoggart, of Troutbeck, Kendal.
4. *The Ballad Poetry of Ireland.* Dublin: James Duffy.
5. *The Book of English Songs.* Illustrated London Library.
6. *Recollections of a Literary Life.* By Mary Russell Mitford. London: R. Bentley.

SONGS and Ballads are likely to be long the only forms in which Poetry will be generally and popularly recognised; they convey ideas higher indeed than those entertained by the vulgar, but still within reach of their understandings; they are



expressions of natural feelings common to the whole human race, but clothed in the most striking or pathetic language; they demand no delicate organization, no spiritual capacity for pleasure or sensitiveness to pain, no rapturous passion, nor any characteristic of the poet himself, in order to be felt in all their strength or sweetness; the native emotions of love and hate, of fear and valour, of content and jealousy, and sometimes of patriotism and race-antipathy, are the judges to which alone they make appeal: their construction is of the very simplest, and their rhythm often abrupt and harsh; essentially dramatic, they have small regard for the unities, and hurry us from place to place, and from period to period, without apology, and almost without remark; the speakers are rarely introduced to us, and are dismissed without any ceremony: it seems in that storm and roll of theirs there is no good footing for such amenities.

The Ballad, fosterfather of the earliest indications of martial spirit in our remotest ancestry, burst from the throats of thousands as they rushed naked into the strife; the promoter of revelry and wassail, it was welcomed by the conquerors at night upon the death-strewn field; the exalter of worth and glory, it was hymned over the corpse of the fallen warrior—high comfort to the living and high tribute to the dead; the minstrels who sang it were protected and caressed, their skill thought half divine, and their persons held inviolable. In ancient days to bard, and to bard alone, there was no need of sword or spear. He that sang to every heart was welcomed by every hand; he that drew the smile and tear had never cause to fear the frown; and even amidst a hostile host, and in an enemy's country, no man was his foe, and his harp was a shield to him. There are no less than three remarkable instances of this in early English history. When Colgrin, chief of the Saxons, was shut up in York by Arthur, the invader's brother, Baldolph, wishing to bring him news of expected succour, disguised himself as a harper, and entered the British camp; he was hospitably received, although of course known to be of the hostile nation, and remained there for some days, until singing near the walls of the city, he made himself known to a sentinel, and was drawn up by a rope in the night time. The beautiful story of our own king Alfred is, as it deserves to be, familiar to us all, and learnt by heart; how he forsook that little swamp-encircled isle, and the scanty band, the sole possession and only subjects left to him, and took his minstrel way to Guthrum's camp; the Reafen waved sullenly above its worshippers, but gave no sign; it foresaw the issues of fights, but knew not the harper from the king; so, through that same minstrelsy was the foul Danish bird "marred in claw and clipped in wing" for ever. Herlaaf, king of the Danes, himself played a

similar part in the camp of the English king Athelstan. These actions were certainly all heroic and praiseworthy; but danger, so long as the disguise of minstrel was effectually kept up, there was none.

The delight of our forefathers in the ballad, and its power over their feelings, is unquestionable; but it must be admitted that, in England at least, the quotation of Fletcher of Saltoun's, that "the song writer is of more consequence than the law-giver," could never have been literally true. It must be remembered, too, that the singer was to the full as much indebted to his music as to his words. Danish Scald, Saxon Gleeman, Norman Rymour, had each his stringed instrument. It was with harp in hand that the faithful Blondel traversed over half Europe in security, and found our Lion in the Austrian toils, and set him free. Music is an "open sesamum" to the "savage breast" of far greater potency than song; and to this day it is observable that the most popular ballads of the people are by no means the best, but are those which have been set to the best music.

So long as the race of minstrels lasted, they never seem to have committed their ballads to writing themselves, and what copies are yet preserved of them were doubtless taken down from their mouths; but as gleeman and troubadour disappeared, the ballad writers—who wrote songs merely for the press—increased and multiplied.

The prevalence of the northern dialect, says Bishop Percy, in these ballads, proves their popularity in that district to have been far greater than in the south. The minstrels of "the north countrye" are so called by way of eminence, and their themes are nobler and their sentiments more chivalrous than those of the other bards: the raid and the combat are subjects foreign and too ferocious for these, and they confine themselves to songs of the affections, or to the praise of field sports. The grand heroic song of "Chevy Chase," or, as it was originally called, "The Hunting in the Cheviot," was perhaps the most popular of the early ballads; it soon finds the killing of its "fattiste hartes" but tame work, and rushes into the battlefield. It is written in the very coarsest and broadest northern dialect. "I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas," says Sir Philip Sidney, "that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet, and yet 'tis sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style; which, being so evil apparalled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?"

Their beautiful ballad of "Robin-Hood" has even now some favour among the people of the south. The oppressive forest-laws which were set at nought by that bold outlaw, have not been

so utterly swept away, but that the discomfiture of the name-keeping shoriff in the last verse is warmly welcomed:—

“But he cold neither runn so fast,  
Nor away so fast cold ryde,  
But Little John with an arrowe so broad,  
He shotte him into the backe-syde.”

A glorious life indeed seems Robin's to have been in the green-wood, and his bugle sings freshly and clearly still. A modern poet of great excellence, although he could not have written such a breezy ballad as “Robin-Hood,” fitly bewails those bygone times. Those hours

“buried all  
Under the down-trodden fall  
Of the leaves of many years.

Never more may we behold,  
Little John or Robin bold;  
*Never one of all his clan,  
Thrumming on an empty can  
Some old hunting ditty, while  
He doth his green way beguile,  
To fair hostess merriment,  
Down beside the pasture Trent:*  
For he left the merry tale,  
Messenger for spicy ale.”

Of the authors of the more ancient ballads we know scarcely anything: their biographies however were probably but little different from those which we possess of their later brethren. At first the wits and rhymesters of their native village, they gradually enlarged the circle of their fame; having experienced the delight of being listened to, the desire increased for multiplying their hearers, and by personal travel through the adjacent country, or by the assistance of voluntary amanuenses, they made their lucubrations known to entire districts without any help from print. Such a bard was Thomas Hoggart, who died in his native vale of Troutbeck, in Westmoreland, in the beginning of the last century. He was uncle to the great painter, Hogarth (properly Hoggart), and as critical an observer of nature as his nephew himself, albeit he had but a narrow field to view her in. If any one was hardy enough to break through any decorum of old and established repute—if any one attempted to overreach his neighbour, or cast a leering eye at his neighbour's wife—he was sure to hear himself sung over the whole parish—nay, to the very boundaries of the Westmoreland dialect. The sermon of the village parson was far less dreaded than the lash of this

simple satirist. His talents, however, were very far from being confined to the incidents of his native place.

"I myself," says Adam Walker, a peripatetic lecturer on Natural Philosophy, in this same Troutbeck, about 1750, "had once the honour of acting a part in one of his plays, called 'The Destruction of Troy;' it was written in metre, much after the manner of Lopez de Vega, or the ancient French drama. The siege of ten years was all represented, and every hero was present in the piece, so that the *dramatis personæ* included well-nigh the whole parish. The stage was a scaffolding of boards placed six feet high, upon strong poles; the green-room was partitioned off with the same materials; the ceiling was the azure canopy of heaven; and the boxes, pit, and gallery were laid into one by the great Author of Nature, for they were the green slope of a great hill. There were more spectators, for three days together, than all the London theatres can hold, and let me add, no audience was ever half so pleased."

Many of Hoggart's effusions are to this day to be found in MS. among the Westmoreland mountains; but his forte—with the exception of the five-act tragedies that took three days in acting—seems to have been epigrams rather than ballads. The most favourite ballad-writer of the north, was Robert Anderson, of Carlisle, who died in 1833. He is an admirable exponent of the manners and customs of his countrymen, and of their peculiar modes of expression and thought. It would be better for many of our good northern friends if they would take to heart the lesson, as well as bear in memory the words, of his

JWOHNNY AND MARY.

Young Mary was bonny, an' cheerfu' as onie,  
Young Jwohnnny was lusty, an' weel to be seen;  
Young Mary was ay the furst dancer at parties,  
Young Jwohnnny had won monie belts on the green.  
Some years they wer sweethearts, an' nwotish'd by neybor;  
Th'aul fwok wad bwoast o' the pair wi girt glee,  
Still Jwohnnny thowt nin o' the warl leyke young Mary,  
And Mary thowt Jwohnnny aw she wish'd to see.

A scoop of gud yell prives a pur body's comfort,  
But wae attens monie that drink till blin' fou;  
Young Jwohnnny ae day off wi' big to the market,  
An' drank wid some strangers, but leytle dreemt how.  
At midneet the horse gallop'd heame, but nae Jwohnnny;  
The thowt meade his father an' family weep,  
They sowt, an' that mwornin the corp fan in Eden,  
Below the green busses that nod owre the deep.

Oh! sad was the father, relations, and Mary,  
The croose-house was crowdet by beath aul an young;  
Nawt pass'd at the burryin, but sorrow an' weepin';  
The grave-digger seeght when the yerth down he flung,

The parson luik't dull when he read over the sarvice,  
 Fwok aw say he niver was seen sae afwore,  
 An ippitaph now our larn'd schuil-maister's written,  
 Yen better nae heed-sten in Englan e'er wore!

Aul Gibby he gowls, an' ay talks ov lost Jwohnnny,  
 An sits on his groave, and oft meks a sad meane;  
 Young Mary, the flow'r ov aw flow'rs i' the parish,  
 Ne'er hods up her head sin dear Jwohnnny is geane.  
 The dangerous yell-house kills monie gud fellows,  
 Owre oft lur'd by gamlin, or weyld wicked sang;  
 At fair, or at market, young lads when theer seated,  
 Remember peer Jwohnnny, whee that day did wrang."

We have heard his simple "Reed Robin" sung in an outhouse upon the Fells to a party of sporting dalesmen by a country lad in a manner that moved both performer and audience to tears. Certain it is that song has far higher appreciation about the Border than elsewhere in England, and highest when across it. The peasantry in these parts, upon the whole, live better, work less, and enjoy life more than any in the kingdom. Auld wife's hakes, revels, and merry-nights are frequent and well attended in the Fell district, and song is as native there as its sun-dew. Nevertheless the popular comic ditties of the day—sentimental and patriotic strains, and the like—generally make their way to "canny Cumberland" and her sister counties. We heard two rough-looking brothers from Torver once (perhaps the least civilized place in the northern wilds), standing upon the seats of a dancing-room, sing "In a Cottage near a Wood" in parts, and quite correctly. "The Soldier's Tear," "The Ivy Green," "The Standard Bearer," and "I'm afloat" are all by this time popular favourites among the hills.

From the absence probably of anything like want or scarcity in these parts, the ballad literature of the north has but a very slight smack of political sarcasm; quiet hits at obnoxious local grandees, good-humoured banter of the parson—not so high and mighty thereabouts but that he is generally present to enjoy it—and insidious comparisons with folks in "town," by which the dalesmen don't mean London but Caryl (Carlisle), are its bitterest efforts. One song (author unknown) is always to be heard at the great "clippings," and excites boundless approbation, beginning:

A parson once had a remarkable foible  
 Of loving good liquor far more than his Bible,  
 His neighbours all said he was much less perplext  
 In handling a tankard than handling a text,  
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

the gist of which lies in the parson's reply to his wife, who, when the pigs had set his ale running, and he stormed and swore,

reminded him of his own laudation of patience and recommendation to take Job for our example in his last sermon, whereupon he denies the application to his own case:—

For Job never had such a cask in his life.

Sung as this generally is with a great deal of sly humour and suggestive emphasis, it “brings down the house.”

“The Fisher’s Welcome” is the best Border ballad—on the English side of it—that we have heard sung by peasantry; it is, of course, professedly after Burns, but has exquisite pathos and an uncommon *esprit de corps* of its own. It is written by Mr. Doubleday:—

#### THE FISHER’S WELCOME.

We twa ha’ fished the Kale sae clear,  
 And streams o’ mossy Reed;  
 We’ve tried the Wansbeck and the Wear,  
 The Teviot and the Tweed;  
 An’ we will try them ance again,  
 When summer suns are fine;  
 An’ we’ll throw the flies thegither yet,  
 For the days o’ lang syne.

’Tis mony years sin’ first we sat  
 On Coquet’s bonny braes,  
 An’ mony a brither fisher’s gane,  
 An’ clad in his last claiths;  
 An’ we maun follow wi’ the lave,  
 Grim Death he houcks us a’;  
 But we’ll hae anither fishing bout  
 Afore we’re ta’en awa’.

For we are hale and hearty baith,  
 Tho’ frosty are our faws,  
 We still can guide our fishing graith,  
 And climb the dykes and knowes;  
 We’ll mount our creels and grip our gads,  
 An’ throw a sweeping line,  
 An’ we’ll hae a splash amang the lads,  
 For the days o’ lang syne.

Tho’ Cheviot’s top be frosty still,  
 He’s green below the knee,  
 Sac don your plaid, and tak’ your gad,  
 An’ gae awa’ wi’ me.  
 Come busk your flies, my auld compeer,  
 We’re fidgen a’ fu’ fain,  
 We’ve fished the Coquet mony a year,  
 An’ we’ll fish her ance again.

An' hameward when we toddle back,  
 An' nicht begins to fa',  
 An' ilka chiel maun hae his crack,  
 We'll crack aboon them a',  
 When jugs are toomed and coggens wet,  
 I'll lay my loof in thine;  
 We've shown we're gude at water yet,  
 An' we're little warse at wine.

We'll crack how mony a creel we've filled,  
 How mony a line we've flung,  
 How mony a ged and saumon killed,  
 In days when we were young.  
 We'll gar the callants a' look blue,  
 An' sing anither tune;  
 They're bleezing, aye, o' what they'll do,  
 We'll tell them what we've dune.

This ballad, and almost all Anderson's, are popular beyond the Tweed, and are sung with Burns and Motherwell and the best of company; nevertheless it is far better to have the bard of Cumberland's introduction to "them twa," than that we should pass the fixed gulf from the other side.

What Beranger is to the French, Burns is to the Scottish nation, and something more. The works of the former are not certainly fit to lie where the latter's are said to be, "at the right hand of every peasant, and *next his Bible*." As Burns is one of the greatest, so do we believe him to be one of the wisest and purest teachers that ever a people had. The influence his household popularity has had upon the national character can scarcely be overrated; drinking in his wisdom with their mother's milk, and year by year progressing in knowledge and love of him, it is no marvel that the youth of Scotland are not surpassed for probity and honour; tender love, ardent patriotism, and deep humanity are taught them from their earliest years in songs that are far wiser than sermons, in lessons that have charms for the most idle. What volumes of morality are contained in these two verses, stored in the memory of almost every Scotchman:—

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,  
 Luxuriantly indulge it;  
 But never tempt the illicit rove,  
 Tho' naething should divulge it;  
 I waive the quantum o' the sin,  
 The hazard o' concealing;  
 But och! it hardens a' within,  
 And petrifies the feeling!

Against hypocrisy and blasphemy, what canon law can have more force than this?—

The great Creator to revere  
Must sure become the creature;  
But still the preaching cant forbear,  
And ev'n the rigid feature;  
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range  
Be complaisance extended;  
An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange  
For Deity offended!

What injunction respecting domestic love could be laid more tenderly and more effectively than his "John Anderson my Joe"? What more indignant protest for independence can there be than his "For a' that an' a' that"?—

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

And what a huge nugget of gold was this great bard himself! Even when least pure what an alloy was his! How many amongst us would gladly have gotten "fou" with him could they have had the chance, not excepting the Provost of Edinburgh himself; upon a Sunday's eve!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa'  
A cuckold coward loon is he,  
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',  
He shall be king amang us three;  
We are na fou, we're na that fou,  
But just a drappie in our ee,  
The cock may crawl, the day may daw',  
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Next to Burns in popularity amongst his countrymen stands the Ettrick shepherd. "O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye" is perhaps the most favourite love-song in Scotland, and deserves all its fame. As usual in such cases, it runs to a fine old air ("Over the Border"), that one may "croon" it to oneself by.

O, JEANIE, THERE'S NAETHING TO FEAR YE!  
O, my lassie, our joy, to complete again,  
Meet me again i' the gloaming, my dearie;  
Low down in the dell let us meet again—  
O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!  
Come, when the wee bat flits silent and eiry,  
Come, when the pale face o' Nature looks weary;  
Love be thy sure defence,  
Beauty and innocence—  
O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!  
Sweetly blows the haw an' the rowan-tree,  
Wild roses speck our thicket sae briery;  
Still, still will our walk in the greenwood be—  
O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!



List when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,  
 List when the beetle-bee's bugle comes near ye,  
     Then come with fairy haste,  
     Light foot, an' beating breast—

O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!

Far, far will the bogle an' brownie be,  
 Beauty an' truth, they dare na come near it;  
 Kind love is the tie of our unity,

A' maun love it, an' a' maun revere it.  
 'Tis love makes the sang o' the woodland sae cheery,  
 Love gars a' Nature look bonny that's near ye;  
     That makes the rose sae sweet,

Cowslip an' violet—

O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!

It is James Hogg himself, if we remember right, who gives us this excellent test for knowing a true ballad when we see it:—"A man may be sair mista'en about many things, sic as yepics, an' tragedies, an' tales, an' even lang set elegies about the death o' great public characters, an' hymns, an' odes, an' the like, but he canna be mista'en about a sang. As sune as it's down on the sulate, I ken whether it's gude, bad, or middlin'. If any of the twa last I dight it out wi' my elbow; if the first, I copy it o'er into writ and then get it aff by heart, when it's as sure o' no' being lost as if it war engraven on a brass plate. For though I hae a treacherous memory about things in ordinar', a' my happy sangs will cleave to my heart to my dying day, an' I should na wonder gin I war to croon a verse or twa frae some o' them on my deathbed."

There are few indeed of the shepherd's heathery songs that we would wish to "dight out wi' our elbow." But the tenderest ballad in the Scotch or any other language to our heart is one of William Motherwell's; far inferior to Burns in strength and to Hogg in spirit,

My heid is like to rend, Willie,  
 My heart is like to break;  
 I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,  
 I'm dyin' for your sake!

has a pathos and solemnity out of the reach, or at least *as far as* the reach, of either. We have heard it sung in the Lowlands by many a manly voice, but rarely indeed unto the end; its continual and yet not wearisome appeal to the gentlest and pitifullest feelings of our nature can scarcely be resisted by the hearer and far less by the reciter, from the first request of the dying girl:—

Let me sit on your knee, Willie,  
 Let me shed by your hair,  
 And look into the face, Willie,  
 I never shall see mair!

to her farewell adjuration:—

But, oh remember me, Willie,  
On land where'er ye be!  
And, oh, think on the leal, leal heart  
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!  
And oh, think on the cauld, cauld mools  
That fill my yellow hair,  
That kiss the cheek, that kiss the chin,  
Ye never shall kiss pair!

An utter silence and tears are the usual and fittest applause this song receives from the prudentest and least personally concerned; with what awe and shame must it strike the seducer and her who is "a mither yet nae wife!"

The auld song of "Fy, let us a' to the Weddin'," an excellent good one before, has been still better "new buskit" by Joanna Baillic, and promises to become one of the most popular of Scotch convivial songs. Among political, or rather party ballads, "Bonnie Dundee" holds the highest place. Thousands of us are acquainted with its stirring strains, and yet how few retain the glorious words, each like a blow in jest given with the flat side of the conqueror's sword. We recollect endeavouring to persuade the Duke's piper at Inverary to play us this tune, and receiving for answer that it was no the custom of the Campbells to give praise to the de'il. Mary Russell Mitford, in her "Recollections of a Literary Life," assures us that after much useless search for a printed copy of this song, she was obliged to take it down from the mouth of one who sang it. A still finer war ballad than "Bonnie Dundee," and much less known, is "The Battle of Naseby," by Thomas Babington Macaulay. It forms one of a projected series of "Songs of the Civil Wars" published in Mr. "Knight's Magazine" many years ago, and is supposed to be hymned by "Obadiah Bind-your-kings-in-chains-and-your-nobles-in-links-of-iron, Serjeant in Ireton's regiment." Why it is not thought worthy to be bound up with "The Armada," and "Ivy," and the "Lays" themselves, our readers will marvel with ourselves.

#### THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

Oh, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North,  
With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?  
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?  
And whence be the grapes of the winepress which ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod:  
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,  
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day in June  
 That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,  
 And the Man of Blood was there with his long essenced hair,  
 And Astley and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,  
 The General rode along us to form us for the fight,  
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a shout,  
 Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
 The cry of battle rises along their charging line,  
 For God! for the cause! for the Church! for the laws!  
 For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes with his clarions and his drums,  
 His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;  
 They are bursting on our flanks! grasp your pikes! close your ranks!  
 For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! they rush on! we are broken! we are gone!  
 Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast;  
 Oh Lord put forth thy might! O Lord defend the right!  
 Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound—the centre hath given ground—  
 Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?  
 Whose banner do I see, boys? 'tis he, thank God 'tis he, boys!  
 Bear up another movement. Brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
 Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,  
 Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,  
 And at a shock have scattered the Forest of his Pikcs.

Fast, fast the gallants ride in some safe nook to hide  
 Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar;  
 And He—he turns and flies! sharp to those cruel eyes  
 That bore to look on torture and fear to look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain, and ere ye strip the slain,  
 First give another stab to make your guest secure:  
 Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad pieces and lockets,  
 The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;  
 And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the rocks,  
 Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mock'd at heaven, and hell, and fate,  
 And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades;  
 Your perfumed satin clothes; your catches and your oaths;  
 Your stage-plays and your sonnets; your diamonds and your spades?

Down, down, for ever down, with the mitre and the crown;  
With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the Pope;  
There is woe in Oxford halls: there is wail in Durham's stalls;  
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the Bishop rends his cope.

And she of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children's ills,  
And tremble when she thinks of the edge of England's sword;  
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear  
What the hand of God hath wrought for the houses and the word.

Observe the exquisite snarl of the Puritan as he recites the lofty names of the cavaliers, and his stopping to reflect upon the "Unloveliness of Lovelocks" even while apostrophizing "the Man of Blood!" A stern yet spirited ballad such as this, written by a man like Macaulay, would have had great weight in those times he sings of, but the civil wars had no such poet.

The only popular song in England that ever rose to the dignity of a great political agent was the famous "Lilli Burlero." Burnet says of it: "A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists and chiefly the Irish in a very ludicrous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, "Lero, Lero, Lilli burlero," that made an impression on the army that cannot be imagined by them that saw it not. The whole forces, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." It was written by Lord Wharton on the occasion of Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, being made Lieutenant of Ireland, and it certainly conduced to the revolution of 1688. The words are almost sheer nonsense, and the last two verses will amply suffice:—

Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog,  
Lilli burlero, bullen-a-la.  
Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog,  
Lilli burlero, bullen-a-la.  
And now dis prophecy is come to pass,  
Lilli burlero, bullen-a-la.  
For Talbot's de dog, and Ja—s is de ass,  
Lilli burlero, bullen-a-la.

The celebrated party song of "Boyne Water," to this day the great orange ditty across the Channel, is but little indebted to poetry for its success, but ballads of that nature in Ireland are for the most part very eloquent and fiery: it seems as if that country's wrongs were really too great to be stated soberly, and were most fitly and naturally poured forth in song. "The Croppy Boy," a ballad of '98, by Carroll Malone, has even now, in that unhappy isle, a fatal attraction and dread significance. "Soggarth aroon" (Priest dear) by John Banim, the poet, *par excellence*, of the Irish peasantry, although also of a party cha-

racter, deserves the place it holds in the great warm hearts of his countrymen.

#### THE CROFFY BOY.

"Good men and true in this house who dwell,  
To a stranger *bouchal*, I pray you tell  
Is the Priest at home? or may he be seen?  
I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The Priest's at home, boy, and may be seen;  
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green;  
But you must wait, till I go and see  
If the holy Father alone may be."

The youth has entered an empty hall—  
What a lonely sound hath his light foot-fall,  
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,  
With a vested priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins:  
" *Nomine Dni*," the youth begins;  
At " *Mea culpa* " he beats his breast,  
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,  
And at Gorey my loving brothers all.  
I alone am left of my name and race,  
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter-day—  
At mass-time once I went to play;  
I passed the churchyard one day in haste,  
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing,  
But I love my country above my king.  
Now, Father, bless me, and let me go,  
To die, if God has ordained it so."

The Priest said nought, but a rustling noise  
Made the youth look upward with wild surprise:  
The robes were off, and in scarlet there  
Sat a yeoman captain, with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,  
Instead of blessing, he breathed a curse:—  
" 'Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive,  
For one short hour is your time to live.

"Upon yon river three tenders float,  
The Priest's in one if he is not shot—  
We hold his house for our Lord the King;  
And, amen say I, may all traitors swing!"

At Geneva Barrack that young man died,  
And at Passage they have his body laid.  
Good people, who live in peace and joy,  
Breathe a prayer and a tear for the Croppy Boy.

**SOGGARATH AROON.**

Am I the slave they say,  
Soggarth aroon?  
Since you did show the way,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Their slave no more to be,  
While they would work with me  
Ould Ireland's slavery,  
Soggarth aroon?

Why not her poorest man,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Try and do all he can,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Her commands to fulfil  
Of his own heart and will,  
Side by side with you still,  
Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Yet be no slave to you,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Nor out of fear to you,  
Stand up so near to you—  
Och! out of fear to you,  
Soggarth aroon?

Who in the winter night,  
Soggarth aroon,  
When the cold blast did bite,  
Soggarth aroon,

Came to my cabin-door,  
And on my earthen floor,  
Knelt by me sick and poor,  
Soggarth aroon?

Who on the marriage-day,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Made the poor cabin gay,  
Soggarth aroon,  
And did both laugh and sing,  
Making our hearts to ring,  
At the poor christening,  
Soggarth aroon?

Who as friend only met,  
Soggarth aroon;  
Never did flout me yet,  
Soggarth aroon,  
And when my hearth was dim,  
Gave, while his eyes did brim,  
What I should give to him,  
Soggarth aroon?

Och! you, and only you,  
Soggarth aroon!  
And for this I was true to you,  
Soggarth aroon?  
In love they'll never shake,  
When for Ould Ireland's sake,  
We a true part did take,  
Soggarth aroon?

The poems of Thomas Moore are well known to all our readers far better than to the poor themselves: a sentimental song-maker of the highest merit, he was not a ballad-writer for the people. "Sublime was the warning which Liberty spoke," written to the most popular of melodies, has never superseded the original "Black Joke," "Go where glory waits thee," "The last rose of summer," "Evelyn's Bower," and the like, familiar sounds as they appear to our drawing-room ears, are not household words amongst peasants: the wittiest poet perhaps that ever sang, his songs have but little humour, and that is the only form of the ridiculous which the masses appreciate: we know no ballads more effective (within fashionable limits), aided by a grand piano, good society, and a singer in white muslin, but much misdoubt their influence when the performer is some Joe Baggs and the instrument an accordion. This one song of his countryman's, Thomas

Davis, who wrote "not wisely, but too well," stirs our heart's blood and heightens our pulse (and that too in spite of our distaste to its sentiments) more than the whole garland of the famous "Irish Melodies."

#### FONTENOT.

Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed;  
And twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain assailed;  
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,  
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.  
As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst,  
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.  
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,  
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!  
And mustering come his chosen troops like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,  
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head:  
Steady they step adown the slope, steady they mount the hill,  
Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right onward still,  
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,  
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;  
And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,  
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force;  
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks,  
They break as breaks the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean  
banks!

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;  
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;  
Bomb-shell and grape and round-shot tore, still on they marched  
and fired;

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.

"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried:  
To death they rush, but rude their shock, not unavenged they died.  
On, through the camp the column trod, King Louis turned his rein:  
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"  
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,  
Had not these exiles ready been, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish; there are your  
Saxon foes!"

The Marshal almost smiles to see how furiously he goes!  
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay!  
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day;  
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry;  
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting  
cry;

- Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown;  
• Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,  
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,  
"Fix bayonets—charge!" Like mountain storm rush on these fiery  
bands!

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,  
Yet mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.  
They dress their ranks upon the hill, to face that battle-wind;  
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks the men behind!  
One volley crashes from their line, when through the surging smoke,  
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!  
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassanagh!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,  
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;  
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with  
gore;  
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags, they  
tore;  
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, scat-  
tered, fled;  
The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.  
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,  
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,  
With bloody plumes the Irish stand; the field is fought, and won!

In Ireland, indeed, for the best (and the worst) reasons, political ballads are far more popular than with us; the sole representative of that class in England which can be said in any extended sense to be universally sung, and which has for its apparent object the setting class against class, is that fine ballad of Thomas Holcroft's, "Gaffer Gray." This song is written in dialogue, after the fashion of a very numerous class of south country ditties; when thus divided they are generally recited by different persons, and afford something of a dramatic scene: we have often had to sit out a representation of this kind in blank verse—a great favourite in Berks and Wilts—called "The Husbandman and the Sarving Man." It is of no merit, to be sure, but of interminable length, and the applause, which we most heartily joined in on the first hearing, for a reason of our own, is deafening at the conclusion; partly through our indiscretion on this occasion, but oftentimes through its genuine good reception, it was encored.



## GAFFER GRAY.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>"Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,<br/>           Gaffer Gray,<br/>       And why doth thy nose look so blue?"</p> <p>"'Tis the weather that's cold,<br/>           For I'm grown very old,<br/>       And say doublet is not very new,<br/>           Well-a-day!"</p> <p>"Then line thy worn doublet with ale,<br/>           Gaffer Gray,<br/>       And warm thy old heart with a glass."</p> <p>"Nay, but credit I've none,<br/>           And my money's all gone;<br/>       Then say how may that come to pass?<br/>           Well-a-day!"</p> <p>"Hie away to the house on the brow,<br/>           Gaffer Gray;<br/>       And knock at the jolly priest's door."</p> <p>"The priest often preaches<br/>           Against worldly riches;<br/>       But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,<br/>           Well-a-day!"</p> | <p>"The lawyer lives under the hill,<br/>           Gaffer Gray, [front."<br/>       Warmly fenced both in back and in<br/>           " He will fasten his locks,<br/>           And will threaten the stocks,<br/>       Should he ever more find me in want,<br/>           Well-a-day!"</p> <p>"The squire has fat beeves and brown<br/>           Gaffer Gray, [ale,<br/>       And the season will welcome you there."</p> <p>"His fat beeves and his beer,<br/>           And his merry new year,<br/>       Are all for the flush and the fair,<br/>           Well-a-day!"</p> <p>"My keg is but low, I confess,<br/>           Gaffer Gray; [live."<br/>       What then? while it lasts, man, we'll<br/>           "The poor man alone,<br/>           When he hears the poor man,<br/>       Of his morsel a morsel will give,<br/>           Well-a-day!"</p> |
|---|---|

In most of the agricultural districts "The Poacher" certainly bears away the bell of popularity: and although again in this case the time happens to be especially good, the fact is not unworthy of notice: although every vice to which flesh is liable has been again and again castigated by the rustic muse, we never read a song that reprobated the practice of poaching; there is of course no particular harm about this melody, but it is never sung at great men's festivals, servants' hall hospitalities, harvest homes, and the like, when the "Old English Gentleman" and "Twas merry in the hall" are substituted; but at a "faiste" or "revel" of their own, the people join in chorus with nothing so readily as,

For it's my delight on a shyny night, in the season of the year.

"The high mettled racer" of Charles Dibdin is always followed by bursts of applause; that great song-writer appears to have succeeded in touching whatever chord of national feeling he essayed; his poems strike us less as the highest attempts of a medium poet than as the careless performances of a master of the art. Next to the dramatic form of ballad, the fabular is most popular in rustic districts; one of these, "The Harnet and the Bittle," is not without some humour, which the exceeding broadness of the dialect is probably intended to heighten: its moral is identical with the thousand and one which the legal profession has served to point.

THE HARNET AND THE BITTLE

A Harnet zet in a hollow tree—  
A proper spiteful t'woad was he—  
And a merrily zung while a did zet,  
His stinge as zharp as a bagonet;  
"Oh, who's zo bowld and vierre as I?  
I vears not hee nor wapsee nor vly."

A Bittle up thuck tree did elim,  
And searnvully did luk at him,  
Zays he, "Zur Harnet, who guv thee  
A right to zet in thuck there tree?  
Although you zengs so nation vine,  
I tell 'ee it's a house o' mine."

The Harnet's conscience velt a twinge,  
But, growin' howld wi' his long stinge,  
Zays he, "Possession's the best law,  
Zo here thee shasn't put a claw;

Be off, and leave the tree to me,  
The mixen's good enough vor thee."

Just then a Yucle passin' by  
Was axed by them their cause to try;  
"Ha, ha, it's very plain," zays he,  
"They'll make a vamous munch for me."  
His bill 'as sharp, his stomach lear,  
Zo up a snapped the codlin pair.

MORAL.

All you az be to law inclined,  
This leetle story bear in mind,  
For if to law you ever gwo,  
You'll find they'll allus zarve ye zo;  
Yoill meet the fate of them ere two,  
They'll take y'r ewoat and earrass too.

"The Ploughshare of Old England," by Miss Eliza Cook, is a creditable specimen of agricultural ballad, and is one of the most received compositions of that favourite of the public. The critical mind may be astonished at the success of this lady's verse, but if circulation be a test of poetic merit, "not a bard in all the country is so great a bard as she:" the battle songs, principally of a marine character, from her pen, assisted by Mr. Henry Russell's music, have been trumpeted throughout the length and breadth of the land: if indeed circumstances should ever arise to necessitate the British public to send some Tyrranus to the wars, casting our eyes over the whole range of modern bards (and of course excepting the professed heralds of peace), they light at last on a female form, and our beam would be decidedly given, after the classic manner, in favour of the fitness of Miss Eliza Cook.

That fine chorus,

Marching along, fifty score strong

• Great hearted gentlemen singing this song,

might well awake the hope of a great ballad-writer rising up amongst us, but yet Mr. Browning, who has been so long a vexed question with the critics themselves, is scarcely likely to become less than "caviare to the multitude." The man who wrote "The Queen of the May" and "The Lord of Burleigh" may find his way to the hearts of the lower classes one day, but long before that time the laureate's laurel will adorn other and meaner brows than his it now encircles. The author of that faultless ditty, "Mine be a cot beside the hill," will never be of great acceptance in the lowly dwellings he so elegantly depicts. The writer of the "Lyrical Ballads," even in his own beloved lake country, has not superseded its native uncoltured melodists: the maker

and enricher of that district, just as Scott was of the country around the Trossachs, he is spoken of with great respect and reverence by all his countrymen, but he is never sung. Intensity, gracefulness, learning, and philosophy seem to be far from advantages to him who would become the people's poet; to be a little ahead of popular feeling; to possess the newspaper faculty of catching the first indications of a "furore;" to have a quick ear to the earliest prelude of a grievance cry—these are the great requisites of the present ballad-writer: the more of the poetic feeling he possesses in addition, so long as it does not interfere with distinctness, or cause him to drop for an instant the real business of the song, the better, *and before and above all things let him look for a good tune.*

The greatest song-writer for the people was, beyond all question, Thomas Hood: he felt their wrongs and sorrows most keenly as a man, and not as a partisan, and described them with the greatest poetic eloquence. "The Song of the Shirt," considering the particularity and narrow scope of its object, is an utterance in behalf of the poor unequalled by any in the language for simplicity and pathos. His "Bridge of Sighs" is a universal teaching of Christian tenderness worthy and most needful to be listened to by the whole British nation, and by its women most of all; the effect of both has been very great in rousing the sympathies of the higher classes for their suffering brothers; but, nevertheless, the great majority of his countrymen have never heard of either Hood or his songs. He has founded a school, however, that bids fair for greater favour. We have heard several ballads of the following kind, but none nearly so excellent, sung, not without evidences of sympathetic indignation, amongst the rural districts; parochial management is rarely of the best, and abuses are often prevalent that are as readily called to the mind of an overseer by being recited under his window as in any other fashion. "The Pauper's drive" is of great power, and combines sad truths with a kind of terrible humour much after the manner of Hood himself: we could not persuade a certain authoress—the most eminent of our acquaintance—but that it was "Hood's own." It is written by Mr. Thomas Noel.

#### THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot;  
 To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;  
 The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,  
 And hark to the dirge that the sad driver sings.  
     Rattle his bones over the stones;  
     He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

Oh where are the mourners? alas! there are none;  
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;  
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man:—  
To the grave with his carcase as fast as you can.  
Rattle, &c.

What a jolting and creaking and splashing and din!  
The whip how it cracks and the wheels how they spin!  
How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is hurled!  
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.  
Rattle, &c.

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach  
To gentility now that he's stretched in a coach;  
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last,  
But it will not be long if he goes on so fast.  
Rattle, &c.

But a truce to this strain, for my soul it is sad  
To think that a heart in humanity clad  
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,  
And depart from the light without leaving a friend.  
Bear softly his bones over the stones;  
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns.

Sarcastic ballads of this kind are however far more popular in the manufacturing districts. Ebenezer Elliot did good service to the cause of reform and against the corn-laws in those parts by an unsparing use of these formidable weapons. The poetry of the gifted blacksmith generally has the right ring of the true metal, but his songs for the people are especially forcible and full of fire. That famous combustible of his, "The creed of the Canny," is very much in the manner of the great song-writer of France, and must have found at one time a great sufficiency of fuel; "Oh Lord how long!" "Drone versus Worker," and "How different," are all such "burning words as tyrants quake to hear." Another bringing forth indeed have such ballads as these from those of the Pastoral North: what a contrast between the existence of such a man as Hoggart in his peaceful Westmoreland valley and that exhibited in the life of the latest people's poet, Massey.

"Born in a little house, the roof of which no man could stand upright under; at eight years of age earning his meagre living in the adjacent silk mills; rising at five and toiling there till half-past six in the evening; seeing the sun only through factory windows, breathing an atmosphere laden with oily vapour: what a life for a child!" The mill is burnt down, and the children hold jubilee (and who can wonder?) over its blazing ruins.

"I have had no childhood," says Gerald Massey himself; "ever since I can remember I have had the aching fear of want throbbing in heart and brow; the child comes into the world like a new

coin with the stamp of God upon it, and in like manner as the Jews sweat down sovereigns by hustling them in a bag to get gold dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society to get wealth out of it."

Now Ebenezer Elliot has truly said that poetry is impassioned truth, and the mechanic must needs utter it in the shape that touches his own condition most nearly—the political. It is no wonder then with "Tom Paine, Volney, and Louis Blanc for political instructors," and the French revolution of 1848, "scarred and blood-burnt into the very core of his being," that this ballad of "Our fathers are praying for pauper-pay," should have been written by Gerald Massey and sung by his fellow labourers.

Smitten stones will talk with fiery tongue,  
And the worn, when trodden, will turn;  
But, cowards, ye cringe to the cruellest wrongs,  
And answer with never a spurn.  
Then torture, oh tyrants, the spiritless drove,  
Old England's Helots will bear:  
There's no hell in their hatred, no God in their love,  
Nor shame in their dearth's despair.  
For our fathers are praying for pauper-pay,  
Our mothers with death's kiss are white;  
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,  
And our daughters his slaves by night.

The tearless are drunk with our tears: have they driven  
The God of the poor man mad?  
For we weary of waiting the help of Heaven,  
And the battle goes still with the bad.  
Oh but death for death, and life for life,  
It were better to take and give,  
With hand to throat and knife to knife  
Than die out as thousands live!  
For our fathers are praying for pauper-pay,  
Our mothers with death's kiss are white,  
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,  
And our daughters his slaves by night.

Fearless and few were the heroes of old,  
Who played the peerless part;  
We are fifty-fold, but the gougrene gold  
Hath eaten out Hampden's heart;  
With their faces to danger, like freemen they fought  
With their daring, all heart and hand;  
And the thunder-deed follow'd the lightning thought,  
When they stood for their own good land.  
Our fathers are praying, &c. &c.

When the heart of one half the world doth beat  
Akin to the brave and the true,  
And the tramp of Democracy's earthquake feet  
Goes thrilling the wide world through—  
We should not be living in darkness and dust,  
And dying like slaves in the night :  
But, big with the might of the inward "*must*,"  
We should battle for Freedom and Right !  
For our fathers are praying, &c. &c.

What a "Hymn for Lammus Day" has that martyr in the cause of Chartism, Mr. Ernest Jones, indited for his physical force brethren !

Though the ditch be wide, the fence be high,  
There's a spirit to carry us o'er ;  
For God never meant his people to die,  
In sight of so rich a store.

Aimless and yet vindictive as are the ballads of both these authors, they bear the impress of honest earnestness throughout. There must certainly still exist some cruel wrongs amongst the people which the staff of the special has not utterly enchanted away, or we should scarcely find two such men lashing themselves into these fits of ire. Nevertheless, we are not to suppose our mechanic friends are quite crann full of this sound and fury—not "signifying nothing," indeed, but much every way, yet of no possible benefit to singer or hearers ; humour, requiring as it does some leisure both of hand and brain, can scarcely be supposed to be luxuriant as a native production where so much has to be done and thought ; but our manufacturing poor import it in large quantities, chiefly from over the Atlantic. In Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, &c., "O Susannah," and the rest of the Nigger Melodies, have long outbid, for popularity, the melodies of our Father-land.

Of the Union songs so popular at Preston during the late Strike, we have obtained with great difficulty the following specimen. It is of course anonymous and bears no printer's name : the mere possession of a song of this kind is a deadly crime in the eye of a master.

#### THE SPINNER'S SHIP.

Ten per Cent. has long been sailing far beyond the spinner's shore,  
Come and join the Spinner's Union, there is room for millions more.  
Cheer, boys, cheer, be not down-hearted, all the Weavers loudly cry  
Ten per Cent. and no surrender, we will conquer, boys, or die.  
Cheer up, boys, be not down-hearted, be united hand-in-hand,  
The Ten per Cent. shall sail all over, till we get our just demand  
Cheer, boys, cheer, &c. &c. •

O'er hill and dale, through wood and vale, the Ten per Cent. is sure  
to blow,  
It came from Stockport down to Blackburn, now to Preston we  
will go.  
'Cheer, boys, cheer, &c. &c.

The Weaver's ship is on the ocean, Ten per Cent. is all the go,  
Our Captain says we're not in danger, for the wind and the tide do flow.  
Cheer, boys, cheer, &c. &c.

Three cheers for Blackburn lads and lasses, may you ever true remain,  
Strong in Union be united, Labour's rights we will maintain.

Cheer, boys, cheer, be not down-hearted, all the Weavers loudly cry,  
Ten per Cent. and no surrender, we will conquer, boys, or die.

London itself has no peculiar Ballad Literature. Whenever there is a subject of public interest, from the trial of Lieutenant Perry to the siege of Sebastopol, that subject is there popularly sung. Of standard songs that have held their ground for years, and are likely to hold it by reason of intrinsic merit, or any specially good air, the following are the chief: "Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doune," "Oh, no, we never mention her," "Sweet Home," "The Brave Old Oak," and "The British Grenadiers." Our most brilliant historian, being lately desirous of obtaining information upon this subject as material for his new volumes, took his way from the Albany to Whitechapel, and bought a roll of London ballads of a singing boy; happening to turn round as he reached home again, he perceived the youth, with a circle of young friends, was keeping close at his heels: "Have I not given you your price, sir?" was the great man's indignant remonstrance; "All right, guv'nor," was the response, "*we're only waiting till you begin to sing.*" Let us then copy so illustrious an example, and briefly exhibit, in writing and not vocally, a specimen of the Ballad Literature of London we have just purchased from a minstrel or glee-man of the period in Catherine Street, Strand.

"Ben Bolt," a sea song, to judge by the quantity of its parodies, must be very popular, but there is no original; "Going home with the milk in the morning," there are several copies of, but the verses are coarse and not at all of a pastoral character: "Phoebe Morel, the Slave," probably owes its inspiration to Mrs. Beecher Stowe; it has a long prose "statement of facts" printed over it of a questionable nature: endless versions of "Vilikins" with portraits of the "Pison'd." Principally, however, an anticipation of the taking of Sebastopol (with a most violent pictorial representation of that event), as follows:

Oh, listen, you sons of the nation, now a glorious achievement is done  
The stronghold Sebastopol is taken, this victory the Allies have won:

So unequal, you know, was the contest, but England and France fought  
 • it brave,

Tho' the wrongs of the Turks was redressed, it sent thousands of souls  
 to the grave :

Then success to those countries united, they may go through the  
 world without fear ;

May all such true hearts ne'er be blighted, or have cause for  
 reflection or tear.

"Spurred on by the groans of the dying," Lord Raglan and  
 Prince Napoleon "fought without fear for revenge;" "no thought  
 for them left behind them," "no time for reflection or tear," which  
 last line is considered to be matchless, and concludes every  
 stanza.

Of the purveyors of this sort of literature Mr. Mayhew gives us  
 an interesting account in his "London Labour and the London  
 Poor." He finds the poor poet sick and a-bed, but more patient  
 and gracious than is the fashion of afflicted bards in general. He  
 speaks of himself thus: "I was fond of reading poems in my  
 youth, as soon as I could read and understand almost; yes,  
 perhaps it was that which put it in my head to write them after-  
 wards; have been a hawker of wire-work, and travelled over half  
 England in that capacity; many and many a weary mile have we  
 travelled together (I mean my wife and I have): we lost count  
 of the days sometimes in wild parts, but I could always tell when  
 it was Sunday morning by the look of Nature: there was a mystery  
 and beauty about it as told me; I can repeat 'Edwin and Emma'  
 now; I tried my hand at making street songs, and sold my first  
 to a concert-room manager: the next I sold had a great success,  
 'The Demon of the Sea,' and was to the tune of 'The Brave  
 Old Oak': the best thing I ever wrote was 'The Husband's  
 Dream'; I believe 10,000 were sold of it: the teetotallers were  
 much pleased with that song: the printer once sent me 5s. for  
 it: I sell them for a shilling, each song: I can imitate any poet;  
 no not Scott or Moore that I know of, but if they've written popu-  
 lar songs I dare say I have imitated them; the printers like  
 hanging subjects best, and I don't: if I'd my fancy, I'd keep  
 writing acrostics;" with much other significant intelligence.

Before considering what steps should be taken to improve the  
 popular ballad literature in general, let us turn from the contempla-  
 tion of the metropolitan favourites to the real good sterling songs  
 which may even in England be truly termed national—the songs of  
 the sea. There is no nation in the world so indebted to the ocean  
 as is ours; our wealth, safety, and very existence depend upon our  
 holding that sovereignty of the seas bequeathed to us by so many  
 generations of our brave forefathers, and the whole people have



always shown themselves deeply conscious of this; infinitely indebted to those rough defenders whose "march is o'er the mountain wave, whose home is on the deep;" the sea and its heroes have been better and more frequently sung in old England than all her other favourites together. There is no finer lyrical composition in the world than "Ye Mariners of England;" there is no more glorious war-song than "The Battle of the Baltic." We know of no individual ballad more constantly in the mouths of the singing portion of the public, be it drunk or sober, than "The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea," of Barry Cornwall: what an eloquent and enthusiastic burst is that of Allan Cunningham's—

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast, &c.

and how the whole ballad seems to board you irresistibly, so that all flags of criticism are struck at once!

But most excellent and deservedly popular as are all these, what shall we say of the whole mass of the sea-songs of Charles Dibdin? Held infinitely lower than they deserve to be by the critics and upper classes, they are the universal delight and unwearied relish of the lower; living at a time when the bulwarks of his country were indeed her wooden walls, and her honour, if not her very being, had to be maintained by the daring and devotion of her sailor sons, he stimulated that daring and kept alive that devotion by songs, the most national, the most vigorous, and the most inspiring that ever gushed from the full heart of a patriot poet. As Dibdin himself, with most pardonable pride declared, "My songs have been considered an object of national importance: they have been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, and in battle, and have been quoted in mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline." No man ever so well understood the sailors—we had almost written the English character—as well as he, and no man ever kept more clear of idealizing and stage effect: their contempt of danger, their generosity, their kindness, and their truth are all set forth, as they should be, in the brightest colours; the tar is painted at full length, a brave and glorious fellow, but one of his cheeks is puffed out by the tobacco quid, he smells of rum most horribly, he has the droll roll in his gait imaginable, and he has got a wife tucked under each arm: if there be any who think Charles Dibdin should have substituted lemonade for grog and "dear me" for "damme," we hold them (with himself) to be "lubbbers and swabs." What poem in the language has a more homely pathos and more natural air than his "Poor Jack"? what a charming little history

of our native land is his song of "The Sung Little Island," and how complacent we feel as we join in its chorus.

Search the globe round, none can be found  
So happy as this little Island.

And yet to how much of his popularity are these few words of biography the key! "Charles Dibdin set all his own sea-songs to music, and in most instances the melody is equal to the words." This indeed is the secret of the matter. Have we not fifty songs as loyal and thrice as vigorous and poetical as "God Save the Queen?" about whose words indeed, we are so careless as not to have yet settled among ourselves who wrote them. Is there none of her subject bards who could "scatter her enemies and make them fall" in verse a little more naturally? Could she not be made to frustrate their thievish tricks in less ignoble language? Might not a whole nation find something less commonplace to sing in chorus than "Confound their politics"? And, finally, could it not be contrived that she should give us *cause* to cry God save her otherwise than by rhyming it with *voice*? We wonder whether it be owing to James Thomson, or to Doctor Arne that "Rule Britannia" is sung from the Orkneys to the Isle of Wight! We do not believe that one person in a thousand knows, or ever will know, the words of this, our second national air. Is there anything particular, or at least so much in the

Allons, enfants de la Patrie  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé, &c. &c.

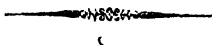
that our friends across the water should fly to arms and cut throats at the bare humming of it? Why is it that the surcharged feelings of the great capital of the world should find their most welcome vent in "Lucy Neal," "Jeannette and Jeannot," "Cheer boys, cheer," and "Vilikins"? Two or three of these kind of songs owe their success to the original singer, two or three more to a trumpety unreal sentiment provoked by black faces or Normandy caps, and by far the greater part to a pleasing tune, easily caught. "The good time coming," of Charles Mackey, is very far the best of these popular songs, hopeful and true, and spirited, and we are glad to see it keeps its popularity even in the war time.

The unknown authors who deluge us with songs, which, the advertisements inform us, are the favourite ballads of the Nation, seem to be hangers-on and connexions of the music publishers, and it is to them, no doubt, that we must apply before we can substitute songs of a higher order, calculated at once to amuse, ennoble, and refine, for the rubbish that is now suffered to be shot into the ears and memories of the people. What Moore and Burns were content to do, surely few poets of the present day

need be ashamed of: and yet, though we believe there was never so much true poetry in England as at this time, when the very magazines are teeming with anonymous verse, such as would have called forth panegyric from Scott and criticism from Jeffrey, and some new bard-prodigy of really great if misdirected powers is discovered almost week by week, we regret to see a tendency to metaphysical epic and "spasmodic tragedy," and a contempt for stirring ballad and for simple song; let them but turn their attention to these less ambitious, but far more useful objects, and we see no reason why the people should not have words to their melodies that may provoke neither blush nor sneer.

That the love of music is spreading over the entire land is evident to all, no weak engine of civilization itself, and of incalculable power to draw a host of beautiful thoughts and noble aspirations along with it. "Hullah," says the eloquent authoress of the History of the Peace, has proved "a sort of magician who can convert a crowd of untuned English adults, hitherto almost unconscious of what music was, into a vast organ endowed with soul. Since his first efforts, music has been a beloved and joyful pursuit in many a little back parlour in Whitechapel and the suburbs of London, in many a workshop in provincial towns and at evening gatherings in remote villages, where some pupil of his may have settled:" here then is a great garden dug and prepared for the good florist; children indeed have been playing tricks with it here and there, sowing their names in mustard and cress in vainly; "the dock and the darnel," flung by evil hands, flourish in vales of nightshade; the flaunting sunflower and the crown imperial wanton in the best parterres; but the spring, the spirit of true song, has only to arise upon it, and all that is unworthy to bloom there shall perish, and the Beautiful and the True shall reign there in their stead.

The snowdrop and then the violet,  
Shall rise from the ground, with warm rain wet,  
And their breath be mixt with fresh odour sent  
From the turf, like THE VOICE AND THE INSTRUMENT.



## ART. III.—PRUSSIA AND PRUSSIAN POLICY.

1. *Die Preussische Revolution.* Von A. Stahr. (*The Prussian Revolution.* By A. Stahr.) Oldenburg. Second Edition.
2. *Erfahrungen aus den drei letzten Jahren.* Von H. B. von Unruh. (*Experience of the last Three Years.* By H. B. von Unruh.) Magdeburg.
3. *Preussens Helden im Krieg und Frieden.* Von Dr. F. Foerster. (*Prussia's Heroes in War and Peace.* By Dr. F. Foerster.) Berlin.
4. *Die drei preussischen Regulative vom 1, 2 und 3 October, 1854, über Einrichtung des evangelischen Seminar-Präparanden- und Elementarschul Unterrichts.* (*The Three Prussian Regulations, dated 1, 2 and 3 of October, 1854, concerning Primary and Training Schools.*)

THE ruffle that disturbed the smooth waters of the Golden Horn when Prince Menschikoff dropped anchor under the Seraglio has spread its circles from shore to shore. Small and noiseless they were, but they have shown a wonderful power of destroying shams, baseless fabrics as well as senseless words. One wave has washed away the "traditional jealousy of England and France;" another one has knocked down the "solidarity of the conservative interests." The granite-walls did not resist the shock, nor the Holy Alliance stand the strain—down came the rubbish, out came the lie. Winter is now protecting the coast of Prussia, but the day is not far off when the ripple will reach her shores also. With his usual misplaced jocularity the monarch of that country is said to have remarked, that he could not answer "the Eastern Question." Before many weeks Prussia herself will be compelled to give answer what she is. The king has been exposed to just reproaches on account of his vacillating misty policy; but, as it would appear, there is also a considerable amount of perplexity amongst his subjects. True, they are, with few exceptions, united in the most burning hatred against everything Russian; but with respect to a positive course of action we have not been able to collect from the organs of the press anything like a universal and decided opinion. We read a good deal about German interests; but the convenient vagueness of the word does not suffice to hide from view an under-current of special, if not hostile, Prussian interests.

Nor is this to be wondered at. The whole history, the very existence of Prussia looks very much like a riddle. What is the

power, the necessity, that created this strange fabric of a state? In most cases there is no difficulty in pointing out the agencies that have been building up states powerful enough to play a part in the destinies of the world; usually we discern these agencies either in the geographical formation of the soil, the peculiarities of race, religious impulses, the development of industry, the intellectual superiority of the people, or finally in the consistent wisdom of the rulers. No one of these favouring circumstances can be cited to explain the growth of this monarchy which claims, by merit or by courtesy, the position of a first-rate power. Either they have not existed at all or they can be shown to have been thwarted and counteracted by contrary influences. There is no territory more straggling and intersected, none less circumscribed by natural frontiers. Without having calculated the geometrical figure of every realm on the globe, we are inclined to think that there is no state in the world that shows such a length of frontiers compared with the square surface of the territory. It is a well-known diplomatic saying, that Prussia, by the irregular, and, as it were, thin appearance of her geographical body, had the historical mission of devouring. One cannot look at the map without approving of the sentence and completing it by the alternative—or of being devoured. The extensive line of coast, including the mouths of the Oder, the Vistula, the Pregel, and the Niemen, and the numerous seafaring population, highly esteemed for skill and sobriety even by English shipowners, would seem to point to a development of maritime power, as would the two principal rivers emptying into the German Ocean to a tendency to push on towards those shores that are not under the command of the cannons of the Sund. But, apart from some feeble attempts at colonization in the reign of the Elector of Brandenburg, called the Great, and the recent effort to create a navy, the energy of the Prussian government has been exclusively directed to the continental position.

The eastern parts of Prussia are agricultural, the Rhenish provinces are the seat of a highly developed industry. But neither of them maintain by their exports any commanding position, and both agriculture and industry have followed rather than aided the consolidation of the Prussian monarchy. The traffic of the world has never touched the old provinces of Prussia, and it became altogether diverted from Germany, in consequence of the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope precisely at the time when the house of Brandenburg began to rise from obscurity. There is no unity of race. Besides the numerous German tribes that give their contingent to the population of Prussia, there are Lithuanians, Poles, Wenden, (Vandals,) and Walloons. There is nothing common but the name Prussian

between the smuggler who fights the Russian frontier-guard in the gloomy forests of Masuria, and the vine-grower who carries manure in a basket up the sunny banks of the Rhine; nor between the Pomeranian girl steering her father's boat through the surf, and the Silesian weaver who has lost all muscular action besides throwing the shuttle. They are different in race, in religion, in habit, in language. The government have adopted the Austrian, Danish, and Russian policy of garrisoning each province with troops drawn from another one, and they follow the same principle with respect to the members of the civil service. Still they have not succeeded so far even as did Prince Metternich, who, by encouraging intermarriages, and keeping up a permanent migration of the employes, actually bred a set of people who had no home but the empire at large, who might appropriately be termed Austrians *in abstracto*, and who account in some degree for the rapid spread of the abstract principles of the last revolution.

Similar contradictions appear in the form of government and in the relations with the rest of Germany. We see a king who, while opening something like a parliament, boasted of unimpaired absolutism, and who has, even after the revolution of 1848, never missed an opportunity of intimating that he does not recognise any material alteration. We see, at least we hear of, municipal government, but at the same time we observe a system of centralization interfering with the most minute details of local affairs and the most sacred interests of the individual. We see feudal estates based exclusively upon landed property in the provinces, and a national representation, pretending to be returned by universal suffrage, in the capital. We see, to crown this fabric of contradictions, the king creating a house of lords out of thirteen categories of members, and the late barons of the German empire, just the fittest elements of a peerage, refusing to join that motley crew. The German policy of the Prussian court presents to the uninitiated a perfect puzzle. Having done more than any other state to destroy the German empire, the Prussian monarchs have repeatedly endeavoured to restore it, always choosing a wrong time, always rejecting the opportunity, always persecuting with relentless fury any popular movement for German unity.

Reformation, no doubt, plays an important part in the growth of the state; but it did not originate within its limits; it was embraced after a great deal of vacillating for purely political motives, and in the tremendous struggle of the thirty years' war the cause of Protestantism had but a lukewarm and ambiguous support from the Hohenzollerns. At different times they attracted large numbers of immigrants by a system of complete toleration, carried to religious indifference by Frederic II.; but as often the suspicion of Popish leanings has hung over princes who prided

themselves with being the guardians of Protestantism. At present two-fifths of the population belong to the Roman-catholic Church, and the ordinances relating to popular instruction in the Protestant provinces, at the head of this article, might have been framed, and will heartily be approved of, by Cardinal Wiseman.

Official historians do not find any difficulty in explaining the growth of the Prussian monarchy. They simply attribute it to the admirable qualities of the reigning family. Prussia is the creation of her kings—that is the stereotype phrase. Now, it cannot be denied that the rise of the Hohenzollerns is almost without parallel. Six hundred years ago—we are following a very learned and very conservative German professor—in the mountains of Swabia a man lived of the name of *Mauthe*, which means toll, *Frederic Mauthe* being a toll-man in a mountain-pass. In some way or other he made money, and not many generations later we find a branch of his family settled at Nürnberg, driving a roaring trade and calling themselves Hohenzollern, which may be translated both ways—as alluding either to a toll-booth high up in the mountains, or to high—viz., heavy tolls. One of them advanced so far as to become Burggraf, something like Lieutenant of the Tower. Still he did not forget the commercial propensities of his family, and did a capital stroke of business by tendering a loan to the needy emperor, on mortgage of the Mark Brandenburg. Again it cannot be denied that some of his descendants were men of uncommon genius and energy, that most of them were not quite so bad as the rabble of petty princes in Germany, and that all of them were possessed of an inordinate craving for aggrandizement, questionable though that merit is. Still, considering the terrible reverses which the Prussian people has had to suffer, owing to the imbecility of its princes on the battle field, and the waste of strength and resources squandered away in the attempts of at least three kings to force upon the people distasteful political or religious institutions, and striking the balance, we cannot accept that official theory. We rather come to the conclusion that there is a vital and pushing element in the population of the eastern provinces, the old stock of the monarchy, and that to discern and to direct it makes up the chief merit of the great electors, and of King Frederic II. *Mark* means a frontier land, a defensive position against troublesome neighbours. So was the Mark Brandenburg against the Slavonic tribes. The German settlers on the Havel and Spree were the backwoodsmen of the empire, a sturdy race, with plough and sword subduing the soil and its native population. To-day any observant traveller will be struck by the different appearance of a German and of a Slavonic village: the latter huddled close together like sheep,

the former straggling over vast tracks of land. The German settler built his house in the centre of his acres, trusting to the strong arms of his household to keep off the aggressor. Well knowing how to unite in case of need, he hated, and hates up to the present hour, meddling and permanent contact. It is astonishing to see, in following the history of German law, how long the true institutions of local self-government among the rural population of Brandenburg kept their ground against the encroachments of manorial pretensions, and the mechanical action of centralized administration. It is within the last thirty years that the Berlin bureaucracy succeeded, while inclosing the commons, in breaking down the last remnants of organic forms, but not in crushing the spirit and destroying the sense of self-government. Of that deity that is worshipped by the Gallic and Celtic race, the State, the boor in the eastern parts of Germany has one thing only to pray: to be let alone. With equal tenacity, and more success, the rural population have stuck to their language. In spite of universal schools and universal barracks, they talk Low German, a dialect so different from the written language, and so near to the old stock, that a German brought up in another part of the country does not understand a word, while a sailor from the Baltic coast finds himself very soon at home amongst the English. While the inhabitants of Brandenburg show the characteristics of tenacity and endurance, the blending of different elements in the province of Prussia Proper has produced a population which combines the same qualities with a higher order of mental faculties. The knights of the Teutonic Order recovered that fertile country from the warlike Prussians. After centuries of hard fighting the German conquerors and the natives began to mix, and the produce has proved to be of a very good metal. Only in the south-eastern corner the Lithuanians kept their ground, and their language has lately excited a considerable degree of attention, as standing in closer affinity with Sanscrit than any European tongue. Still, being subjected to the Teutonic rule, they have also contributed their share to the population of the towns that sprang up around the military posts of the knights. The student of philosophy and literature is familiar with that long list of important writers who shine forth from that outpost of civilization. It was in the seclusion of a Masurian village that Herder traced the outlings of a new science, and Kant achieved an intellectual revolution, although he never left the precincts of Königsberg. Though remote from the focuses of rational life, there is decidedly no province of Germany where sound education and taste for mental improvement is so equally diffused as in Prussia Proper. The knights having won the land by the sword, their Grand-Master held it as a sovereign state. By



a lost battle which made the land a fief of the crown of Poland, by the reformation which brought about secularization and hereditary succession, and by a victorious peace with the Poles, which destroyed the feudal connexion, the Duchy of Prussia became at last united with the dominions of the electors of Brandenburg, but as a sovereign state, while the electorate, of course, was a fief of the German empire. As Duke of Prussia the Elector Frederic, in the beginning of last century, took the title and dignity of king, crowning himself at Königsberg. That it was separated from the rest of his possessions by a strip of Poland which came down the coast, is a geographical feature of great importance. It was a powerful motive for the first partition of Poland, and it will claim our attention many a time whenever there is promise of a restoration of Poland.

We cannot forbear adverting shortly to another circumstance that has been pointed out to us by natives as accounting for the development of something like a Prussian nationality, although there is obviously no Prussian nation in the proper sense of the word. We are unable to speak from personal observation on a subject that very naturally shuns observation, and cannot be explored even by the most intelligent traveller. It is said that the northern tribes of Germany never thoroughly adopted Christianity as presented to and enforced upon them in the form of the Roman-catholic religion; it is said that they never, in their inmost heart, submitted to the authority of priests which, in Catholicism, is inseparably mixed up with religion. Our informants, chiefly relying upon a mass of observations and conclusions that it is impossible to detail, point to these broad facts in support of their assertion: that between the Elbe and the Oder, and to the east of the latter, there have existed only a most insignificant number of abbeys, cloisters, monasteries, chapters, and similar ecclesiastical institutions; that even the parish churches are generally very poorly endowed; and that the reformation has nowhere been such an easy work as in Brandenburg, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania. It is said, and we find it confirmed by referring to writers on ecclesiastical history, that in most places the whole affair was settled by a student from Wittenberg walking straight up the pulpit, preaching the new, or we might as well say the old gospel, and the people joining in a body. An additional confirmation may be found in the fact, that an eminent member of the church militant of our days has publicly denounced the north-eastern corner of Germany as the stronghold of the foe, that ought to be demolished. With what tenacity and up to how recent a date forms and traditions of the Woden religion have been preserved is elucidated by modern researches on folk's lore. Speaking of the ethnological elements of Prussia, due mention is to be made of

that large influx of Huguenots who fled to Berlin, and who, from that centre, have undoubtedly exercised a more powerful influence than what is visible in the growth of certain branches of industry.

Relying on their outlandish possession as on an Archimedean point, the electors of Brandenburg prosecuted with redoubled energy what had long been their secret aim, and what recently has been triumphantly proclaimed to have been their historical mission—the destruction of the German empire. There has been a great deal of dispute about the essential nature of that once splendid constitution, whether it was republican or monarchical.\* We cannot attribute much value to a controversy that deals more in words than in facts. There were “Kings of the Republic of Poland;” and the President of the United States enjoys many prerogatives which have been lost to royalty in England. The contrast has become significant only by the pretensions of right divine. When kingly office was meant to be a lease from God; when James I. taught parliament that “kings were in the word of God itself called gods, as being his vicegerents on earth, and so adorned and furnished with some sparkles of divinity,” republic was meant to signify the direct negation of that absurdity. As long as the fundamental idea of the German law prevailed of a head ministerial officer appointed by law, and for the purpose of carrying out the law, it was not worth while to wrangle about the name. The constitution of the German empire bore the most striking similarity to the Anglo-Saxon state. The mother resembled the daughter, and up to a certain time their development was similar even to a historical coincidence of dates. It was within the last quarter of the fifteenth century that Henry VII. put an end to baronial contests, and Maximilian superseded the right of private war by the establishment of a high court of justice with jurisdiction over all estates of the realm; settled disputes between princes, and between princes and their subjects, and was armed with the whole strength of the empire to carry out its decisions. Perhaps, this important point gained, the unity of the body politic might have been preserved, and the history of the German nation might have taken a very different course from what it did, but for two reasons—the intrusion of the civil law and the religious reformation; the former gradually converting communities of freemen with reciprocal rights and duties into a Byzantine despotism, the latter resulting in a peace which, by constituting foreign powers as guarantees, destroyed the unity of the empire.

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\* It is not correct to speak of German emperors. The elective sovereign was officially styled “King of the Germans;” and, moreover, besides, provided he had been crowned at Rome, the title of “Roman Emperor,” an inheritance from Charlemagne.

It is true that the Hapsburgers did not consider the imperial crown, which had become in fact hereditary with them, as anything else than a means for promoting dynastic interests, and that most of the other princes did everything in their power to attain selfish ends at the expense of the whole; but it was Frederic II. of Prussia who ruined the Empire beyond redemption. "On the title," to use his own expression, "of his full exchequer and his strong army," he claimed the fine province of Silesia and seized it rather burglariously. By defending it successfully, supported only by England, against a world in arms, he raised his kingdom to a first-rate power, and established that dualism within Germany, which caused the destruction of the Empire in 1805, prevented its restoration in 1815, paralyzes the action of the German people in the present crisis, and which is not likely to subside before either one of the rivals is crushed, or Germany is partitioned between them. The same fatal influence was exercised by Frederic II. in another direction, towards Poland.

Prussia bears the guilt of having originated the crime. As far back as 1710 King Frederic I. submitted a proposal for the partition of Poland to the courts of Dresden and St. Petersburg. In the following reign the idea was taken up by the king of Poland himself, Auguste II., elector of Saxony. Being only the elected monarch of the Polish Republic he was anxious to establish the hereditary succession, and endeavoured to obtain the consent of Prussia, Austria, and Russia by an invitation "*pour partager le gâteau*,"—to share in the cake. Both proposals, at the time, fell to the ground. Frederic II., before he had secured Silesia, took particular care to cultivate a good understanding with the Polish nation while he was fighting the Polish king *qua* elector of Saxony. At the beginning of the seven years' war, 1756, he caused a communication to be addressed to the Diet at Warsaw, which contains this passage: "The connexion between an elected king of Poland and the Polish Republic is transient, and ceases with the death of the former. But the royal house of Prussia is connected with the Polish Republic by an everlasting alliance, and by the common and permanent interest of mutual preservation, which binds more strongly than treaties. The power of the house of Brandenburg is going hand-in-hand with the liberty of the Republic of Poland." Unless these lines were penned by the minister Hertzberg, who was convinced of the necessity of maintaining a Polish empire as a bulwark against Russia, one might be led, by subsequent events, to the suspicion that the words were artfully framed with a view to future interference.

Peace being restored, the king soon found an opportunity of giving a practical proof of what was meant by "mutual preservation." We prefer quoting the passage in which he puts the

case himself, it has a peculiar interest at the present moment. In his *Mémoires depuis la paix de Hubertsbourg jusqu'à la fin du partage de la Pologne*,\* he narrates his attempts at mediation in the war between Russia and the Porte, and having stated what representations he had addressed to the Empress of Russia, he continues :

“The precautions the king had taken” (speaking of himself) “were the more necessary, as the Austrian court did not conceal its projects, and all movements that were going on in Hungary clearly pointed to an approaching rupture with Russia. The cabinet of Vienna was decided not to suffer the theatre of war to become established beyond the Danube. It even hoped, by an armed mediation, to compel the Russians to restore Moldavia and Wallachia to the Turks, and to give up the demand for the independence (!) of the Crimea. With this view the troops from Italy, Flanders, and Austria were marched to Hungary ; the Austrian ambassador had made very positive declarations to the king on this head ; he had gone even so far as to demand that Prussia should remain neutral in the case of Russia being attacked from any other frontier besides Poland—a demand which had met with an absolute refusal. Prince Kaunitz indulged in the hope, by means of this plan to enlarge the territory of Austria without the trouble of making conquests ; he counted upon the willingness of the Sultan to pay for this assistance by giving back to Austria those provinces she had lost by the treaty of Belgrade. While Vienna was full of projects and Hungary full of troops, an Austrian corps entered Poland, and took possession of the Barony Zips, to which the court pretended to have certain rights. This bold step astonished the court of St. Petersburg, and opened the way for the treaty of partition, afterwards agreed upon by the three powers. The principal motive was to avoid a general war that was about to explode ; besides it was necessary to maintain the balance of power between states which were such close neighbours to each other ; and as the court of Vienna had sufficiently manifested its desire to profit by the present troubles for its own aggrandizement, the king could not but follow the example. The Empress of Russia, irritated by the aspect that other troops than her own should venture to dictate law in Poland, remarked to the Prince Henry of Prussia, If the court of Vienna were to dismember Poland, the rest of the bordering states were entitled to do the same. This overture came very opportunely ; for, everything well weighed, it was the only way left to avoid new troubles, and to make everybody happy. Russia had an opportunity of indemnifying herself for the costs of the war against Turkey, and instead of Moldavia and Wallachia, which she could not acquire before having conquered the Austrians as well as the Mussulmans, she was at liberty to choose any province of Poland without running any risk. To the Empress Theresa a province bordering upon Hungary might be assigned, and to the king that morsel of Polish Prussia (now called Western Prussia) which intersected his dominions.

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\* Œuv. posth. de Fr. II. t. v. p. 29.

And by this political adjustment the balance of power between the three states would be nearly preserved as it was. In order, however, to make sure beforehand of the intentions of Russia, the Prussian ambassador at Petersburg was charged to ascertain whether those words that had escaped the Empress had some serious meaning, or whether they were uttered in a moment of ill-humour and transient excitement. The ambassador found a coincidence of sentiments on this subject."

The pages of history are teeming with instances of princes leading an infamous life; of nations winking at the crimes, and courtiers profiting by the passions of sovereigns; of statesmen too clever to be honest and too clumsy to be successful; of wrong begetting evil, and moral rottenness working out material destruction; of glorious traditions vanishing over night, and mighty empires annihilated by a single blow. But there is no instance, we think, in which these elements of a tragedy are comprised within so short a space of time, are so artistically arranged, and brought to a conclusion with such a stage-like effect and to such a cordial satisfaction of the spectator, as they are in the history of Prussia from the death of Frederic II. to the battle of Jena. This conception of the period is so obvious, that any one when reading, still more when writing, a narrative of the events, will be struck by it, unless affected by incorrigible prepossessions or metaphysical illusions. Every true and plain history of that time must read like a drama. So it does in the book of Dr. Foerster, Prussian though he is to the backbone. He inscribes his work "*Prussia's Heroes*;" this chapter he might have entitled "*Prussia's shame and punishment*." He writes without any pretensions of philosophical abstraction, not even of explanatory comment, although the series of biographies is intended to make up a history of Prussia. He writes in plain simple language, bordering however sometimes, by the admission of phrases of academical cant or Berlin cockneyism, on vulgarity; but the coarse humour of events may well excuse an occasional coarseness of expression. In the description of the scenery in the midst of which his heroes move, and for minute personal particulars, he has largely drawn from sources not made available before, and neither his patriotism nor the responsible position he holds or has held, as we understood, has ever prevented him from speaking out. Altogether his book is pleasant and instructive reading, and quite a relish compared with certain colourless and bodyless algebraic writings of German authors who pretend to give the formulas of the "*genius of history*."

Space forbids us to unroll this picture of incredible faithlessness and imbecility, pregnant with instruction though it is for the present time. We select a few striking features.

• While Frederic William III., upon whom a toad-eating biographer—Bishop Eilert—has endeavoured to fix the epithet of “the Just,” was preparing for war against Napoleon, in 1806, he selected as ambassador at Paris, from the whole of his diplomatsists, just that man, Baron Knobelsdorff, who was known for his conscientious love of peace, assured him that he had no idea of going to war, and gave him instructions accordingly. So thoroughly was this gentleman deceived (in order the more effectually to deceive Napoleon), that he begged to accompany the emperor (who, being better informed, went to Germany to assume the command of his army) in the sincere belief that there could be no war, and that the emperor was mistaken as to the intentions of the Berlin court!

There were not wanting men who felt the degradation of their country, who knew, that in the intercourse of nations, far more than in the relation of individuals, moral rules cannot be infringed without bringing down, by a natural connexion of causes and results, appropriate punishment upon the offender, men who had the capacity of detecting the root of such terrible mismanagement, and the boldness of pointing it out to the king in language not heard before in the palaces of Berlin. Baron Stein, in the service of the king but not a native, addressed, in April, 1806, a memorial to the king, exposing the state of the nation, calling upon him to surround himself with responsible advisers instead of a “secret camarilla,” branding the members of this camarilla as “incapable,” “mean,” and “vicious,” and winding up with this prophecy:

“New measures will not do without new men. The administration, the outlines of which I have submitted to your Majesty, will never gain the confidence of the people if those men, who are sunk so deep in public opinion, some of whom are branded with contempt, are not removed. If your Majesty do not resolve upon adopting the changes I have proposed, if your Majesty continue to act under the influence of your cabinet, it is to be apprehended that the Prussian state will lose its independence, if not its existence. Those causes and those men who have brought us to the brink will thrust us over the precipice; they will create situations where the honest servant of the state will have to resign, or to become the accomplice of deeds of villany. Whoever attentively reads the history of the decline of Venice, of the fall of the French and Sardinian monarchies, will find sufficient grounds to apprehend the worst.”

• The battle of Jena, which fulfilled the prophecy of Stein, stands a monument of war undertaken with faint heart and divided counsels. There is one incident connected with it, so characteristically German, that we cannot refrain from relating it. While Napoleon, having acted that piece of history, was dictating orders for the following day in that old university town, Jena, two lights

might be seen shining forth from neighbouring houses. One was the study lamp of Hegel, who wrote on that very night the concluding chapter of his "*Phenomenology*," showing history to be the manifestation of the *anima mundi*. Next morning he went out to post his manuscript, and was surprised at being informed that no mail would be made up, since a great battle had been fought, and the roads were rather obstructed. The other light proceeded from a miserable little lamp, and was increased by a glass-ball filled with water. It belonged to the work-table of a bootmaker who, having thrown aside awl and last, was composing a poetical description of the battle. Is it possible to criticize more admirably the intellectual capacity of the Prussian generals, than in these lines of his terrible doggerel?

"To force the passes of the Saale,  
They thought, no enemy would try.  
But then the passes of the Saale  
They should with cannon fortify.  
Whoever overlooked this  
Didn't understand his business."

The battle was fought on the 14th of October. Ten days later Berlin was in the hands of the French: ten weeks later the whole of the kingdom, except the most eastern corner, Prussia Proper. One single blow had overthrown the state. One single word gives the explanation: Prussia is an *artificial* state. An organism will overcome terrible blows, will bear the loss of limbs, will restore them from innate vitality. A huge mechanical structure raised upon columns will be shattered to atoms when one of the supports gives way. Prussia rested upon three pillars, and they came down at once. The *bureaucracy*, in spite of examinations and discipline, was, according to an English observer, Harris, what it is the natural tendency of every bureaucracy to become, "a mass of imbecility and corruption." How brainless the authorities faced the emergency is signified in this placard, addressed to the inhabitants of Berlin: "Fellow citizens! The battle is lost. Tranquillity is the first duty of the subject." The *army*, from fear of seeing arms in the hands of the people, was recruited chiefly from foreigners, badly paid and well whipped, fellows who used to boast "that they had served ten potentates in one pair of shoes," and was officered exclusively by the *nobility*, who vied in capitulating. "The hussars of your Majesty," reported Ney, "will take possession of the fortress of Stettin." In some instances the men and petty officers murmured, but were thundered down by the word "discipline;" in one place the French were called in "to quell the riot."

Now, the whole of this poltroonery and infamy falls upon the shoulders of the Prussian nobility. There was not a single officer

in the whole army without the prefix "*von*" to his name, nor without a crest on his seal. If we are right in supposing that Prussia will be put on her mettle, we should do but poor justice to our subject without saying a word or two about a feature in the political and social life of that anomalous state which has exercised, and is still exercising, such a powerful influence, and is at the same time so liable to misconceptions. Setting aside the intricacies of the German feudal law, there existed, during the middle ages, two classes of nobility in the German Empire, one corresponding with our barons, the other with our knights and baronets. While in England the crown succeeded in keeping down the barons, in Germany they rose to almost sovereign power. They aspired, according to a German adage, "to be in their territories what the Emperor was in the Empire." The consequence was that the petty nobility aspired to be in the territory what the barons were in the Empire. The whole scale was raised by one degree. But, while the German knights were thus claiming and attaining a position far higher than the gentry in England, they were infinitely less able to give it a substantial support. The rules of hereditary descent were of the most multifarious description, and the liberty of entailing unbounded. But in most instances sons succeeded together to the lands, and daughters were entitled to certain portions of the value. There was, however, no such variety with respect to titles; with or without property, they descended to all the children; nay, they were their birthright. Suppose an earl with very little money had twelve children, then there were twelve earls or countesses with very great pretensions. It is obvious that a nobility like this could not stand for three generations, if things were left to themselves. Therefore, it was propped up by artificial means, and in no country more carefully than in Prussia. Commoners were forbidden to acquire manors. This enactment answered its original purpose, but it had the natural effect of depressing the marketable value of the lands, of checking every improvement, of impoverishing still more the nobility. So, the majority of its members were to be provided for by the "state," or as children and soldiers in Prussia are taught to say, and, consequently, think, by the king, viz., out of the pockets of the industrious, hard-working population. They had all the brevets in the army to themselves; they were thrust into every branch of the civil service, particularly the more remunerative and less laborious offices. The Prussian code lays it down as a rule which is still in force, "that the nobility has the preference in filling up public offices." They had their children brought up and educated at the country's expense; they had stipends for their sons, marriage-gifts for their daughters, dowries for their widows. They got donations and loans innum-



merable, "for the improvement of agriculture." But all this substantial assistance not being sufficient to keep the splendour of families in repair, the Prussian kings had raised a system of artificial barriers and distinctions quite worthy of Brahminic legislation. The nobles were absolutely forbidden to embark in any trade or business, to intermarry, unless authorized by the king, with tradesmen, or inferior classes of society. Abusive words from a commoner to a nobleman, or assaults committed by the former on the latter, were made hideous crimes, punishable even by corporal castigation; the parties being reversed, a fine only was inflicted. A nobleman convicted of felony, theft, embezzlement, and the like, was degraded to the state of commoner. With bitterness, but with truth, it has been asked by the Prussian people: Are we the convict department of this beggarly nobility? Officers are in every criminal case subjected to military jurisdiction. Windsor court-martials had to conduct the trial and to pronounce judgment, according to their peculiar code of law and honour, not only on a rash youth who had quarrelled with his brother officers, but on any noble rascal who had assaulted a civilian, plundered a man, or ruined a woman. Lastly, the kings largely exercised the right of conferring nobility in some instances on commoners filling high posts too laborious for noblemen, not so much in order to confer a distinction as with a view of hiding the blot in the lists of noble names; often on account of services of very questionable merit. Many a Prussian nobleman boasts of his crest because his grandmother was the mistress of a royal—chamberlain. The Prussian kings even performed the wonderful feat of knighting the forefathers of any given person in their graves. They gave diplomas of nobility, "with four, eight, sixteen noble ancestors." In short, every abuse that stains the history of the worst of our kings was law in Prussia.

We have said, was: we have spoken in the imperfect tense. With a few exceptions, we might have made use of the present. With three exceptions, every one of these abuses *is* law in Prussia, is anxiously preserved and fostered by Frederic William IV., who delights in calling this system of public nuisances *Staudische Gliederung*, a phrase which, we are proud to say, defies translation. We have neither the word, nor the notion, nor the thing. In the period of regeneration, subsequent to the battle of Jena, manors were thrown open to commoners, and trades to noblemen; and only since the revolution of 1848 the statute on slander and assault was altered. Except these points everything is still as it was half a century ago. We have collected within the last few years, from the Prussian papers, a number of astounding occurrences. There are, to give one instance, in a province formerly belonging to Poland, many villages, every in-

Habitant of which, above the rank of dog and cat, is noble;—labourer, hind, and pig-driver;—their ancestors having fought valiantly under Sobieski were knighted in platoons. A scion of one of these noble houses, being a sensible fellow, betook himself as apprentice to a carpenter, and being settled, was accepted as suitor by a German farmer's daughter, who was deprived of the prefix, but blessed with a superior education besides some money. He applied for a dispensation but was refused, his Majesty's government objecting to the *mésalliance*. The disappointed lover went before a magistrate, and deliberately renounced his nobility and all privileges attached thereto. The magistrate executed a deed accordingly, but was severely reprimanded by the Minister of Justice, who contended that noble birth giving a *character indelebilis*, and the nobility being the support of the monarchy, it was not competent for the carpenter-knight to become *felo de se*, and to destroy one of the pillars of his majesty's throne. The young man consulted a solicitor, and got advice which conveys an admirable criticism of this legislative wisdom. The lawyer told him to go and steal a handkerchief. One readily understands why the National Assembly of 1848 passed the enactment—of course rejected by the king—the law does not recognise any nobility.

Maintained in their position not by any real pre-eminence, but by a system of artificial regulations, injurious and insulting to the bulk of the people, the Prussian nobility—with honourable exceptions—look with equal horror on any attempt of the people to obtain influence in the legislature, and of the government to govern for the benefit of the many; and they have been always ready to sell themselves to any one who might thwart such designs. This nobility, “the Junkerparty,” it was, who hunted on the king in 1806 to war against the “armed soldier of democracy”—and who, by stupidity cowardice, made the battle lost—who surrendered the fortress—who flocked to Napoleon, and worshipped him—who wrote newspapers and pamphlets in the French interest, maligning the king and slandering the queen—who persecuted with relentless hatred those men chosen by the king to build up a new state on a popular basis—who conspired to poison the king\* when he was found proof against their remonstrances—who induced him, after 1815, to break his solemn promise of national representation—who induced his son, in 1848, to break his oaths to choose his ministers out of the parliamentary majority, and a host of similar oaths—who taught him, in the columns of their newspaper, *The New Prussian Gazette*, though he hardly stood in need of this

\* The matter was hushed up, and is therefore very little known. The conspirators were sent to Spandau, and pardoned in 1813.

lesson, that he had sinned by giving such promises, that he ought to atone for this sin, and that the atonement most agreeable before God would be the humiliation of breaking those promises. To these gentry the king has given, by way of loan, the money granted last year by the Chambers for the purpose of putting the country in a state of defence. These are the men who would rather make Prussia a province of Russia than an ally of the Western Powers. In Russia there is *Staendische Gliederung*, a scale of fourteen degrees, called *Tchin*.

In the remotest corner of his dominions, in Tilsit, King Frederic William III. accepted the peace imposed upon him by Napoleon. He lost everything that had been gained by those two infamous transactions, the partition of Poland and the treaty of Basle. His kingdom was reduced to those poor, thinly-populated provinces from which the power of the Hohenzollerns had taken rise. It was then that the hardy, tenacious character of their population shone forth. The edifice raised by Frederic the Great was a heap of ruins. An entirely new organization was required. The want of territory and population was to be made up by some other element. Even the king, hater of popular liberty as he was, submitted to the obvious truth, that there was no such element besides the individual energy of the people. He was a man of very indifferent powers, conscious of his defects, but bare of generosity. He, therefore, hated men of genius—"reasoners," as he contemptuously called them. Still, dire necessity compelled him to ask the advice and aid of the most terrible of these reasoners, that very Baron Stein we have mentioned before. Stein, nobly assisted by the minister Schoen, whose green old age is honourably distinguished by the studied insults he is receiving from the present king, was the leading spirit of that remarkable period of regeneration the history of which, fraught with instruction for the philosopher as well as for the politician, has lately been brought within the reach of the general reader by an able biography of Stein from the pen of Mr. Pertz. It is difficult for Englishmen to realize the idea of a state in which there is no representative institution, no trace of self-government—a state in which the business of our vestries is performed by clerks of the Home Office. And it is curious to observe how the good folks of Brandenburg and Prussia Proper, quite innocent of any knowledge of Montesquieu or De Lolme, were taught parliamentary government by the nature of things. The business was to ascertain the wants and resources of the people. The bureaucracy had pretended to know all about it from their red-taped papers. Now it had become patent to the blind that they knew nothing. The new ministry summoned, from every district, men who were known to be well acquainted with what existed and

passed around them—landed proprietors, merchants, private gentlemen. They called in the assistance of scholars who had given their attention to social and political subjects. In the beginning there were no forms, no rules of proceedings: there was not even a name for this nucleus of parliament. Not before the year 1812 a "provisional national representation" was assembled at Berlin, a fact afterwards sedulously suppressed by the Prussian censorship, and therefore very little known indeed, even in Prussia. With the advice of these "discreet citizens," a series of important measures was enacted. Villenage was abolished, copyhold converted into freehold, commons enclosed, close guilds thrown open, and the army reorganized after the original German model, every able-bodied man being bound to serve for a time, and the militia electing their officers. Municipal government was given back to the burgesses, by a law which has had the serious attention of the framers of our Municipal and Corporation Act,\* and a regulation published for the government of counties framed after the existing English institutions. By such means the little state, hardly deserving the name of kingdom, in the short space of six years, achieved a development of moral and material resources that seems quite miraculous, and enabled Prussia to play a conspicuous part in the struggle that finally overthrew Napoleon. During the war the spirit of the people was kept up by the most solemn and repeated promises, that after victory everything begun should be carried out, and everything not yet begun should be done. So late as in May, 1813, during the hundred days, the king in an order, recorded in the statute book, pledged his word that there should be a national representation, with power to settle the budget and share in the legislature.

It was the story of the monk and the gentleman not to be named in good society, acted over and over again. When the danger had passed away, the king found he could do without national representation. He sneaked out of his promise by a quibble: there was no *time attached to it*. "Not every time is the right one," he told the Common Council of Koblenz, who were bold enough to remind him in 1817. The right time never did come before his death. It could not be but that the halt made in the onward move must compel the king to retrace his steps. There is no standing still in politics. The regulation concerning the

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\* We may remark, by the by, that our Benthamite, and more especially our Peelite school of politicians, are very much in the habit of borrowing from Prussia. Many of the 169 clauses of 8 and 9 Vict., c. 118, are literally translated from the Prussian Regulation, dated September 14, 1811. In this instance we have little objection. At that time the well was pure and wholesome. But there are indications of rather poisonous draughts having been taken; these may claim our attention on a future day.

counties was not put into execution, but supplanted by a bureaucratic machinery. Of municipal government the forms were preserved, but the nerve was cut by smuggling in the power of governmental boards for reconsidering, approving, or rescinding the decisions of the common councils. Thus the sense of responsibility, which is the breath of self-government, was taken away. Besides, the meetings were held with closed doors, and as for local press—there was none. The democratic organization of the army was destroyed by degrees, finally by the present king, who caused the militia to be officered by officers of the line. By bringing up orphans and children of poor people, in military asylums, for the army; by holding out material advantages to soldiers who consented to serve beyond the legal term of three years; by doing away with the promotion of non-commissioned officers; by discouraging commoners to take brevets, except in the artillery, the sappers and miners, where brains are required; by keeping the soldiers in barracks; by garrisoning one province with regiments drawn from another, and by frequently changing the garrisons, the army was disconnected from the people, its interests, and aspirations. In 1849, the bumpkins in "the king's coat," flattered and hunted on by the king, and patted on the back by royal princesses, committed atrocities against their fellow-citizens that make the hair stand on end. At Jserlohn they put an old man, drawn from his house, against a wall, and used him as a target! In Baden they made a regular sport of murdering defenceless prisoners.

For a time this system of improving upon the old bureaucratic rule answered very well, but for peculiar reasons that ought never to be lost sight of when Prussia is cited as an example of successful centralization. There was an immense deal of work to be done, that could not be done better than by a bureaucracy. Those great organic changes traced out by Stein were to be executed in detail, and interfering, directly or by intermediate results, with every wheel of the social mechanism, required an incessant mending and adjusting of the old code of law, that was based upon different suppositions. The enclosing of commons, the converting of copyhold and tenure into freehold, the exchange of lands and the commutation to rentals of all rights of property which obstruct cultivation and the productive employment of labour, constituted a gigantic undertaking, which, after nearly half a century, is not yet brought to a close. By the treaty of Vienna, a large territory was either acquired or recovered, presenting every variety of social and political institutions. To harmonize and assimilate this motley collection required a great deal of labour very suitable to centralized action. Then, there was no lack of men able and willing to do the work honestly

and well. Patriotism and energy, thinking and learning, stirred up by the vigorous struggle for emancipation from foreign tyranny, disappointed in the hope for a free and united German fatherland, sought exertion and satisfaction in doing for the people what they would have rather seen the people doing for themselves. These men became, without being aware of it, perfect Benthamites, ruling for the benefit of the greatest possible number, and maintaining a praiseworthy impartiality. Lastly, thanks to the absence of active political life, of party struggles, except for backdoor influences at court, they never found themselves in the dilemma between official duty and popular right, or popular duty and individual interest. In spite of these favourable and very exceptional circumstances, towards the end of the reign of Frederic William III. unmistakable signs of corruption made their appearance. A huge system of fraud carried on in the commissariat after the true Russian fashion, and for more than twenty years, was detected; but so many and such highly respectable individuals, up to the commander-in-chief, were found to be implicated, that government did not dare prosecute the culprits, and therefore stifled the investigation! Frederic William IV., finding still too much of independence, introduced the French discipline, instead of a sort of trial by peers, and brought down a Prussian official, judges not excluded, to the level of a London policeman. If the material benefit bestowed upon the people had been ten times greater, the question might justly be raised, whether the bureaucratic government is not answerable for that mass of unredressed grievances, of unreasonable expectations, as well as for that deep hatred of authority and that total want of political education which brought about the terrible explosion of 1848 and its miserable and deplorable results. The question may be raised whether the Prussian people, if far less advanced, perhaps, in agriculture and popular instruction, if less neatly trained and trimmed, but if taught by experience the science of government, and instructed by an unfettered press and accustomed to work out its own improvement, would not be in a better position, measured even by the standard of political economy. The bureaucracy of 1848 did not stand better before internal commotion than that of 1806 did before the shock from without. In both instances the whole organism was paralyzed by a single blow, with this difference only, that the conquerors of 1848 did not know how to follow up the advantage, or rather that there were no conquerors at all. The king fell before the consciousness of his evil deeds, and his servants before that of their incapability. Since 1849 the blending of bureaucratic government with sham constitutionalism cannot fail to produce a generation of officials as bad as any in the world.

The foreign policy of *Frederic William III.* was simple; it was Russian. To him the Holy Alliance was holy in good earnest.\* At the bidding of his imperial son-in-law, but assuming the part of a disinterested friend to the Sultan, he sent Baron Mueffling to Constantinople, and bamboozled the Porte into the treaty of Adrianople. During the revolutionary war in Poland he observed neutrality after the Prussian fashion, suffering the Russians to cross the Vistula on his territory; nay, building them bridges to attack the Poles in the rear. He has bequeathed the same policy to his successors in his will, so ostentatiously published by the present king with that sentimental cant that is mixed up in his character with coward cruelty.

It is rather a nice question whether the relations of Prussia to Germany are to be brought under the head of foreign policy. The king of Prussia is a member of the Germanic Confederation, but he is besides, on account of Prussia Proper, a non-German sovereign. The Germans who fought the battles of 1813 and 1815 hoped for a restoration of the German empire. They got the Diet, a board of ambassadors who do the work that is too dirty for the individual princes, corroborating the witty saying that corporations may commit any infamy, having neither souls to be saved, nor bodies to be kicked. The Emperor of Russia had the impudence to lay before the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818 a memorandum drawn up by a Wallachian prince Sturdza, traitor to his country and Privy Councillor to the Czar, informing the German princes that the dangerous idea of a united Germany was still fostered in the German universities, and ought to be put down; and the German princes had the unspeakable meanness to receive this memorandum with thanks, and to act accordingly. In no state the persecution of professors and students was carried on with more fury than in Prussia. Hundreds were driven into exile, hundreds sentenced to imprisonment for life, scores to be broken on the wheel, pardoned but kept in dungeons in order that their release might reflect honour and thanks upon the succeeding sovereign. And what was the crime of these talented and enthusiastic youths? True, they had loved Germany more, but they had not loved Caesar less. Their dream was, to make the king of Prussia emperor of Germany! For this they were tortured in Prussian fortresses. Then, the king of Prussia was innocent of any ambitious designs? Pozzo di Borgo, when reviewing the state of Europe, before the Czar fell upon Turkey in 1828, and dilating upon the will and faculty of resistance in each of the great powers, had for Prussia not more than one line:—"Prussia has the objects of her ambition under

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\* To all practical purposes, the cabinet of Berlin was a branch office of that of St. Petersburg.

h<sup>er</sup> hand." What these objects are, appears from a secret memorandum of a Prussian minister betrayed by a clerk of the Diet. It sums up the policy to be observed by Prussia towards the German princes, thus: to help them in destroying representative institutions, but to leave to Austria the initiative of all repressive measures; to accustom the princes to look with fear at Austrian aggression, and their subjects to look with hope to Prussian liberalism.

"Unless it were so stupid, clever would it be."

The solemn promise of "national representation," made before the battle of Waterloo, had dwindled down in the constitution of the German Confederation to "estates of the land." By and by Frederic William III. created provincial estates. They pretended to be a resurrection of the old feudal estates that had existed when the provinces of the kingdom had been independent Duchies. How far the old constitutions were adhered to, we are unable to say; but we are inclined to think, not very scrupulously. There was to be an assembly in each province. The members were nicely balanced, so as to give as many to the manors as to the towns and freeholders, or yeomen, taken together. But the medieval division of knights, burgesses, and yeomen, had been altogether destroyed by the reforms of the Stein period. Trades were carried on in villages, many a yeoman had acquired a manor, and knights were distilling gin and making beet-root sugar. Nor was there any probability of seeing realized the favourite dream of the present king—knights stalking about clad in mail, burgesses adorning themselves with gowns, and yeomen returning to leather breeches and crossbows. In the Western provinces, where the Code Napoléon had had its sway, manors were abolished altogether. In the Eastern parts they were preserved, but by far the greater area was in the hands of freeholders. Emerging from the troubles of war, suffering from the transitory injuries of recent legislation, and not yet reaping the benefit of the same, the lands generally were heavily incumbered, the mortgagees being bankers, merchants, and other towns-people. It was, therefore, necessary to lay down arbitrary criterions of the three classes, and as to the balance of members, it is impossible to find any motive justified by the nature of things. The powers of these estates were very limited, restricted to local affairs, and always subjected to the control of governmental boards. Their proceedings were secret, their debates never published. Nobody cared a straw for them. Looking at them from any point of view, it is difficult to understand on what principle, and for what end, they were instituted. Still they were destined to play a very important part in the following reign.



Anxious to bring down our rapid sketch of the constitutional history of Prussia to the accession of the present king, we touch only upon one more topic—the influence of France. There is a great deal of humour, of “irony of history,” in the connexion between French ideas and German politics. Frederic II. in the beginning of his reign ordered a new code to be drawn up, “based on reason and the laws of the land.” The labours of the commission drew their weary length through the whole reign, and were not brought to a close before 1792, four years after his death. His successor does not seem to have paid any attention to the progress of the work, nor his intimate councillors; for when it was finished and printed for publication, they were not a little alarmed to find that it was impregnated with the keenest revolutionary principles, that had amused the educated through the last half of the century, but had lately become incarnate in France. True, there was no remedy provided against the unlawful proceedings of a hum-bailiff, save a humble remonstrance with his superior, who might have ordered the proceedings; but there was a whole chapter devoted to the “duties of the chief of the state,” to be epitomized thus: that it is the duty of the prince to be an angel; and a number of abstract principles of right and justice, which the Germans of to-day would call *Grundrechte*, were scattered all over the book. The whole impression was kept back, and the obnoxious paragraphs hastily expunged. Thus, what was intended to be the soul of the tiresome work of fifty years was destroyed, and what remained was a heap of regulations concerning private rights and wrongs. A few sentences escaped, and have done good service in the hands of honest judges.

But long after the government and nobility had found out that they had been playing with poison, the thinking few, as well as the drudging multitude, were full of sympathy for the French, and in the beginning of the war hailed them as deliverers. There was a movement going on in Germany, contemporaneous and quite similar to the Corresponding Societies in England. It was rudely checked by the deliverers turning conquerors; and particularly in Prussia, the insolence and rapacity of Napoleon and his army excited a burning hatred against everything French. The period from 1806 to 1812, worked a marvellous change. The current of ideas and feelings, once turned back upon the recollections of past greatness and the sources of present calamity, did not stop at the rise of the Hohenzollerns to royal dignity, nor within the accidental and capricious limits of the Prussian monarchy. It flowed back to the glory of the German empire, and people thought of Barbarossa, sitting deep beneath the Kyffhäuser, and waiting for resurrection. The history of almost

Every nation presents periods when the national mind retraces its steps, and returns thirsty to long-forgotten springs. These are sabbath-hours of history. They give their first indications in literature, in poetry, in style, in language; and, unless disturbed, they are followed by slow but lasting changes in manners and customs, in public morality and political institutions. We all know the songs of Arndt and Koerner, and the speeches of Fichte. But in the throng of events there was no leisure to work out practical results for the future reorganization of Germany. The most urgent business was to free the soil of Germany; and, this being achieved, diplomacy took the work out of the hands of the people. The kinglets by the grace of Napoleon did not feel prepared to return to the humbler position of electors, or the still humbler one of subjects of a united empire. Germanism became outlawed in Germany, and took refuge in the dreams of youth and the writings of the romantic school. From 1820 to 1830, there was a perfect political stagnation. It was broken by the revolution of July. All the minor princes were forced by insurrection to proclaim constitutional government, and no other pattern being at hand, all these constitutions were framed after the French *charte*. The princes very soon destroyed the effect of this concession by the ingenious process of ordering their ambassadors at Frankfort to draw up a resolution that the exercise of constitutional privileges should never interfere with the exercise of arbitrary government, and sheltering themselves from the reproaches of their subjects behind the resolutions of the Diet,—viz., of their own ambassadors. Still the forms were preserved, and the very name of chambers, debates, budget, and the like, were a subject of constant envy on the part of the Prussians. Trial by jury was thus introduced by the French into the western provinces, though all political crimes had been brought under the exceptional jurisdiction of a kind of Star-chamber, at Berlin. French literature, political and social, was eagerly read in Germany; and a host of talented writers—amongst them Boerne, one of the masters of German prose writing—banished from Germany, kept up, from their asylum at Paris, by newspapers, pamphlets, and more ponderous works, a lively intercourse between the doings of the French and the musings of the Germans. German liberalism became thoroughly impregnated with French constitutionalism; and German governments, while declaiming against French poison, became proficient pupils in Louis Philippe's trickeries. The effect—we anticipate a few years, in order to follow this intellectual movement up to the present hour—became manifest in 1848. Still indications are not wanting that that revolution, unless stifled, would have broken loose from the French lead. We cannot attach great importance to the doings

of the Frankfort Assembly. Composed chiefly of literary men; sitting in the microscopic state of Frankfort as in a fairy land, they have not left anything behind them but the recollection of that hobgoblin, the *Reichsverweser*, a string of abstract resolutions, and the misery of thousands who, having stood up for that unlucky Assembly, are mouldering under the turf or wandering over the world. But the Berlin Assembly meant real work; and the bills prepared by their committees are based upon the principle of self-government. That brutal reaction that began in 1849 is altogether French. The business of Frederick William's ministers is to translate decrees of Napoleon I. and III. Their municipal government, their electoral laws, their press regulations, their police, their letter-breakers, their spies, their corruption, are all faithful copies of French models. At the same time, England is exercising a similar influence upon public opinion to that which France exerted twenty years ago. No article in the German papers is better stocked and more eagerly read than "England." There are not less than four different translations of Macaulay's History. At the University of Berlin, a course of lectures is being delivered on the constitutional law of England. Reviews and fireside reading teem with articles on England. Voices have already been raised, denouncing an exaggerated and ridiculous fancy for everything English—an "Anglomania."

Frederick William IV. had a full share of that popularity which is so liberally bestowed upon a new sovereign. He went through the provinces of his kingdom receiving homage with medieval pageantry, and talking generalities about confirming privileges and developing institutions. In spite of the studied evasiveness of his speeches, the estates of Prussia Proper laid hold of one phrase, and expressed their thanks that his majesty was obviously intent on fulfilling the pledges of his father. On his return to Berlin, he addressed a letter to them, telling them that they were awfully mistaken. He did not think of such a thing, and did not like to be reminded of it, under penalty of his most high displeasure. It was then that a terrible word rang through the Press of Europe, terrible because true, the word—Liar. It stuck, and he was conscious of it. We are inclined to think that the desire of restoring his credit, more than the difficulty of replenishing, without the aid of a representative Assembly, his exchequer, emptied by subsidies to Don Carlos, and by all sorts of military tomfoolery, prompted the expedient of calling together, in 1847, the provincial estates to Berlin. The king addressed them in the true Stuart style. He told them, that he conceded them "most valuable rights," but "that he had not given up one single right of his crown." Since the king, after 1848,

has obviously followed the policy, by hook or by crook, to bring the representation of the people back to the elements of that Assembly, and since he is about to take the last step, it is of importance to glance at that curious parliament, called the *Vereinigte Landtag*, a meeting of all the provincial estates. How it was composed, we have stated already; the absolute majority of members was returned by the lords of manors. Still, it was popular also with the town population and the industrial classes. Everybody was glad to see a beginning at last, a body that ventured, even in the most moderate manner, to have an opinion of its own and contrary to the royal pleasure. It was riding the wave of that huge mass of inorganic thought called liberal opinion. One short session could not bring out the conflict of interests within the Assembly, nor the struggle between a political body aspiring to power and a bureaucracy despising "amateur politicians." That spring-tide of public life has passed away never to return; and if Frederic William should have the satisfaction of seeing once more the *Vereinigte Landtag* in the White-Hall, it will be embittered by the disappointment that his toilsome building lies a wreck on dry sand.

Mr. Stahr, the author of the history of that abortive revolution of 1848, is creditably known by his book on the treasures of art in Italy. As might be expected from a writer who has so thoroughly studied the beauty of forms, it is arranged with artistic skill. Fettered by the restrictions of the Press, he has been obliged to supply reasoning by an effective juxtaposition of authentic facts. Every reader will subscribe to his motto: "All these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet." The book is an indictment of faithlessness, cowardice, and Machiavelism against the king, and a testimony of good faith, generosity, and want of political education, on the part of the people. We recommend it to the perusal of any one who is anxious to form an independent judgment on the complicated elements struggling in Germany, and particularly to Mr. Macaulay, to whom it is dedicated, and who, in his famous speech to the electors of Edinburgh, could not discern in the revolutions of 1848 anything but the breaking loose of "modern Huns."

Stahr's narrative is brought down to April, 1849, to the day when a Prussian minister in his place in the Chamber stigmatized the events of March, 1848, as "a street-riot, disgraceful to the capital and the land;" a curious contrast with words spoken by the king about a year ago: "The people of Berlin have behaved so nobly and generously towards me as the population of no other city in the world would probably have done." The reader may take up the thread in the book of Von Unruh, the last president of the National Assembly at Berlin. Of all the men playing a part in the modern history of Prussia, he is likely to command

the readiest sympathy of Englishmen. There is something English in his character. He is a railway engineer; and when driven from his chair by the soldiery of the king, he went down to his line, and built that splendid bridge over the Elbe, near Wittenberge. When he entered the Assembly, he was a liberal; watching the progress of reaction he became a republican. He records his deliberate opinion that the effect of what is going on in Germany must be "the utter destruction of the monarchical principle." He did not delay publishing what has passed in his mind and what he saw around him, observations on the shortcomings and prejudices of the middle parties, because, as he tells us in the preface, in true engineer's style, "there was some fear that the safety-valve of the political boiler might be screwed down," alluding to further restrictions of the Press. Although disclaiming any pretensions to chronological completeness, he touches upon almost every important point in the internal and foreign policy of Prussia subsequently to 1848. The facts he has collected to show the antagonism and the community of interests between Prussia and Austria are very instructive for the observer of the present manœuvring of these two powers. The antagonism springs from the lingering desire of Frederic William after the imperial crown of Germany, fostered by an old monkish prophecy; the community of interests, from the fear of revolution.

Unruh's book was published in 1851. During the subsequent triennium a further progress has been made in reactionary policy, and a further change has come over political parties. The former may be read from the statute-book; the latter is more difficult to ascertain. The safety-valve *has* been screwed down. The printing, editing, and selling of newspapers is made dependent upon a licence to be withdrawn by the police. This trick, borrowed from Napoleonism, is worse than censorship, because it keeps up the appearance of a free Press, but corrupts it silently. The state of the representation is this: The committee of the national assembly had proposed two chambers; the first to be composed of delegates of the town and county constituents—in our opinion quite a sound idea. Having dissolved that assembly, the king, by an order in council, created a "provisional" first chamber, returned by a limited number of electors paying the largest amount of taxes. This House of Lords did not distinguish itself by anything but a contemptible subserviency, doing and undoing at the bidding of the ministers. One of its Penelope works was the framing of a permanent first chamber. One member, Baron Kanitz, gave them this admirable advice: "You try to make peers by a constitution. If there were persons fit to become peers in Prussia, they would have made a constitution long ago."

After we don't know how many attempts, the task was given up, and a law passed empowering the king to do the business according to his wisdom. Having pondered for a twelvemonth, his majesty has lately issued an ordinance to that effect. As we have remarked already, there are to be thirteen sorts of peers:—princes of royal blood, late barons of the German empire, representatives of late free towns of the empire—some of them dwindled down to rotten boroughs—members “presented” by the universities, by certain common councils, and by the old landed property,” which is explained to mean proprietors of manors that have been in the possession of the family for at least a hundred years. When the reader recollects that commoners have been allowed to acquire manors so late as 1807, he will understand the purpose hidden in this phrase. Old landed property means that precious nobility we have characterized before. The statistics of these electors are curious. It has been found that the richer the country, the more developed its industry and agriculture, the more manors have changed hands. In Silesia, there are amongst 3334 manors only 153 “old” ones; while in Pomerania, the most backward province, the king has detected among 1731 manors not less than 265 worthy pillars of his throne. In case any independent element should creep in, his majesty has reserved himself the right of swamping the house by nominees for life. He has also intimated to the senates of the universities and the corporations of towns what persons would be most agreeable in his eyes.

The second chamber is a still more curious affair. The king did not dare destroy household suffrage openly, but he “organized” it by an order in council, clearly illegal, in this way: The whole amount of taxes paid by the inhabitants of any town or county is summed up. Then a list of householders is prepared, beginning with that individual who pays the largest amount of taxes, and going down until a sum is made up equal to the third part of the whole amount of taxes. A second list is prepared, beginning with that individual who pays the least amount of taxes, and going up until another third is full. The rest of the electors are comprised in a third list. Each list returns an equal number of members to the electorate college, and this college returns the representative. If, as it almost invariably happens, many electors, paying the same amount of taxes, are at hand to fill up the lists, the preference is to be divided by alphabetical order. For instance, poor Mr. Smith is put into the second list, while lucky Mr. Brown gets into the first.\* Clumsy and ridiculous as this con-

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\* We have some notion that this alphabetical absurdity has lately been done away with.

trivance is, we recollect, at the time when Lord John Russell was big with his last Reform Bill, a feeler being thrown out, how a similar arrangement would suit the working men of England. In towns the first list, the *triarii* of the census, are generally composed of gin distillers, brewers, and other tradesmen, who advance a large amount of taxes to the government. The absurdity was still more glaring when this precious invention of Mr. Manteuffel's was introduced in Hamburg. There the first list was made up by the keepers of infamous houses! Another feature of this "organization" was to substitute open voting for the ballot, which means a great deal in a country where no trade can be carried on without a revocable licence, where, as we recollect, a man at Elbing has been forced to shut up his bathing establishment because he belonged to a congregation of dissenters. The democratic party, according to statistical tables three-fifths of the electors, abstained from voting under this regulation. We confess that, having gone over the whole ground, we do not feel any longer so inclined to pass an unqualified condemnation of these tactics as we did when the fact was announced. The case is very different in America; there the Whigs stand aloof, since the Democrats *in a strictly constitutional way* have seized upon the government. Abstinence on such a ground is not only unwise but neglect of public duty. Putting the opposite extreme, of a faction getting by a *coup d'état* possession of the central seat of government, and trying to force a new order of things upon the country, we cannot object to resistance, nor to abstinence where resistance is impossible. There are many shades of distinction between these two cases, and intricate questions of conflict between the sense of right and the requirements of political expediency. The dilemma as put by the democrats cannot be confuted: that, if the democrats had been in a decided minority, they could not possibly have prevented the passing of obnoxious laws by a reactionary majority, kept together by the very presence of the democrats; and that if they had begun to exercise any influence on the legislature, the Government would have dissolved the Chambers and issued a new electoral decree; in both cases the possible results would not have been worth the sacrifices entailed by an electioneering struggle. Besides, the democrats were in this favourable position—that every individual, not belonging to their party but abstaining from conscientious scruples to take part in an illegal act, was numerically thrown into their scale. If it entered into the calculation of the democratic leaders to accelerate the quarrel of the victorious party, and to deprive the huge system of reactionary measures, which the Government was about to raise, of a foundation secured by formal legality or common consent, they have achieved both their ends. Whether it

was wise to promote these results, is another and rather a difficult question.

When Russia, in the spring of 1853, made the first decisive move of a long-premeditated game, she may reasonably be supposed to have taken the same precautions as in 1828, to have carefully examined the political chess-board in every quarter. Apart from secret relations, never perhaps to be revealed, she would have found these elements for her calculation in Prussia.

The direction of the foreign policy depended, constitutionally speaking, entirely upon the king. The ministry had lately laid down the principle, that the taking notice of foreign affairs by the Chambers would be a breach of the prerogatives of the Crown; and the Chambers had acquiesced in that theory. The last speech from the throne had not touched at all upon the relations with foreign states. The only opportunity of forcing the Government to declare its intentions, or of applying a check to its conduct, could have arisen out of a demand for a loan, or for an increase of taxation. But, considering the composition of the Chambers, it was not to be apprehended that the majority would avail themselves of such an opportunity to offer a serious resistance. It is true, that a considerable fraction of the members of the Second Chamber would—the constitutionalists, as they call themselves, and the party of the Prince of Prussia, as it is called, with what reason we do not know—refuse their sanction and assistance to any Russian policy. The constitutionalists, whose chief organ in the press is the *Cologne Gazette*, are made up by representatives of the manufacturing interest in the western provinces, and seem to look upon Belgium as the political model-farm, and by the remnants of the Gotha party, once the majority of the *Paulskirche*. The adherents of the Prince of Prussia, sometimes denominated after Mr. Bethman Hollweg, their parliamentary leader, do not appear to command an extensive influence in the country, judging from their organ, a weekly paper, which, unfolded, hardly squares with a moderate-sized pocket-handkerchief; nor have we been able to arrive at a precise view of their politics with respect to the internal government of the country. They display in their paper a considerable negative energy; rail at universal suffrage, right of meeting and of association, proposed by the *Vereinigte Landtag* and sanctioned by the king, in April, 1848; compliment the Government on the successful demolition of everything built up by the government in 1848; sneer at the principles of the constitutionalists as “constitutionalismus vulgaris;” denounce the Junkerparty as violent and reactionary; and keep, as it appears, the positive part of their creed to themselves for future emergencies. Their views on foreign policy have materially changed within the last twelve months. Throughout the summer of 1853



they maintained this not very dignified principle,—that Prussia ought to remain neutral until the moment had arrived to throw her unimpaired strength into the balance of the parties exhausted by war. Forcibly reminded by the democratic press that this was precisely the principle upon which Haugwitz ruined the country in the beginning of the century, they have gradually come round to the Western alliance.

But both these parties taken together were nearly balanced by the Junkerparty, intimately connected with Russia by natural inclination, by ribands, snuff-boxes, and more weighty reasons, administered to them by Count Benkendorff (the nephew of the notorious Princess Lieven), who, under the title of military plenipotentiary of the Czar at the court of Berlin, acts the part of corruptor-general with the Prussian nobility. The parliamentary leaders of this party are M. Gerlach, who is an odd mixture of monk, clown, and Cossack, the writer of those mystic, rubid, sanguinary articles which are sometimes transferred from the *Neue Preussische Zeitung* into the columns of our papers, but who is considered, however, by Frederic William a fit person to fill the chair of the superior court of law at Magdeburg; and M. Stahl, an exceedingly clever Jew, who tried, first, Catholicism, then Protestantism where it was at a discount—in Bavaria, and lastly royal Prussian Protestantism when it was at a premium. He is the mouthpiece of the bucolic members of the Junkerparty, supplies them with reasons for anything they like, and enjoys the fruits of his industry in the following appointments: as Professor of Jurisprudence at the University of Berlin, Privy Councillor, Member of the High Court of Commissioners, member of three sections of the *Staatsrath*, Law Adviser of the Crown, and Peer for life. The remainder of the Second Chamber, the centre, in continental parlance, consists of goodnatured people who would not for their lives oppose the Government in an important question, of officials swayed by discipline, and of political adventurers. From such a body, no formidable opposition was to be apprehended.

Then, of course, there was public opinion unmistakably hostile to Russia. But Count Nesselrode had taught the German princes twenty years ago, "that public opinion is easily to be guided and directed."\* Besides, the king, relying on his guards and regiments of the line, might brave public opinion in this question as he had done in other instances.

Another set of chessmen was to be taken into account, the ministers and the higher officials in general, who, even in the most despotic country, are capable of exercising a considerable influence upon the direction, at least upon the execution, of foreign

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\* Diplomatic Revelation, i. 44.

politics by their mere *vis inertiae*. That generation of intelligent, honest, and patriotic officials we have spoken of before, was not altogether extinct when Frederic William ascended the throne. Many of that school still occupied high places. But one by one they have been sacrificed to the theological and medieval fancies of the king, and, since 1848, to the exigencies of reactionary policy. They were, more or less, of the positive bent of mind; and if anything can be said of the character of the king, it would be that he is precisely the contrary. They were free from theological prejudices; he delights in mysticism and scholastic hair-splitting. They strove to educate the people for humanity; he banishes from the schools "the so-called classical literature of Germany." No wonder that he supplanted them by servants more congenial to his propensities. Men of the stamp of Woellner and Bischofswerder became uppermost. Still more so after the Revolution. Pliancy was the chief recommendation. The contrast of those illustrious men who adorned the Civil Service of Prussia after the treaty of Vienna, and whose names will continue to adorn the annals of science and literature, with the obscure clerks who have become known only by taking office, is sad indeed. Mr. von Manteuffel belongs to the petty nobility, and has been educated for the Poor Law Board. He is without comprehensive views; when he took the reins he was, owing to his career, quite a stranger in those branches of science which are the groundwork of statesmanship, and it is a matter of notoriety in what way he tries to make up for this damaging insufficiency;—he keeps a couple of unsuccessful journalists to cram him with facts, quotations, *bon mots*, ideas, even with ready-made speeches, and rewards them with consulships. He lacks principle, but has displayed considerable talent in puny tricks, above all in managing public opinion by corrupting the press. There is a perpetual squabble between his papers and that of the Junkerparty, and there is a chronic rumour of the Prime Minister having tendered his resignation. Considering the power of the Junkerparty, we cannot perceive anything in these exhibitions but a pantomime to deceive the public. Mr. Simons, the Minister of Justice, is a narrow-minded lawyer, busily translating ordinances of Louis Philippe. Mr. Raumer, Minister of Public Education, is the Woellner of Frederic William IV. Mr. v. d. Heydt, a merchant from Elberfeldt, hated and despised by the Court, is kept in his place by some mysterious influence we cannot undertake to fathom. The subordinate officials in every department are entirely at the mercy of their chiefs.

The whole interest of any foreign power anxious to exercise an influence upon the policy of Prussia, centres in the king. His acquirements in arts and science are great—too great for a king.

While the Allies are tracing out the plans of their campaign, he is correcting the proof-sheets of a pictorial work on the great Mosque. His character is chameleon-like; easily to be played upon, but by so numerous, conflicting, and changing influences, that the final result defies calculation. He has loudly proclaimed the Emperor of Russia "to be indispensable to this quarter of the globe." He is connected with him by family ties. He knows that, unless backed by the Czar, he could not with impunity continue to make his country a medieval toyshop. His hatred of the Turk is more burning, though more impotent, than a Crusader's. Still he has shown a very correct estimation of his imperial brother-in-law, by fortifying the Eastern frontier of Prussia Proper, and connecting that province with the centre of the monarchy by a railway which is a purely military road. He hates, not the forms of the French state, but the whole of the French nation; and he feels peculiar repugnance to an Emperor by the will of the nation. He glories in the pretensions of the Stuarts, but cannot free himself from a desire to swallow his brethren in right divine, the little princes of Germany. Like the Stuarts, he admires Rome, and would do so more entirely but that she claims authority also over princes. Truly, these are strings enough for Russian diplomacy to harp upon, even if reports were not true, that the king, in the most critical moments of 1848, consulted a somnambule, and, together with his friend the late General Radowitz, indulged in spirit-rapping.

The manner of transacting business corresponds exactly with the state of things as depicted by Stein. Owing to a different application of the same term, English readers are easily misled by the newspaper reports from Berlin. With us, "cabinet" means the ministry; in Prussia, it means the private secretaries of the king and their staff. These gentlemen, the most notorious of them General von Gerlach (brother to the judge Gerlach), and Mr. Niebuhr, son—we are sorry to record it—of the historian, are entirely in the Russian interest, and in constant communication with Baron Budberg, the Russian ambassador. They constitute a second government. The whole of the royal household and the visitors usually received at court, except Alexander von Humboldt, who keeps aloof from politics, are of the same disposition. The most prominent partisan of Russia, by his social position, is a man who betrayed last year the secret plan for the mobilization of the Prussian army to the Czar, and would have been hanged, but that he happened to be the brother of the king—viz., Prince Charles.

The moment is not happy for sketching the policy pursued by Prussia in the Oriental question. There is just now another of those diplomatic performances going on, very appropriately com-

pared to dissolving views—the conclusion of a treaty between the Western Powers and Austria. We are writing in the space of time which intervenes between the signing and the ratification of the alliance, and which is filled up by a number of conflicting statements as to the contents of the mysterious document. Still there is no difficulty in selecting from that wonderful drama, entitled “Correspondence respecting the rights and privileges of the Latin and Greek Churches in Turkey,” commonly called Blue-book, the chief features of the part played by the Berlin Cabinet.\* We cannot begin better than by introducing the man who represents Prussia on the stage of Pera. The name of Baron Wildenbruch, now the Prussian Ambassador at the Porte, will remind the reader of a certain note presented by this gentleman on behalf of the King of Prussia to the Court of Copenhagen at the moment when the Prussian guards were on the way to Holstein, in April, 1848. It is dated the 8th of that month, and states that “it was only the wish to prevent the radical and republican elements of Germany from exercising any pernicious influence, that had moved Prussia to the steps she had taken; the idea of a North Albingian republic being apt to endanger Denmark as well as the neighbouring frontier of Germany.” The Danish war was only a bleeding to draw off obnoxious fluids—*red* elements.†

Diplomacy being a sort of freemasonry, the initiated are accustomed to communicate in terms vague and unmeaning to the public—particularly when the documents are intended for publication—but perfectly intelligible to themselves. In the first act of the drama, which extends to the carnage of Sinope, the Four Powers arrayed against Russia incessantly implore the Czar not to endanger “the best interests of Europe.” By the same process by which we learn a foreign language, we learn the meaning of this phrase: the suppression of popular or national movements. Prussia has a word of her own: moderation. In June, 1853, Baron Manteuffel learns “with sincere pleasure the moderate views entertained by Her Majesty’s Government upon the Eastern question;” and in the speech delivered on opening the Chambers on the 1st of Dec. 1854, the King of Prussia points out as the aim of his foreign policy among other things, *moderation*. Our legitimate curiosity to know what

\* The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has a copious and amusing analysis of the conduct of the Prussian Court in these transactions. But the writer, not having given his sources, we prefer confining ourselves to documents of undoubted authority.

† There is an exact parallel in the Sardinian note of March 23, 1848, to the British ambassador at Turin: “The king considered himself in duty bound to take measures in order to prevent the movement in Lombardy from taking a republican direction.” We should fain wish not to witness a repetition of such a bleeding on a more gigantic scale.

moderate views are, is satisfied by the despatch of Lord Clarendon, which occasioned the sincere pleasure of Baron Manteuffel, (p. 267, vol. i.), and in which the noble lord "impresses upon Chevalier Bunsen that the policy of Her Majesty's Government was essentially pacific; that they desired that an honourable issue should be found for Russia from the embarrassing position in which she was now placed." As long as this tender care for Russia prevailed in the councils of Europe throughout the period of Vienna notes, the Western Powers enjoyed the cordial co-operation of Prussia.

Sinope proved the turning point of Oriental affairs. That "untoward news," as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe calls it, roused public indignation, and forced the governments of France and England into warlike demonstrations, from which they found it impossible to recede. After a few weeks of naval and diplomatic drivelling, painful to think of, the Western Powers declared war. But for a long time their exertions were less directed against the enemy than towards the German Powers. The first six months of the war present this curious spectacle of two powers, Prussia and Austria, pretending to be neutral, but emphatically approving the principles for which England and France were waging war, and at the same time entertaining, as Baron Manteuffel is fond of boasting, the "most intimate relations" with Russia. The produce of this extraordinary constellation consists in two protocols signed by the Four Powers, one in April, the other in August, the former pledging the contracting parties to find, in common, the means of connecting the independence of Turkey with the general equilibrium of Europe; the latter laying down the well known four points.

Intertwined with these proceedings of the Four Powers is a remarkable interlude played by Prussia and Austria, or rather by the former upon the latter. Austria, anxious in good earnest to prevent the Russians from advancing beyond the Danube, and contemplating already the contingency of establishing herself in the Principalities, strove to secure the military assistance of Prussia for both purposes—for attacking the Russians, if they should advance towards the Balkan, and for repelling their attacks, if Austria should have succeeded in ousting them from Moldavia and Wallachia. A treaty was, in fact, signed at Berlin on the 20th of April, on behalf of Austria, by General Hess. The way in which he was overreached by the Russian Camarilla is an amusing warning that a good sword will not always make up for <sup>bad</sup> grammar. General Hess signed the document in the belief of securing by it the offensive co-operation of Prussia in two cases: if Russia should either formally incorporate the Principalities—which she might delay as long as she liked—or if she should advance towards the Balkan. But when the treaty

was put to the test, it was found that the gallant diplomatist had suffered an ambiguous expression to be inserted, "*sowie*," which may signify "either—or" and "as well as." He had read it in the former sense, while, according to correct interpretation, it was to be taken in the latter. Prussia had bound herself to act on the offensive only in case Russia should incorporate the Principalities *as well as* advance towards the Balkan. Nor had the General been more fortunate with regard to the second point. On closer examination, the treaty was found to secure the defensive assistance of Prussia only for those territories which were in the possession of Austria at the time of signing the treaty, excluding the Principalities. Such an engagement, of course, was so much waste paper.

Having staved off an effectual engagement, Frederic William undertook the task of pacification of his own accord; whether in earnest or to serve Russia, we do not know. All that has acquired publicity is, that he strewed the different Courts with autograph letters, and achieved two results: to be honoured by the Czar with the title of "guardian angel of peace," and to be expelled from the councils of the great Powers. While distributing this abundance of olive leaves, the king applied to the Chambers for a loan of thirty millions of dollars. The explanations of M. Mantouffell, delivered in the House, were a perfect riddle even to the metaphysical German mind. Yet the Assembly voted the loan, we think without a division, owing to a declaration made by the minister of war, General von Bonin, before the committee, to the effect "that the case of Prussia going to war with the Western Powers could be thought of as little as the Athenian legislator thought of parricide." The loan being voted, and the Chambers prorogued, the king, while tears were running down his cheeks, told the General that he must dismiss him. He stabs and weeps; and takes the money. About the same time three diplomatists were dismissed: Usedom, Pourtales, and Bunsen. The precise reason is not yet revealed, but it is quite sufficient to know that these three gentlemen were adherents of the Western Alliance.

It was a sound device to send the fickle monarch to Coventry. Equally afraid of diplomatic solitude and of the powerful embrace of his brother-in-law, he drew closer to Austria. Prussia, at last, went to Vienna to contract those very obligations she had so craftily evaded when Austria came to Berlin. The additional treaty of the 26th of November binds Frederic William to assist Francis Joseph, if attacked in his own dominions or in the Principalities. Attacked by whom? This is not expressed in the obscure verbiage of the treaty which reads both ways—either as against Russia or against the Western Powers. Though it is hardly to be supposed that Prussia has thought of turning the sword against

the Allies, so much is certain that the treaty, to all intents and purposes, is not offensive but defensive, calculated not to entangle Prussia in active co-operation with France and England, but to realize that scheme which, originated by Russian writers, had gradually taken possession of the official mind of Prussia, an armed neutrality of "middle Europe." But hardly was the ink dry, when Austria signed an agreement with the Western Powers which, at least, brings her nearer to hostilities with Russia. The first reports from Berlin, stating that the Government was quite surprised at the receipt of the news, and the assurances propagated somewhat later with suspicious eagerness by M. Mantouffel's journalists, that the Government had been apprised beforehand, go a great way to justify the conclusion that Austria, to avenge the diplomatic defeat of April, had really stolen a march upon Prussia. Frederic William is to be invited to join the arrangement. How could this be, if he had been informed beforehand? If he had assented, he would have become a principal party; if he dissented, why another invitation? Being ignorant of the text of that treaty, to which, moreover, secret articles are said to be annexed, we can define the position of Prussia only hypothetically. At all events she has lost the position and prestige of a great Power, and is allowed only to give in her adherence to decisive acts like Bavaria and Liechtenstein. If she joins, her action will entirely depend upon the will of Austria—just the thing the king dreads most, next to revolution—and her voice will be excluded from a future settlement. If she refuses, she will before long by the force of events be thrown into the arms of Russia. Well may Frederic William hesitate to take his choice. If he sends his army against the Czar, the officers will court defeat, precisely as the Piedmontese officers did at Novara. If he attacks the French, one single proclamation of the Western Powers, backed by actual proofs of good faith—better faith than the struggling nationalities have experienced from the hands of England and France—would blow the thirty tyrants of Germany to the winds.

We have charged, and we think justly, the contemptible policy of Prussia upon the head of the king. He is absolute monarch, far more than those sovereigns who usually and sometimes very thoughtlessly are styled despots. The Sultan is restrained by laws which are immutable, being part and parcel of revealed religion. The Manu calls the law the King of kings, and Confucius describes legislation as the finding out the laws of nature. The King of Lagos cannot offend the customs and opinions of his people because he has no means but brute force, and the instruments of force share those opinions. Modern civilization has made absolute sovereigns far more absolute than any eastern

prince. Still there are, apart from any constitutional machinery, limits that cannot be transgressed and impulses that cannot be resisted. The King of Naples cannot interdict the worship of St. Januarius, nor the Emperor of Russia introduce the Maine Liquor Law. So far nations are accountable for the acts of their rulers, and cannot complain of sharing the punishment. There is a marked and not a casual similarity between the individual disposition of the present king, the traditional policy of his dynasty, and the universal tendency of his people. Both king and subjects may say of themselves what Faust exclaimed in despair:—

“Two souls, alas! are dwelling in my breast!”

They both will the end, but do not will the way. Both want a united Germany—the king without injuring his brother kings, the bulk of his subjects without injuring him. The immense force of Central Europe will never be brought to bear upon Russia before Germany is free and united; and Germany will neither be free nor united so long as she is haunted by that lying spirit—Hohenzollern.

#### ART. IV.-THE PRINZENRAUB; A GLIMPSE OF SAXON HISTORY.

1. *Schreiter's Geschichte des Prinzenraubs* (Schreiter's History of the Stealing of the Princes). Leipzig: 1804.
2. *Johann Hübner's, Rectoris der Schule zu S. Johannis in Hamburg, Genealogische Tabellen* (Genealogical Tables: by Johann Hübner, Rector of St. John's School in Hamburg). 3 vols. oblong 4to. Leipzig. 1725—1728.
3. *Genealogische Tafeln zur Staatengeschichte der Germanischen und Slavischen Völker im 19<sup>ten</sup> Jahrhundert*. (Genealogical Tables for the State History of the Germanic and Slavic Nations in the 19th Century). By Dr. Friedrich Maximilian Oertel. 1 vol. oblong 12mo. Leipzig. 1846.

OVER seas in Saxony, in the month of July, 1455, a notable thing befel; and this in regard to two persons who have themselves, by accident, become notable. Concerning which we are now to say something, with the reader's permission. Unluckily, few English readers ever heard of the event; and it is probable there is but one English reader, or writer (the present



reviewer,\* for his sins) that was ever driven or led to inquire into it. so that it is quite wild soil, very rough for the plough-share; neither can the harvest well be considerable. "English readers are so deeply ignorant of foreign history, especially of German history!" exclaims a learned professor. Alas, yes; English readers are dreadfully ignorant of many things, indeed of most things;—which is a lamentable circumstance, and ought to be amended by degrees.

But however all this may be, here is somewhat in relation to that Saxon business, called the *Prinzenraub*, or Stealing of the Princes, and to the other "pearls of memory" (do not call them old buttons of memory!) which string themselves upon the threads of that. Beating about in those dismal haunted wildernesses; painfully sorting and sifting in the historical lumber-rooms and their dusty fusty imbroglios, in quest of far other objects,—this is what we have picked up on that accidental matter. To which the reader, if he can make any use of it, has our welcome and our blessing.

The *Wettin* Line of Saxon Princes, the same that yet endures, known by sight to every English creature (for the high individual, Prince Albert, is of it), had been lucky enough to combine in itself, by inheritance, by good management, chiefly by inheritance, and mere force of survival, all the Three separate portions and divided dignities of that country: the *Thüringen Landgraviate*, the *Meissen Markgraviate*, and the ancient Duchy and Electorate of Saxony; and to become very great among the princes of the German empire. It was in 1423 that Elector Frederick, named *der Streibare* (the Fencible, or Prompt-to-fight), one of the notables of this line, had got from Emperor Sigismund, for help rendered (of which poor Sigismund had always need, in all kinds), the vacant *Kur* (Electorship) and Dukedom of Saxony; after which accession, and through the earlier portion of the fifteenth century, this Saxon House might fairly reckon itself the greatest in Germany, till Austria, till Brandenburg gradually rose to overshadow it. Law of primogeniture could never be accepted in that country; nothing but divisions, redivisions, coalescings, splittings, and never-ending readjustments and collisions were prevalent in consequence; to which cause, first of all, the loss of the race by Saxony may be ascribed.

To enter into all that, be far from us. Enough to say that this *Streibare*, Frederick the *Fencible*, left several sons, and none of them without some snack of principality taken from the main lot: several sons, who, however, by death and bad beha-

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\* The writer of this Article heretically disregards the editorial plural. Our discerning readers will understand, even without the aid of his initial at the end, why we choose to let him have his way.—EDITOR.

viour, pretty soon reduced themselves to two: 1st, the eldest, a Frederick, named the Placid, Peaceable, or Pacific (*Friedrich der Sanftmüthige*), who possessed the electorate and indivisible, inalienable land thereto pertaining (Wittenberg, Torgau, &c.; a certain 'circle' or province in the Wittenberg region; of which, as Prussia has now got all or most of it, the exact boundaries are not known to me); and 2nd, a Wilhelm, who in all the other territories 'ruled conjointly' with Frederick.

Conjointly: were not such lands likely to be beautifully 'ruled'? Like a carriage-team with *two* drivers on the box! Frederick however was Pacific; probably an excellent good-natured man; for I do not find that he wanted fire either, and conclude that the friendly elements abounded in him. Frederick was a man that could be lived with; and the conjoint government went on, without visible outbreak, between his brother Wilhelm and him, for a series of years. For twelve years, better or worse;—much better than our own red and white *Roses* here at home, which were fast budding into battles of St. Albans, battles of Towton, and other sad outcomes about that time! Of which twelve years we accordingly say nothing.

But now in the twelfth year, a foolish second-cousin, a Frederick the Silly (*Einfältige*), at Weimar, died childless, A.D. 1440; by which event extensive Thuringian possessions fell into the main lot again; whereupon the question arose, How to divide them? A question difficult to solve; which by-and-by declared itself to be insoluble; and gave rise to open war between the brothers Frederick Pacific and Wilhelm of Meissen. Frederick proving stronger, Wilhelm called in the Bohemians,—confused Hussite, Ziska-Podiebrad populations, bitter enemies of orthodox Germany; against whom Frederick sent celebrated fighting captains, Kunz von Kaufungen and others; who did no good on the Bohemians, but showed all men how dangerous a conflagration had arisen here in the heart of the country, and how needful to be quenched without delay. Accordingly the neighbours all ran up, Kaiser Frederick III. at the head of them (a cunning old Kaiser, Max's father); and quenched it was, after four or five years' ruinous confusion, by the "treaty of Naumburg" in 1450,—most obscure treaty, not necessary to be laid before the reader;—whereby, if not joint government, peaceable division and separation could ensue.

The conflagration was thus put out; but various coals of it continued hot for a long time. Kunz von Kaufungen, above-mentioned, the hottest of all. Kunz or Conrad, born squire or ritter of a certain territory and old tower called Kaufingen, the site of which old tower, if now no ruins of it, can be seen near Penig on the Mulde river, some two hours' ride south-east of Altenburg in those Thuringian or Upper Saxon regions,—Kunz had made

himself a name in the world, though unluckily he was short of property otherwise at present. For one thing, Kunz had gained great renown by beating Albert of Brandenburg, the Albert named *Achilles*, third Hohenzollern Elector of Brandenburg, and the fiercest fighter of his day (a terrible hawk-nosed, square-jawed, lean, ancient man, ancestor of Frederick the Great); Kunz, I say, had beaten this potentate, being hired by the town of Nürnberg, Albert's rebellious town, to do it; or if not beaten him (for Albert prevailed in the end), had at least taken him captive in some fight, and made him pay a huge ransom. He had also been in the Hussite wars, this Kunz, fighting up and down: a German *condottiere*, I find, or Dugald Dalgetty of the epoch; his last stroke of work had been this late engagement, under Frederick the Peaceable, to fight against brother Wilhelm and his Bohemian allies.

In this last enterprise Kunz had prospered but indifferently. He had indeed gained something they called the "victory of Gera,"—loud honour, I doubt not, and temporary possession of that little town of Gera;—but in return, had seen his own old tower of Kaufungen, and all his properties, wasted by ravages of war. Nay, he had at length been taken captive by the Bohemians, and been obliged to ransom himself by huge outlay of money;—4,000 *goldgulden*, or about £2,000 sterling; a crushing sum! With all which losses, why did not Kunz lose his life too, as he might easily have done? It would have been better for him. Not having lost his life, he did of course, at the end of the war, claim and expect indemnity: but he could get none, or not any that was satisfactory to him.

Electoꝛ Frederick had had losses of his own; was disposed to stick to the letter of his contracts in reference to Kunz; not even the 4,000 *goldgulden* of Bohemian ransom would he consent to repay. Electoꝛ Frederick alleged that Kunz was not his liegeman, whom he was bound to protect; but only his soldier, hired to fight at so much per day, and stand the risks himself. In fine, he exasperated Kunz very much; and could be brought to nothing, except to agree that arbitrators should be named, to settle what was really due from one to the other;—a course of little promise to indigent, indignant Kunz. The arbitrators did accordingly meet, and Kunz being summoned, made his appearance; but not liking the figure of the court, went away again without waiting for the verdict; which, accordingly, did fall out infinitely short of his wishes or expectations, and made the indigent man still more indignant. Violent speeches were heard from him in consequence, and were officiously reported; nay, some say, were heard by the Electoꝛ himself: for example, That a man might have vengeance, if he could get nothing else; that an indigent, indignant fighting man, driven utterly desperate, would

harry and destroy; would do this and also that, of a direful and dreadful nature. To which the Elector answered: "Don't burn the fishes in their ponds, at any rate!"—still farther angering Kunz. Kunz was then heard growling about "vengeance not on this unjust Elector's land and people, but on his flesh and blood;" in short, growing ever more intemperate, grim of humour, and violent of speech, Kunz was at last banished the country; ordered flatly to go about his business, and growl elsewhere. He went, with certain indigent followers of his, across into Bohemia; where, after groping about, he purchased an old castle, Isenburg, the name of it; castle hanging somewhere on the western slopes of the *Erzgebirge* (Metal Mountains, so-called), convenient for the Saxon frontier, and to be had cheap: this empty damp old castle of Isenburg, Kunz bought; and lived there in such humour as may be conceived. Revenge on this unjust Elector, and "not on his land and people, but on his flesh and blood," was now the one thought of Kunz.

Two Misnian squires, Mosen and Schönberg, former subalterns of his, I suppose, and equally disaffected as himself, were with him at Isenburg; besides these, whose connexions and followers could assist with head or hand, there was in correspondence with him one Schwalbe, a Bohemian by birth, officiating now as cook (cook or scullion, I am uncertain which) in the electoral Castle itself at Altenburg; this Schwalbe, in the way of intelligence and help for plotting, was of course the most important of all. Intelligence enough from Schwalbe and his consorts; and schemes grounded thereon; first one scheme and then another, in that hungry castle of Isenburg, we need not doubt. At length word came from Schwalbe, That on the 7th of July (1455), the Elector was to take a journey to Leipzig; Electress and two Princes (there were but two, still boys) to be left behind at Altenburg: whether anything could follow out of that? Most of the servants, Schwalbe added, were invited to a supper in the town, and would be absent drinking. Absent drinking; princes left unguarded? Much can follow out of that! Wait for an opportunity till doomsday, will there ever come a better? Let this, in brief, be the basis of our grand scheme; and let all hands be busy upon it. Isenburg expects every man to do his duty!—Nor was Isenburg disappointed.

The venerable little Saxon town of Altenburg lies, among intricate woods and Metal-Mountain wildernesses, a good day's riding west from Isenburg; nevertheless, at the fit date, Isenburg has done its duty; and in spite of the intricacies and the hot weather, Kunz is on the ground in full readiness. Towards midnight, namely, on the 7th of July, 1455, Kunz, with a party of thirty men, his two Misnian squires among them, well-mounted

and armed, silently approaches the rendezvous under the Castle of Altenburg; softly announces himself, by whew of whistling, or some concerted signal, audible in the stillness of the ambrosial night. Cook Schwalbe is awake; Cook Schwalbe answers signal; flings him down a line, fixes his rope-ladders: Kunz, with his Misnian squires and a select few more, mounts aloft; leaving the rest below, to be vigilant, to seize the doors especially, when once we are masters of them from within.

Kunz, who had once been head chamberlain here, knows every room and passage of this royal Castle; probably his Misnians also know it, or a good deal of it, from of old. They first lock all the servants' doors; lock the Electress's door; walk then into the room where the two Princes sleep, in charge of their ancient governess, a feeble old lady, who can give no hindrance;—they seize the two Princes, boys of twelve and fourteen; descend with them, by the great staircase, into the court of the Castle, successfully so far;—or rather, not quite successfully, but with a mistake to mend. They find, when in the court of the Castle, that here indeed is Prince Ernst, the eldest boy, but that instead of Prince Albert we have brought his bedfellow, a young count Barby, of no use to us. This was Mosen the Misnian's mistake; stupid Mosen! Kunz himself runs aloft again; finds now the real Albert, who had hid himself below the bed; descends with the real Albert. "To horse now, to horse, my men, without delay!" These noises had awakened the Electress; to what terrors and emotions we can fancy. Finding her door bolted, but learning gradually what is toward, she speaks or shrieks, from the window, a passionate prayer, in the name of earth and heaven, Not to take her children from her. "Whatever your demands are, I will see them granted, only leave my children!"—"Sorry we cannot, high Lady!" thought Kunz, and rode rapidly away; for all the Castle is now getting awake, and locks will not long keep every one imprisoned in his room.

Kunz, forth again into the ambrosial night, divides his party into two, one Prince with each; Kunz himself leading the one, Mosen to lead the other. They are to ride by two different roads towards Bohemia, that if one misluck, there may still be another to make terms. Kunz himself, with the little Albert he has got on hand (no time to *change* princes at present), takes the more northerly road; and both dive into the woods. Not a moment to be lost; for already the alarm-bell is out at Altenburg,—some servant having burst his door, and got clutch of it; the results of which will be manifold! Result *first* could not fail: The half-drunk servants, who are out at supper, come tumbling home; listen open-mouthed; then go tumbling back into the little town, and awaken *its* alarm-bell; which awakens, in the usual progres-

sion, all others whatsoever; so that Saxony at large, to the remotest village, from all its belfries, big and little, is ringing madly; and all day Kunz, at every thin place of the forest, hears a ding-dong of doom pronounced against him, and plunges devotedly forward all the more intently.

A hot day, and a dreadful ride through boggy wastes and intricate mountain woods; with the alarm-bell, and shadow of the gallows, dogging one all the way. Here, however, we are now, within an hour of the Bohemian border;—cheerily, my men, through these wild woods and bills! The young Prince, a boy of twelve, declares himself dying of thirst. Kunz, not without pity, not without anxiety on that head, bids his men ride on; all but himself and two squires shall ride on, get everything ready at Isenburg, whither we and his young Highness will soon follow. Kunz encourages the Prince; dismounts, he and his squires, to gather him some bilberries. Kunz is busy in that search,—when a black figure staggers in upon the scene; a grimy *köhler*, namely, (collier, charcoal-burner) with a long poking-pole (what he calls *schürbaum*) in his hand: grimy collier, just awakened from his after-dinner nap; somewhat astonished to find company in these solitudes. “How, what! Who is the young gentleman? What are my Herren pleased to be doing here?” inquired the collier. “Pooh, a youth who has run away from his relations; who has fallen thirsty: do you know where bilberries are?—No?—Then why not walk on your way, my grim one?” The grim one has heard ringing of alarm-bells all day; is not quite in haste to go: Kunz, whirling round to make him go, is caught in the bushes by the spurs, falls flat on his face; the young Prince whispers eagerly, “I am, Prince Albert, and am stolen!”—Whew-wew!—One of the squires aims a blow at the Prince, so it is said; perhaps it was at the collier only: the collier wards with his poking-pole, strikes fiercely with his poking-pole, fells down the squire, belabours Kunz himself. And behold, the collier’s wife comes running on the scene, and with her shrieks brings a body of other colliers upon it: Kunz is evidently done! He surrenders, with his squires and Prince; is led, by this black bodyguard, armed with axes, shovels, poking-poles, to the neighbouring monastery of Grünhain (Green Grove), and is there safe guarded under lock and key. The afternoon of July 8th, 1455; what a day for him and for others!—I remark, with certainty, that dusty riders, in rather unusual numbers, and of miscellaneous equipment, are also entering London City, far away, this very evening; a constitutional parliament having to take seat at Westminster, to-morrow, 9th July, 1455, of all days and years,\* to

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\* Henry’s History of Britain, vi. 108.

settle what the battle of St. Albans, lately fought, will come to. For the rest, that the King of England has fallen imbecile, and his she-wolf of France is on flight; that probably York will be Protector again (till he lose his head);—and that the troubles of mankind are not limited to Saxony and its Metal Mountains, but that the Devil everywhere is busy, as usual!—This consideration will serve at least to date the affair of Kunz for us, and shall therefore stand unerased.

From Grünhain Monastery the Electress, gladdest of Saxon mothers, gets back her younger boy to Altenburg, with hope of the other: praised be heaven for ever for it. “And you, O Collier of a thousand! what is your wish, what is your want:—How dared you beard such a lion as that Kunz, you with your simple poking-pole, you Collier sent of heaven!”—“Madam, I drilled him soundly with my poking-pole (*hab ihn weidlich getrillt*);” at which they all laughed, and called the collier *der Triller*, the *Driller*.

Meanwhile, Mosen the Misnian is also faring ill; with the alarm-bells all awake about him, and the country risen in hot chase. Six of his men have been caught; the rest are diving ever deeper into the thickets. In the end, they seek shelter in a cavern, stay there perdue for three days, not far from the castle of Steina, still within the Saxon border. Three days,—while the debate of Westminster is prosperously proceeding, and imbecile Henry the Sixth takes his ease at Windsor,—these poor fellows lie quaking, hungry, in their cave; and dare not debate, except in whispers; very uncertain what the issue will be. The third day they hear from colliers or wandering woodmen, accidentally talking together in their neighbourhood, that Kunz is taken, tried, and most probably beheaded. Well-a-day! Well-a-day! Hereupon they open a correspondence with the nearest Amtmann, him of Zwickau: to the effect, That if free pardon is granted, they will at once restore Prince Ernst; if not, they will at once kill him. The Amtmann of Zwickau is thrown into excitement, it may well be supposed: but what can the Amtmann or any official person do? Accede to their terms, since, as desperate men, they have the power of enforcing them. It is thought, had they even demanded Kunz's pardon, it must have been granted; but they fancied Kunz already ended, and did not insist on this. Enough, on the 11th of the month, fourth day since the flight, third day in this hunger-cave of Steina, Prince Ernst was given up; and Mosen, Schönfels, and Co., refreshed with food, fled swiftly unharmed, and ‘were never heard of more,’ say my authorities.

Prince Ernst was received by his glad father at Chemnitz; soon carried to his glad mother and brother at Altenburg: upon which the whole court, with trembling joy, made a pilgrimage to

Ebersdorf, a monastery and shrine in those parts. They gave pious thanks there, one and all; the mother giving suitable dotation furthermore; and, what is notable, hanging up among her other votive gifts two coats: the coat of Kunz, leather buff I suppose, and the coat of The Driller, Triller, as we call that heaven<sup>e</sup> sent collier, coat grimy black, and made of what stuff I know not. Which coats were still shown in the present generation; nay, perhaps are still to be seen at this day, if a judicious tourist made inquiry for them.

On the 14th, and not till then, Kunz of Kaufungen, tried and doomed before, laid his head on the block at Freyberg: some say, pardon *had* been got for him from the joyful Serene Highnesses, but came an hour too late. This seems uncertain, seems improbable: at least poor Dietrich of Kaufungen, his younger brother, was done to death at Altenburg itself some time after, for 'inconsiderate words' uttered by him,—feelings not sufficiently under one's control. That Schwalbe, the Bohemian Cook, was torn with 'red-hot pincers,' and otherwise mercilessly mangled and strangled, need not be stated. He and one or two others, supposed to be concerned in his peculiar treason, were treated so; and with this the gallows part of the transaction ended.

As to the Driller himself, when asked what his wish was, it turned out to be modest in the extreme: Only liberty to cut, of scrags and waste wood, what would suffice for his charring purposes, in those wild forests. This was granted to the man and his posterity; made sure to him and them by legal deed: and to this was added, So many yearly bushels of corn from the electoral stockbarns, and a handsome little farm of land, to grow cole and *sauerkraut*, and support what cows and sheep, for domestic milk and wool, were necessary to the good man and his successors. 'Which properties,' I am vaguely told, but would go to see it with my eyes, were I touring in those parts, 'they enjoy to this day.' Perhaps it was a bit of learned jocularitv on the part of the old conveyancers, perhaps in their high chancery at Altenburg they did not know the man's real name, or perhaps he had no very fixed one; at any rate, they called him merely *Triller* (Driller), in these important documents: which courtly nickname he or his sons adopted as a surname that would do very well; surname borne by them accordingly ever since, and concerning which there have been treatises written.\*

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\* Groshupf's *Oratio de gentis Trillerianae ortu* (cited in Michaelis's *Geschichte der Chur- und Fürstlichen Häuser in Deutschland*, i. 469) is one.—See, for the rest, Schurzfleisch, *Dissertatio de Conrado Kaufungo* (Wittenberg, 1720); Tenzel (Gotha. 1700); Rechenberg, *De Raptu Ernesti et Alberti*; Sagittarius, Fabricius, &c. &c.



This is the tale of Kunz of Kaufungen; this is that adventure of the *Prinzenraub* (Stealing of the Princes), much wondered at, and talked of, by all princes and all courtiers in its own day, and never quite forgotten since; being indeed apt for remembrance, and worthy of it, more or less. For it actually occurred in God's Creation, and was a fact, four hundred years ago; and also is, and will for ever continue one,—ever-enduring part and parcel of the Sum of Things, whether remembered or not. In virtue of which peculiarity it is much distinguished from innumerable other tales of adventures which did *not* occur in God's Creation, but only in the waste chambers (to be let unfurnished) of certain human heads, and which are part and parcel only of the Sum of No-things: which nevertheless obtain some temporary remembrance, and lodge extensively, at this epoch of the world, in similar still more unfurnished chambers. In comparison, I thought this business worth a few words to the ingenuous English reader, who may still have rooms to let, in that sense. Not only so; but it seemed to deserve a little nook in modern memory for other peculiar reasons,—which shall now be stated with extreme brevity.

The two boys, Ernst and Albert, who, at the time of their being stolen, were fourteen and twelve years old respectively, and had *Frederick the Peaceable, the Placid or Pacific*, for father, came safe to manhood. They got, by lucky survivorship, all these inextricable Saxon Territories combined into Two round lots;—did not, unfortunately, keep them so; but split them again into new divisions,—for new despair of the historical student, among others!—and have at this day extensive posterity, of thrice-complex relationship, of unintelligible names, still extant in the high places of the world. Unintelligible names, we may well say; each person having probably from ten to twenty names: not John or Tom; but Joachim *John* Ferdinand Ernst Albrecht; Theodor *Tom* Carl Friedrich Kunz;—as if we should say, Bill Walter Kit all as one name; every one of which is good, could you but omit the others! Posterity of unintelligible names, thrice-complex relationship;—and in fine, of titles, qualities, and territories, that will remain for ever unknown to man. Most singular princely nomenclature, which has often filled me with amazement. Designations worse than those of the Naples Lazzaroni; who indeed “have no names,” but are, I conclude, distinguished by Numbers, No. 1, No. 2, and can be *known* when mentioned in human speech! Names, designations, which are too much for the human mind;—which are intricate, long-winded; abstruse as the Sybil's oracles; and flying about, too, like her leaves, with every new accident, every new puff of wind

Ever-fluctuating, ever-splitting, coalescing, re-splitting, re-combining, insignificant little territories, names, relationships and titles; inextricably indecipherable, and not worth deciphering; which only the eye of the Old Serpent could or would decipher!—Let us leave them there; and remark that they are all divided, after our little stolen Ernst and Albert, into Two main streams or Lines, the Ernst or *Ernestine Line*, and the Albert. or *Albertine Line*; in which two grand divisions they flow on, each of them many-branched, through the wilderness of Time ever since. Many-branched each of the two, but conspicuously separate each from the other, they flow on; and give us the comfort of their company, in great numbers, at this very day. We will note a few of the main phenomena in these two Saxon Lines,—higher trees that have caught our eye, in that sad wilderness of princely shrubbery unsurveyable otherwise.

## ERNESTINE LINE.

Ernst, the elder of those two stolen boys, became *Kurfurst* (Elector); and got for inheritance, besides the 'inalienable properties' which lie round Wittenberg, as we have said, the better or Thuringian side of the Saxon country—that is, the Weimar, Gotha, Altenburg, &c. Principalities:—while the other youth, Albert, had to take the '*Osterland* (Easternland), with part of Meissen,' what we may in general imagine to be (for no German Dryasdust will do you the kindness to say precisely) the eastern region of what is Saxony in our day. These Albertines, with an inferior territory, had, as their main towns, Leipzig and Dresden; a *Residenz-Schloss* (or sublime enough Ducal Palace) in each city, Leipzig as yet the grander and more common one. There, at Leipzig chiefly, I say, lived the august younger or Albertine Line; especially there lived Prince Albert himself, a wealthy and potent man, though younger. But it is with Ernst that we are at present concerned.

As for Ernst, the elder, he and his lived chiefly at Wittenberg, as I perceive; there and in the neighbourhood, was their high Schloss; distinguished among palaces. But they had Weimar, they had Altenburg, Gotha, Coburg,—above all, they had the *Wartburg*, one of the most distinguished Strong Houses any Duke could live in, if he were of frugal and heroic turn. Wartburg, built by fabulous Ludwig the Springer, which grandly overhangs the town of Eisenach, grandly the general Thuringian forest; it is now,—Magician Klingsohr having sung there, St. Elisabeth having lived there and done conscious miracles, Martin Luther having lived there and done unconscious ditto,—the most interesting *Residenz*, or old grim shell of a mountain Castle turned into a tavern, now to be found in Germany, or perhaps

readily in the world. One feels,—standing in Luther's room, with Luther's poor old oaken table, oaken inkholder still there, and his mark on the wall which the Devil has not yet forgotten,—as if here once more, with mere Heaven and the silent Thuringian Hills looking on, a grand and grandest battle of “One man *versus* the Devil and all men” was fought, and the latest prophecy of the Eternal was made to these sad ages that yet run; as if here, in fact, of all places that the sun now looks upon, were the *holiest* for a modern man. To me, at least, in my poor thoughts, there seemed something of *authentically* divine in this locality; as if immortal remembrances, and sacred influences and monitions were hovering over it; speaking sad, and grand, and valiant things to the hearts of men. A distinguished person, whom I had the honour of attending on that occasion, actually stooped down, when he thought my eye was off him; *kissed* the old oaken table, though one of the grimest men now living; and looked like lightning and rain all morning after, with a visible moisture in those sun-eyes of his, and not a word to be drawn from him. Sure enough, Ernst and his line are not at a loss for Residences, whatever else he and they may want.

Ernst's son was *Frederick the Wise*, successor in the *Kur* (Electorship) and paternal lands; which, as Frederick did not marry and there was only one other brother, were not further divided on this occasion. Frederick the Wise, born in 1463, was that ever-memorable *Kurfurst*, who saved Luther from the Diet of Worms in 1521. A pious Catholic, with due horror of heresy up to that time, he listened with all his faculties to the poor Monk's earnest speech of four hours; knew not entirely what to think of it; thought at least, “We will hear this man farther, we will not burn this man just yet!”—and snatched him up accordingly, and stuck him safe into the Wartburg for a year. Honour to such a *Kurfurst*:—and what a luck to him and us that he was there to do so ever-memorable a thing, just in the nick of time! A *Kurfurst* really memorable and honourable, by that and by many other acts of wisdom, piety, and prudent magnanimity; in which qualities History testifies that he shone. He could have had the Kaisership, on Max's death, some years before, but preferred to have young Charles V., Max's grandson, elected to it. Whereby it came that the grand Reformation Cause, at once the grandest blessing and the grandest difficulty, fell to the guidance, not of noble German veracity and pious wisdom, but of long-headed obstinate Flemish cunning; and Elector Frederick indeed had an easier life, but Germany has ever since had a much harder one! Two portraits of this wise Frederick, one by Albert Dürer, and another\* of inferior quality by Lucas Kranach, which represent to us an excellent rather corpulent elderly gentleman,

looking out from under his electoral cap, with a fine placid honest, and yet vigilant and sagacious aspect, are well known to print-collectors: but his history, the practical physiognomy of his life and procedure in this world, is less known to hereditary governing persons, and others, than it ought to be,—if there were any chance of their taking pattern by him! He was twenty years Luther's senior; they never met personally, much as they corresponded together, during the next four years, both living oftenest in the same town. He died in 1525, and was succeeded by his brother, John the Steadfast (*Johann der Beständige*).

This brother, *Johann der Beständige*, was four years younger; he also was a wise and eminently Protestant man. He struggled very faithfully for the good cause, during his term of sovereignty; died in 1532 (fourteen years before Luther), having held the Electorate only seven years. Excellent man, though dreadfully fat; so that they had to screw him up by machinery when he wished to mount on horseback, in his old days.—His son was Johann Friedrich, the Magnanimous by epithet (*der Grossmüthige*), under whom the Line underwent sad destinies; lost the Electorship, lost much; and split itself after him, into innumerable branches, who are all of a small type ever since; and whom we shall leave for a little, till we have brought forward the Albertine Line.

#### ALBERTINE LINE.

Albert the Courageous (*der Beherzte*) was the name this little stolen boy attained among mankind, when he grew to maturity and came to his properties in Meissen and the Osterland. What he did to merit such high title might, at this date, in this place, be difficult to say. I find he was useful in the Netherlands, assisting Kaiser Max (or rather young Prince Max, Kaiser indeed, and Charles V.'s grandfather, in time coming) when the said young Max wedded the beautiful young Mary of Burgundy, the great heiress in those parts. Max got the Netherlands by this fine match, and came into properties enough; and soon into endless troubles and sorrows thereby; in all which, and in others that superadded themselves, Albert the Courageous was helpful according to ability; distinguishing himself indeed throughout by loyalty to his Kaiser; and in general, I think, being rather of a conservative turn. The rest of his merit in History,—we conclude, it was work that had mainly a Saxon, or at most a German fame, and did not reach the ear of the general world. However, sure enough it all lies safely *funded* in Saxon and German Life to this hour, Saxony reaping the full benefit of it (if any); and it shall not concern us here. Only on three figures of the posterity begotten by him shall we pause a little, then leave him to his fate. Elector Moritz, Duke George, August

the Strong : on these three we will glance for one moment ; the rest, in mute endless procession, shall rustle past unseen by us.

Albert's eldest son, then, and successor in the eastern properties and residences, was Duke George of Saxony,—called 'of Saxony,' as all those Dukes, big and little, were and still are, —*Herzog Georg von Sachsen* : of whom, to make him memorable, it is enough to say that he was Luther's Duke George ! Yes, this is he with whom Luther had such wrangling and jangling. Here, for the first time, English country gentlemen may discern "Duke George" as a fact, though a dark one, in this world ; see dimly who begat him, where he lived, how he actually *was* (presumably) a human creature, and not a mere rumour of a name. "Fear of Duke George ?" said Luther : "No, not that. I have seen the King of Chaos in my time, Sathanas himself, and thrown my inkbottle at him. Duke George ! Had I had business in Leipzig, I should have gone thither, if it had rained Duke Georges for three days running !" Well, reader, this is he : George the Rich, called also the *Barbatus* (Beardy), likewise the Learned : a very magnificent Herr : learned, bearded, gilded, to a notable degree ; and much revered by many, though Luther thought so little of him.

He was strong for the old religion, while his cousins went so valiantly ahead for the new. He attended at Diets, argued, negotiated ; offered to risk life and fortune, in some diplomatic degree, but was happily never called to do it. His Brother, and most of his people, gradually became Protestants, which much grieved him. Pack, unfortunate Herr Pack, whose 'revelations' gave rise to the Schmalkaldic League, and to the first Protestant War, had been his secretary. Pack ran off from him ; made said 'revelations,' That there was a private bargain, between Duke George and others, headed by the Kaiser, to cut off and forfeit Philipp of Hesse, the chief Protestant, that &c. &c. : whereby, in the first place, poor Pack lost his head ; and, in the second place, poor Duke George's troubles were increased fourfold and tenfold.

Poor soul, he had lost most of his ten children, some of them in infancy, others in maturity and middle age, by death ; was now himself getting old, within a year or two of seventy ; and his troubles not in the least diminishing. At length he lost his wife ; the good old dame, a princess of Bohemia, who had been his stay in all sorrows, she too was called away from him. Protestantism spreading, the Devil broken loose, all was against Duke George ; and he felt that his own time must now be nigh. His very Brother, now heir apparent, by the death of all the young men, was of declared Protestant tendencies. George wrote to his Brother, who, for the present, was very poor,

offering to give him up the government and territories at once, on condition that the Catholic Religion should be maintained intact: Brother respectfully refused. Duke George then made a will, to the like effect; summoned his Estates to sanction it; Estates would not sanction: Duke George was seized with dreadful bowel disorders, and lay down to die. Sorrow on it! Alas, alas!

There is one memorability of his sad last moments: A reverend Pater was endeavouring to strengthen him by assurances about his own good works, about the favour of the Saints and such like, when Dr. Rothe, the Crypto-Protestant medical gentleman, ventured to suggest in the extreme moment, "*Gnädiger Herr*, you were often wont to say, Straightforward is the best runner! Do that yourself; go straight to the blessed Saviour and eternal Son of God, who bore our sins; and leave the dead Saints alone!"—"Ey, then—help me, then," George growled out in low sad murmur, "true Saviour, Jesus Christ; take pity on me, and save me by thy bitter sorrows and death!" and yielded up his soul in this manner. A much afflicted, hard struggling, and not very useful man. He was so learned, he had written his Father Albert's exploits in Latin; of which respectable 'Monograph,' Fabricius, in his Chronicle, has made use. Fabricius: not that big Hamburg Fabricius of the *Bibliothecas*; but an earlier minor one, *Georg Goldschmied* his vernacular name, who was 'crowned poet by Kaiser Max,' became head schoolmaster in Meissen, and wrote meritorious chronicles, indifferently exact, *Rerum Misnicarum*, and such like.—he is the Fabricius to whom the respectable Monograph fell. Of this poor Duke's palaces and riches, at Leipzig and elsewhere, I say nothing, except that they were very grand. He wore a magnificent beard, too, dagger-shaped and very long; was of heroic stature and carriage; truly a respectable looking man. I will remember nothing more of him, except that he was withal an ancestor of Frederick the Great: no doubt of that small interesting fact. One of his daughters was married to Philip the Magnanimous of Hesse,—wife insufficient for magnanimous Philip, wherefore he was obliged to marry a second, or supplement to her, which is a known story! But another of Duke George's daughters, who alone concerns us here, was spouse to Joachim II., sixth *Kurfürst* of Brandenburg, who bore him Johann George, seventh ditto, in lawful wedlock; and so was Frederick the Unique's great-grandfather's great-grandmother, that is to say, lineal ancestress in the seventh generation. If it rained Duke Georges for eight days running, I would say no more about them.

We come now to *Electeur Moritz*, our second figure. George's brother, Henry, succeeded; lived only for two years; in which

time all went to Protestantism in the eastern parts of Saxony, as in the western. This Henry's eldest son, and first successor, was *Moritz*, the "Maurice" known in English Protestant books; who, in the Schmalkaldic League and War, played such a questionable game with his Protestant cousin, of the elder or Ernestine Line,—quite ousting said cousin, by superior jockeyship, and reducing his Line and him to the second rank ever since. This cousin was Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, of the Ernestine Line; whom we left above waiting for that catastrophe: and it came about in this manner.

Duke Moritz refused, namely, to join his poor cousin and other fellow Protestants in the Schmalkaldic League or War, in spite of Secretary Pack's denunciations, and the evidence of facts. Duke Moritz waited till the Kaiser (Charles V., year 1547), and their own ill-guidance, had beaten to pieces and ruined said League and War; till the Kaiser had captured Johann Frederick the Magnanimous in person, and was about to kill him. And then, at this point of the game, by dexterous management, Duke Moritz got the Electorship transferred to himself; Electorship, with Wittenberg and the 'inalienable lands and dignities';—his poor cousin sitting prisoner the while, in imminent danger of his life; not getting loose for five years, but following the Kaiser like condemned luggage, up and down, in a very perilous and uncomfortable manner! This from Moritz, who was himself a Protestant, only better skilled in jockeyship, was not thought handsomé conduct,—nor could it be.

However, he made it good; succeeded in it,—what is called succeeding. Neither is the game yet played out, nor Moritz publicly declared (what he fully surely is, and can by discerning eyes be seen to be) the *loser*. Moritz kept his Electorship, and, by cunning jockeying, his Protestantism too; got his Albertine or junior Line pushed into the place of the Ernestine or first; in which dishonourably-acquired position it continues to this day; performing ever since the chief part in Saxony, as Electors, and now as Kings of Saxony;—which seems to make him out rather as winner in the game? For the Ernestine, or honourable Protestant Line is ever since in a secondary, diminished, and as it were, *disintegrated* state, a *Line broken small*; nothing now but a series of small Dukes, Weimar, Gotha, Coburg, and the like, in the Thuringian region, who, on mere genealogical grounds, put Sachsen to their name: Sachsen-Coburg, Sachsen-Weimar, &c.; —and do not look like winners. Nor perhaps are they,—if they also have played too ill! Perhaps neither of the two is winner; for there are many other hands in the game withal: sure I am only that Moritz has *lost*, and never *could* win! As perhaps may appear yet, by and by. •

But however that may be, the Ernestine Line has clearly got *disintegrated*, broken small, and is not in a culminating condition. These, I say, are the Dukes who in the present day put Sachsen to their name: sons of Ernst, sons of Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, all now in a reduced condition: while the sons of Albert, nephews of George the Dagger-bearded ("if it rain Duke Georges"), are Kings of Saxony, so-called Kings. No matter: nay, who knows whether it is not perhaps even *less* than nothing to them, this grand dignity of theirs? Whether, in very truth, if we look at substance and not semblance, the Albertine Line has *risen* since Moritz's time; or in spite of all these crowns and appearances, sublime to the valet judgment, has fallen and is still falling? I do not find, in fact, that it has ever *done* anything considerable since; which is the one sure symptom of rising. My probable conjecture rather is, that it has done (if Nature's Register, if the Eternal Daybook, were consulted) very little indeed, except dwindle into more and more contemptibility, and impotence to *do* anything considerable whatever! Which is a very melancholy issue of Moritz's great efforts; and might give rise to unspeakable considerations, in many a high man and many a low,—for which there is not room in this place.

Johann Frederick, it is well known, sat magnanimously playing chess, while the Kaiser's sentence, of death, was brought in to him: he listened to the reading of the sentence; said a polite word or two; then turning round, with "*Pergamus*, Let us proceed!" quietly played on till the checkmate had been settled.\* Johann Frederick magnanimously waited out his five years of captivity, excellent old Lucas Kranach, his painter and humble friend, refusing to quit him, but steadfastly sharing the same; then quietly returned (old Lucas still with him) to his true loving-hearted wife, to the glad friends whose faith had been tried in the fire. With such a wife waiting him, and such a Lucas attending him, a man had still something left, had his lands been all gone; which in Johann Frederick's case, they were still far from being. He settled at Weimar, having lost electoral Wittenburg and the inalienable properties; he continued to do here, as formerly, whatever wise and noble thing he could, through the short remainder of his life:—one wishes he had not founded all that imbroglio of little dukes! But perhaps he could not help it: law of primogeniture, except among the Brandenburg Hohenzollerns, always a wise, decisive, thrifty and growing race, who *had* the fine talent of 'annihilating rubbish,' was not yet known in those countries. Johann Frederick felt, most likely, that he, for

\* De Wette: Lebens-Geschichte der Herzoge zu Sachsen (Weimar, 1770), i. 39.



one, in this aspect of the stars, was not founding kingdoms! But indeed it was not he, it was his successors, his grandson and great-grandson chiefly, that made these multiplex divisions and confusions on the face of the German mother-earth, and perplexed the human soul with this inextricable wilderness of little dukes. From him, however, they do all descend; this let the reader know, and let it be some slight satisfaction to him to have got a historical double-girth tied round them in that manner, and see Two compact Bundles made of them, in the meanwhile.

Moritz, the new Elector, did not last long. Shortly after Johann Frederick got home to Weimar, Moritz had already found his death, in prosecution of that game begun by him. It is well known he had no sooner made the Electorate sure to himself than he too drew sword against the Kaiser; beat the Kaiser; chased him into the Tyrol mountains; could have taken him there, but — “I have no cage big enough to hold such a bird,” said Moritz: so he let the Kaiser run; and made the Treaty of Passau with him instead. Treaty of Passau (A.D. 1552), by which Johann Frederick's liberty was brought about, for one thing, and many liberties were stipulated for the Protestants; upon which Treaty indeed Germany rested from its religious battles, of the blood-shedding sort, and fought only by ink thenceforth,—till the Thirty-years' War came, and a new Treaty, that of Munster or Westphalia (1648), had to succeed.

Shortly after Passau, Moritz, now on the Kaiser's side, and clear for peace and submission to said treaty, drew out against his oldest comrade, Albert Hohenzollern of Ansbach,—‘Albert Alcibiades,’ as they call him, that far-shining, too-impetuous Failure of a Frederick the Great;—drew out, I say, against this Alcibiades, who would not accept the Treaty of Passau; beat Alcibiades in the battle of Sievershausen, but lost his own life withal in it,—no more, either of fighting or diplomatizing, needed from him;—and thus, after only some six years of Electorship, slept with his fathers, no Elector, but a clod of the valley.

His younger brother succeeded; from whom, in a direct line, come all the subsequent Saxon potentates; and the present King of Saxony, with whom one has no acquaintance, nor much want of any. All of them are *nephews*, so to speak, of Elector Moritz, grand-nephews of Duke George the Dagger-bearded (‘if it rained duke Georges’). Duke George is, as it were, the grand-uncle of them all; as Albert, our little stolen boy for whom Kunz von Kaufungen once gathered bilberries, is father of him and of them all. A goodly progeny, in point of numbers; and handsomely equipt and decorated by a liberal world: most expensive people, —in general not admirable otherwise. Of which multifarious progeny I will remember farther only one, or at most two; having

no esteem for them myself, nor wish to encumber anybody's innocent memory with what perhaps deserves oblivion better, and at all events is rapidly on the way to get it, with or without my sanction. Here, however, is our third figure, *August the Strong*.

Frederick August, the big King of Poland, called by some of his contemporaries August the Great, which epithet they had to change for *August der Starke*, August the Physically Strong: this August, of the three hundred and fifty-two bastards, who was able to break a horse-shoe with his hands, and who lived in this world regardless of expense,—he is the individual of this junior-senior Albertine Line, whom I wish to pause one moment upon: merely with the remark, that if Moritz had any hand in making him the phenomenon he was, Moritz may well be ashamed of his work. More transcendent king of gluttonous flunkies seldom trod this lower earth. A miracle to his own century,—to certain of the flunkey species a quasi-celestial miracle, bright with diamonds, with endless mistresses, regardless of expense,—to other men a prodigy, portent, and quasi-infernal miracle, awakening insoluble inquiries: Whence this, ye righteous gods, and above all, whither! Poor devil, he was full of good humour, too, and had the best of stomachs. A man that had his own troubles withal. His miscellany of mistresses, very pretty some of them, but fools all, would have driven most men mad. You may discern dimly in the flunkey histories, in babbling *Pöllnitz* and others, what a set they were; what a time he must have had with their jealousies, their sick vapours, megrims, angers, and infatuations;—springing, on occasion, out of bed in their shift, like wild cats, at the throat of him, fixing their mad claws in him, when he merely enters to ask, “How do you do, *mon chou*?”\* Some of them, it is confidently said, were his own children. The unspeakably unexampled mortal!

He got his skin well beaten,—cow-hided, as we may say,—by Charles XII., the rough Swede, clad mostly in leather. He was coaxed and driven about by Peter the Great, as Irish post-horses are,—long miles, with a bundle of hay, never to be attained, stuck upon the pole of the coach. He reduced himself to utter bankruptcy. He had got the crown of Poland by pretending to adopt Papistry,—the apostate, and even pseudo-apostate; and we may say he has made Protestant Saxony, and his own House first of all, spiritually bankrupt ever since. He died at last, at Warsaw (year 1733), of an ‘old man’s foot;’ highly composed, euphletic to the last; busy in scheming out a partition of Poland,—a thing more than once in men’s heads, but not to be completed just yet. Adieu to him for ever and a day.

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\* *Pöllnitz*: *La Saxe Galante*; *Mémoires et Lettres*, &c.

One of his bastards was Rutowsky, long conspicuous in poor Saxony as their chief military man; whom the Prussians beat at Kesselsdorf,—who was often beaten; whom Frederick the Great at last shut up in Pirna. Another was the *Chevalier de Saxe*, also a kind of general, good for very little. But by far the notablest was he of Aurora von Königsmark's producing, whom they called *Comte de Saxe* in his own country, and who afterwards in France became *Maréchal de Saxe*; a man who made much noise in the world for a time. Of him also let us say an anecdotic word. Baron d'Espagnac and the biographers had long been uncertain about the date of his birth,—date and place alike dubious. For whose sake, here at length, after a century of searching, is the extract from the baptismal register, found by an inquiring man. Poor Aurora, it appears, had been sent to the Harz Mountains, in the still autumn, in her interesting situation; lodges in the ancient highland town of Goslar, anonymously, very privately; and this is what the books of the old *marktkirche* (market-church) in that remote little place still bear:

*'Den acht-und-zwenzigsten October'*—But we must translate: 'The twenty-eighth of October, in the year Sixteen hundred and ninety-six, in the evening, between seven and eight o'clock, there was born, by the high Lady (*von der vornehmen Frau*) who lodges in R. Heinrich Christoph Winkel's house, a Son; which Son, on the 30th *eiusdem*, was in the evening baptized, in M. S. Alb's house, and, by the name *Mauritius*, incorporated to the Lord Jesus (*dem Herrn Jesu einverleibt*). Godfathers were Herr Dr. Triumph, R. N. Dusings, and R. Heinrich Christoph Winkel.\* Which ought to settle that small matter, at least.

On the authority of Baron d'Espagnac, I mention one other thing of this *Mauritius*, or Moritz, *Maréchal de Saxe*; who, like his father, was an immensely strong man. Walking once in the streets of London, he came into collision with a dustman, had words with the dustman, who perhaps had splashed him with his mud-shovel, or the like. Dustman would make no apology; willing to try a round of boxing instead. Moritz grasps him suddenly by the back of the breeches; whirls him aloft, in horizontal position; pitches him into his own mudcart, and walks on.† A man of much physical strength, till his wild ways wasted it all.

He was tall of stature, had black circular eyebrows, black bright eyes,—brightness partly intellectual, partly animal,—oftenest with a smile in them. Undoubtedly a man of unbounded dissoluteness; of much energy, loose native ingenuity; and the worst *speller* probably ever known. Take this one specimen, the

\* Cramer: Aurora von Königsmark (Leipzig, 1836) I. 126.

† Espagnac: Vie du Maréchal de Saxe (ii. 274, of the German Translation).

shortest I have, not otherwise the best; specimen achieved, when there had a proposal risen in the obsequious Académie Française to elect this Maréchal a member. The Maréchal had the sense to decline. *Ils veule me fere de la Cadémie*, writes he; *sela m'iret com une bage a un chas*; meaning probably, *Ils veulent me faire de l'Académie*; *cela m'iroit comme une bague à un chat*: 'They would have me in the Academy; it would suit me as a ring would a cat,'—or say, a pair of breeches a cock. Probably he had much skill in war; I cannot judge: his victories were very pretty; but it is to be remembered, he gained them all over the Duke of Cumberland; who was beaten by everybody that tried, and never beat anything, except once some starved Highland peasants at Culloden.

To resume and conclude. August the Physically Strong, be it known in brief then, is great-grandson of an Elector called Johann Georg I., who behaved very ill in the 'Thirty-years' War; now joining with the great Gustavus, now deserting him; and seeking merely, in a poor tortuous way, little to the honour of German Protestantism in that epoch, to save his own goods and skin; wherein, too, he did not even succeed: August the Physically Strong, and Pseudo-Papist apostate, is great-grandson of that poor man; who again is grand-nephew of the worldly-wise Elector Moritz, Pussau-Treaty Moritz, questionable Protestant, questionable friend and enemy of Charles V., with 'No cage fit to hold so big a bird,'—and is therefore also great-grand-nephew of Luther's friend, 'If it rained duke Georges.' To his generation there are six from duke George's, five from elector Moritz's: that is the genealogy. And if I add that the son of August the Physically Strong was he who got to be August III., King of Poland; spent his time in smoking tobacco; and had Brühl for minister,—Brühl of the three hundred and sixty-five suits of clothes, who brought Frederick of Prussia and the Seven-years' War into his country, and thereby, so to speak, quite broke the back of Saxony,—I think we may close our excerpts from the Albertine Line. Of the elder or Ernstine Line, in its *disintegrated* state, I will hastily subjoin yet a word, with the reader's leave, and then end.

ERNSTINE LINE (*in the disintegrated state, or broken small*).

Noble Johann Frederick, who lost the Electorate, and retired to Weimar, nobler for his losses, is not to be particularly blamed for splitting his territory into pieces, and founding that imbroglia of little dukedoms, which run about, ever shifting, like a mass of quicksilver cut into little separate pools and drops; distractive to the human mind, in a geographical and in far deeper senses. The case was not peculiar to Johann Frederick of the Ernstine

Line; but was common to all German dukes and lines. The pious German mind grudges to lop anything away; holds by the palpably superfluous; and in general "cannot annihilate rubbish;"—that is its inborn fault. Law of primogeniture, for such small sovereignties and dukedoms, is hardly yet, as the general rule, above a century old in that country; which, for sovereigns and for citizens, much more than for geographers, was certainly a strange state of matters!

The Albertine Line, Electoral though it now was, made apapages, subdivisions, unintelligible little dukes and dukeries of a similar kind, though perhaps a little more charily: almost within a century we can remember little sovereign dukes of that line. A Duke of Weissenfels, for instance, who had built the biggest bassoon ever heard of; thirty feet high, or so; and was seen playing on it from a trap-ladder;\*—poor soul, denied an employment in this world, and obliged to fly to bassoons!

Then, too, a Duke of Merseburg, who was dining solemnly, when the "Old Dessauer" (conqueror at Kesselsdorf afterwards, and a great rough Prussian son of Mars) broke in upon him, in a friendly manner, half drunk, with half-drunk grenadiers whom he had been reviewing; and reviewed and paraded them again *there* within the sublime ducal dining-room itself, and fired volleys there (to the ruin of mirrors and cut-glass); and danced with the princesses, his officers and he,—a princess in your left-hand, a drawn sword in your right;—and drank and uproared, in a Titanic manner, for about eight hours; making a sorcerer's sabbath of the poor duke's solemn dinner.† Sachsen-Weissenfels, Sachsen-Merseburg, Sachsen-Zeitz:—there were many little dukes of the Albertine Line; too, but happily they are now all dead, childless; and their upapages have fallen home to the general mass, which does not henceforth make subdivisions of itself. The Ernestine Line was but like the Albertine, and like all its neighbours, in that respect.

So, too, it would be cruel to say of these Ernestine little Dukes that they have no history; though it must be owned, in the modern state of the world, they are ever more, and have long been, almost in the impossibility of having any. To build big bassoons, and play on them from trap-ladders; to do hunting, build opera-houses, give court-shows: what else, if they do not care to serve in foreign armies, is well possible for them? It is a fatal position; and they really ought to be delivered from it. Perhaps then they might do better. Nay, perhaps already here

\* Pöhlitz: *Mémoires et Lettres*.

† Des Weltberühmten Fürstens Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben, &c. (Leipzig, 1742.) Pp. 108—112.

and there they have more history than we are all aware of. The late Duke of Weimar was beneficent to men of letters; had the altogether essential merit, too, which is a very singular one, of finding out, for that object, the real men of letters instead of the counterfeit. A Duke of Sachsen-Gotha, of earlier date, went into the *Grumbach'sche Handel* (sad "Grumbach Brabble," consisting of wild justice in high quarters, by assassination or sudden homicide in the street, with consequences; of all which the English reader happily knows nothing),—went into it bravely, if rashly, in generous pity for Grumbach, in high hope for himself withal; and got thrown into jail for life, poor Duke! On the whole, I rather think they would still gladly have histories if they could; and am willing to regret that brave men and princes, descended presumably from Witekind and the gods, certainly from John the Steadfast and John Frederick the Magnanimous, should be reduced to stand inert in the whirling arena of the world in that manner, swathed in old wrappages and pack-thread meshes, into inability to move; watching sadly the centuries with their stormful opulences rush past you, century after century in vain!

But it is better we should close. Of the Ernestine Line, in its disintegrated state, let us mention only two names, in the briefest manner, who are not quite without significance to men and Englishmen, and therewith really end. The first is Bernhard of Weimar; champion of Elizabeth Stuart, Ex-queen of Bohemia; famed captain in the Thirty-years' War; a really notable man. Whose *Life* Goethe once thought of writing; but prudently (right prudently, as I can now see) drew out of it, and wrote nothing. Not so easy to dig out a Hero from the mountainous owl-droppings, deadening to the human nostril, which moulder in Record Offices and Public Libraries; patrolled over by mere irrational monsters, of the gryphon and vulture and chimaera species! Easier, a good deal, to versify the Ideal a little, and stick by ballads and the legitimate drama. Bernhard was Johann Frederick the Magnanimous's great-grandson: that is his genealogy; great grandson of little stolen Ernst's grandson. He began in those Bohemian Campaigns (1621), a young lad of seventeen; *Rittmeister* to one of his elder Brothers; some three of whom, in various capacities, fought in the Protestant wars of their time. Very ardent Protestants, they and he; men of devout mind withal; as generally their whole Line, from Johann Frederick the Magnanimous downwards, were distinguished by being. He had risen to be a famed captain, while still young; and, under and after the great Gustavus, he did exploits to make the whole world know him. He 'was in two-and-thirty battles;' gained, or helped to gain, almost all of them; but unfortunately *lost* that of Nördlingen, which, next to Lützen, was the most important of all.

He had taken Breisach (in the Upper-Rhine country), thought to be inexpugnable; and was just in sight of immense ulterior achievements and advancements, when he died suddenly (1639), still only in his 35th year. The Richelieu French poisoned him (so ran and runs the rumour); at least he died conveniently for Richelieu, for Germany most inconveniently; and was in truth a mighty kind of man; distinguished much from the imbroglio of little Dukes: 'grandson's great-grandson,' as I said, 'of'——Or, alas, is it hopeless to charge a modern reader's memory even with Bernhard! •

Another individual of the Ernestine Line, surely notable to Englishmen, and much to be distinguished amid that imbroglio of little Dukes, is the '*Prinz ALBRECHT Franz August Karl Emanuel von Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha*;' whom we call, in briefer English, Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg; actual Prince Consort of these happy realms. He also is a late, very late, grandson of that little stolen Ernst. Concerning whom both English History and English Prophecy might say something,—but not conveniently in this place. By the generality of thinking Englishmen he is regarded as a man of solid sense and worth, seemingly of superior talent, placed in circumstances beyond measure singular. Very complicated circumstances; and which do not promise to grow less so, but the contrary. For the Horologe of Time goes inexorably on; and the Sick Ages ripen (with terrible rapidity at present) towards——Who will tell us what! The human wisdom of this Prince, whatever share of it he has, may one day be unspeakably important to mankind!—But enough, enough. We will here subjoin his Pedigree at least; which is a very innocent Document, riddled from the big Historical cinderheaps, and may be comfortable to some persons:

'Ernst the Pious, Duke of Sachsen-Gotha (1601—1675), was one of Bernhard of Weimar's elder brothers; great-grandson of Johann Frederick the Magnanimous, who lost the Electorate. Had been a soldier in his youth; succeeded to Gotha and the main part of the Territories; and much distinguished himself there. A patron of learning, among other good things; set Seckendorf on compiling the *History of the Reformation*. To all appearance, an excellent prudent and really *pious* Governor of men. He left seven sons; who at first lived together at Gotha, and 'governed conjointly;' but at length divided the Territories; Frederick the eldest taking Gotha, where various other Fredericks succeeded him, and the line did not die out till 1824. The other six brothers likewise all founded 'Lines,' Coburg, Meiningen, Hildburghausen, &c., most of which soon died out; but it is only the youngest brother, he of *Saalfeld* with his Line, that concerns us here.

1° JOHANN ERNST (1658—1729), youngest son of Ernst the Pious; got *Saalfeld* for his portion. The *then* Coburg Line died out in 1678

upon which arose great arguings as to who should inherit; arguings, bargainings; and, between Meinungen and Saalfeld especially, a lawsuit in the *Reichshofrath* (Imperial Aulic Council, as we call it), which seemed as if it would never end. At length, in 1735, Saalfeld, 'after two hundred and six *Conclusa* (Decrees),' in its favour carried the point over Meinungen; got possession of 'Coburg Town, and nearly all the Territory,' and holds it ever since. Johann Ernst was dead in the interim; but had left his son,

2° FRANZ JOSTAS (born, 1697) Duke of *Sachsen-Saalfeld*,—who, as we see, in 1735, after these '206 *Conclusa*,' got Coburg too, and adopted that town as his *Residenz*; Duke of Sachsen-Coburg-Saalfeld thenceforth. His son and successor was

3° ERNST FRIEDRICH (1724—1800);—and his

4° Franz Friedrich Anton (1750—1806). He left three daughters, one of whom became Duchess of Kent, and mother of Queen Victoria: likewise three sons; the youngest of whom is Leopold, now King of the Belgians; and the eldest of whom was

5° ERNST Anton Karl Ludwig (1784—1844); to whom *Sachsen-Gotha* fell in 1824;—whose elder son is now reigning Duke of *Sachsen-Coburg-Saalfeld-Gotha* (chief Residence Gotha); and whose younger is

6° PRINCE ALBERT, whom we know.\*

So that the young gentleman who will one day (it is hoped, but not till after many years) be King of England, is visibly, as we count, Thirteenth in direct descent from that little boy Ernst whom Kunz von Kaufungen stole. Ernst's generation and Twelve others have blossomed out and grown big, and have faded and been blown away; and in these 400 years, since Kunz did his feat, we have arrived so far. And that is the last 'pearl, or odd button,' we will string off that Transaction.

C.

\* Hübner, Tab. 163; Oertel, Tab. 74; Michaelis, *Chur<sup>o</sup> und Fürstlichen Häuser in Deutschland*, i. 511—25.





## ART. V.—POLAND: HER HISTORY AND PROSPECTS.

1. *Atlas, containing Ten Maps of Poland; exhibiting the Political Changes experienced by that Country from 1772 to the present Time.* Edited by J. M. Bansemer and P. Falkenhagen Zaleski. London: James Wyld. 1837.
2. *Lettre à l'Empereur sur la Question d'Orient.* Paris. 1854.
3. *Russia, Poland, and Europe; or, the Inevitable Consequence of the Present War.* By Count Valerian Krasinski. London: Chapman and Hall. 1854.
4. *Address of Anglo-Polish Committee.* London: 1854.

IF we take up any map of Europe published before 1772—not an easy thing to be got nowadays—we find the central space of that map occupied by a country called Poland, considerably larger in appearance than either France or Spain, and not much less than the whole of Germany; extending, in fact, from the Baltic to the Carpathians in one direction, and from the Oder to the Dnieper in another. Statistical authorities estimate the area of this country at about 280,000 English square miles, and its population at about fifteen millions—France, at the same time, having about twenty millions of inhabitants to an area of 208,000 square miles, and Russia herself not more than twenty-five millions to her already disproportionately large area. If we lay down this old map and take up another published after 1795 and before 1815, we find that this Poland has wholly disappeared from among the states of Europe, and that the central space which it occupied has been appropriated, in different proportions, by its former neighbours, Prussia, Austria, and Russia. Again, taking up another map published after 1815 and before 1831, we find a new or second Poland figuring as a distinct European state, within the limits of the same central space, but equal in extent only to one-sixth of the original Poland, and without any seaboard. This second Poland, called in the maps the Kingdom of Poland, contained, according to the authorities, an area of about 46,000 square miles, and a population of about four millions. Finally, if we look at any of the present maps of Europe, published since 1831, we find this second Poland also obliterated, and the part of the map which it filled included, without distinction, in the yellow expanse of Russia.

A strange and sad history, as all know, is involved in these changes of the European map—a history which has interested both speculative and sentimental minds for many years past, and

to which events now going on in Europe have suddenly imparted interest of a new kind. The Polish question is once more in the foreground of European politics. It is no longer a question stirred by a solitary and persevering fanatic here and there; it is a question entertained in all circles, discussed in the newspapers, cheered loudly at public meetings, and more than whispered in cabinets. Anxious as our official politicians may be to let it alone, they cannot do so; it is forced on them by circumstances. Necessarily, therefore, as a preparation for dealing with this question, people are finding themselves referred back to the past history of Poland.

Who and what, then, were these Poles who, prior to 1772, constituted, as it seems, one of the most considerable nations of Europe?

They were a portion, ethnographers tell us, of that great Slavonian race which, from time immemorial, has possessed the plains of Eastern Europe. At the time when all the lands forming the jagged margin of the Mediterranean were included in the vast empire of the Roman Cæsars, the Slavonians were decidedly the most numerous of the four stock-races which divided amongst them the rest of Europe—the Celts in the west, the Goths in the middle and north, the Slavonians in the east, and the Ugrians or Fins in extreme circumpolar regions. The Slavonians of the present day are computed at about eighty millions, while the men of the Gothic stock do not, on the most general estimate, amount to more than fifty millions; and the proportion was probably about the same originally. The Slavonians also, from the first, presented well-marked characteristics, distinguishing them from the other races, and yet entitling them to rank and consideration. Physically, they were a well-formed race, taller than the Celts, with complexions as fair or nearly as fair as the Goths, and with hair brown or reddish, but seldom black. Contrasted with the Goths, they were what physiologists call brachy-kephalic; that is, their heads were proportionately broader across, and less deep from front to back—their cheek-bones being, in consequence, somewhat more prominent, and their eyes smaller. In character they may be represented as a mean between the Celts and the Goths, with something of the suppleness and facility of the one, and not a little of the strength and endurance of the other; having, moreover, a peculiar fire or fervour of disposition, relating them, in the view of the historians, to the Oriental nomadic races. When history first recognises them, they were still themselves partly nomadic in their habits, roaming over their native plains as cattle-breeders, but were fast settling down into the agricultural state, with a strong aptitude for commerce. Intellectually, they do not seem at any time—allowance

being made for their later course of development—to have been inferior to any of the European races. For ourselves, we should perhaps except the Goths; but there are some who will not even make this exception. The Slavonians had their own mythology, and their own form of Paganism, essentially different from the mythology and religion of the Gothic Odin, and far less rich, humorous, and imaginative. Lastly, they had their own language, spoken over their whole area with differences of dialect—a language which hasty persons, judging from specimens of it in its modern forms, are apt to regard as one of mingled sneezes and hiccups, but which scholars pronounce to be a very rich language indeed, with all kinds of vocal and grammatical delicacies; and all kinds of literary capabilities.

So much recent research enables us to state respecting the Slavonians generally as they were at the commencement of modern times. Their history since has consisted, in the main, in their gradual organization in their own region, according to their spontaneous tendencies, assisted by influences brought to bear upon them by the Gothic nations on the one hand, and by the Greeks of the Eastern Empire and the Tartars of Asia on the other.

Even at the time of the first recognition of the Slavonians as a race in the history of Europe, they had gone some way in a process of spontaneous organization. As early as the beginning of the sixth century, or just when the Gothic dismemberment of the west was completed, we hear of such Slavonian nations as the following—the Wends, on the Oder, close to the Saxon frontier; the Lekhs or Poles, on the Vistula; the Czechs, spread over what are now Bohemia, Moravia, and parts of Hungary; the Croats or Chroabats to the east of the Czechs, among the Carpathians; the Serbs or Servians, in the same region; the Slavo-Finnish Prussians and Lets or Lithuanians, on the Baltic coasts to the east of the Lekhs; the Bulgarians; a mixed nation of Slavonians and Tartars, but with the Slavonian element predominant, on the north of the Black Sea, in the vicinity of the Dnieper and the Dneister; and the Russians and others more to the north, in the central parts of modern Russia. It is not, however, till the tenth century that the map of the Slavonian portion of Europe assumes an arrangement in which we can detect the origin of what now exists. By that time—what with their spontaneous strugglings among themselves; what with the action upon them of the Gothic nations, more particularly during the empire of Charlemagne, on their western frontier, and of the Greeks of the eastern empire on their southern frontier; and what with the shiftings and disruptions to which they had been subjected by the evanescent invasions of the Avars and Chazars from Asia, and the permanent occupation of a part of their region by the Magyars—the Slavo-

nians had been arranged into very distinct political groups. The greater portion of the Wends had been conquered and were now incorporated with the German empire, as part of the Duchy of Saxony; the greater portion of the Czechs, under the new names of Bohemians and Moravians, had also been annexed to the German empire, forming the Duchy of Bohemia, while the rest of them had been subjected, under the name of Slovaks, to the Magyars of Hungary—a fate which the Croats subsequently shared. On the other hand, the violent conflicts between the eastern emperors and the Slavonian nations on their northern frontier had resulted in the diffusion of masses of Bulgarians, Servians, &c., through the Greek populations of Thrace, Macedonia, and Greece proper, and in the constitution of several Slavonian states attached to the empire on its northern or Danubian frontier, under the names of Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, &c. The remaining masses of Slavonians, escaping the subjugation either of the Germans, the Magyars, or the Byzantine emperors, had formed themselves into independent states as follows:—The Lekhs or Poles, still occupying their original territories, were consolidated into a powerful inland state, called the Duchy of Poland, governed by a native dynasty, who, however, were sometimes obliged to pay tribute to the German empire. On the north of the Poles, on the Baltic coasts, were the savage Prussian tribes of fishers or amber-gatherers, hardly yet consolidated, but, with some relics of the Wends who remained among them, offering a fierce resistance to the lords of the northern mark of Germany. To their east, and also waiting consolidation, were the Lets or Lithuanians. Lastly, still farther to the east, and ranging over a large space of modern Russia from the Gulf of Finland to the Dnieper, with Novgorod for its northern and Kiew for its southern capital, was the empire or Grand-Duchy of Russia, founded by the Scandinavian chief Rurik, who, landing with a band of Norse followers near the modern St. Petersburg, and plunging into the midst of the Finnish and Russian tribes then contending in those parts, became their ruler. (852.)

Thus, in the tenth century, we have politically, four groups of Slavonian nations—those annexed to the German Empire; those incorporated with Hungary; those attached to the Eastern Empire; and the independent states of Poland, the Prussians, the Lithuanians, and Russia. Paramount to this political distribution, however, and, for historical purposes, even more essential to be remembered, is a two-fold classification of the same states according to their connexion with this or with that side of Christendom. Sorely did the two Churches of the West and the East contend for the possession of Slavonian heathendom—Latin missionaries and Greek missionaries meeting in the midst of the Slavonian lands as rivals, and each Church anathematizing the doings of the other;

but, in the end, matters arranged themselves as they have since continued. The Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia naturally received their Christianity from German missionaries (800—900); the Slovaks of Hungary, equally with their Magyar masters, also adopted the faith and forms of the Latin Church (900—1000); the Poles were nearly secured by Greek missionaries, who were first in the field, but were effectively won back to Rome (900—1000); and the Prussians, Pomeranians, and Lithuanians, had their heathen obstinacy broken up at a late period by armed crusades of German knights bent on their conversion. On the other hand, the Bosnians, the Servians, and the Bulgarians, as dependencies of the Greek Empire, necessarily became converts to the Greek faith; and the populations of Russia, lying more within the range of Constantinople than of Rome, became a vast appendage to the see of Constantinople (900—1050). No one can understand the history of the Slavonian nations, or appreciate their mutual relations at present, without attending to this division. It was no ideal division, but one of great practical consequence. The Bohemians, the Slovaks, the Poles, the Lithuanians, &c., were thereby taught to regard themselves as belonging to the Western family of nations, with Rome as the centre of their spiritual interests; and, along with the Latin faith, they received the Latin language and literature for their schools, and the Roman character as their literary instrument even in their vernacular. The Servians, the Bulgarians, and the Russians, on the other hand, felt themselves involved in the fortunes of the Eastern Church; Greek writings became their intellectual nutriment; and the alphabetic character invented for them by the monk Cyril, and thence called the Cyrillic, was a modification of the Greek.

As Polish history proper disentangles itself from the general history of the Slavonian nations, we find the Poles very conspicuous among the Slavonian peoples of the Western division, possessing in brilliant perfection the typical characteristics of the Slavonian race as modified by Latin Christianity, and exhibiting them in a career of conquest. They were then governed by a dynasty of native princes called the Piasts, tracing their descent from a mythical peasant-hero named Piast. Miecislav I., a prince of this dynasty (963—992) is regarded as the true founder of the Polish state; and it was in his reign that Poland became Christian. His son, Boleslav I., surnamed Chobry or the Valiant (992—1025) was permitted by the Pope to assume the title of King instead of that of Duke, which his predecessors had borne; and his reign was one series of successful wars with his neighbours all round—the German emperors, the Hungarians, the Prussians, the Lithuanians, and the Russians. The powerful state which he left fell into disunion under his successors, and lost much of the

territory he had added to it. It is impossible for any mortal man, however, not being a Pole by birth, to take interest in the chaotic old transactions, which constitute the history of Poland during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, or even accurately to register them. Suffice it to say, that in 1333, Casimir III., or Casimir the Great, the last Polish king of the Piast line, ascended the throne; that, during his reign (1333—1370), Poland recovered from the state of confusion into which she had been thrown by invasions, disputed successions, and the like; and that the result of all the wars, treaties, and what not of the preceding three centuries had been to alter the condition and mutual relations of the four masses formerly constituting the independent Slavonian world—that is, of the Russians, the Lithuanians, the Poles, and the Prussians—as follows: 1. The great Empire or Grand-Duchy of Russia, founded by the Scandinavian Rurik, had, by a process then common, been split up into principalities among his successors—the principality of Novgorod, the principality of Kiew, the principality of Czernigow, &c.: and, thus weakened, it had fallen an easy prey to the terrible Mongolian invasions, which, in the thirteenth century, desolated Eastern Europe. Conquered by the hordes of the great Genghis Khan in 1224, Russia became a province of the immense Mongol Empire; and even after the dissolution of that empire, the Khans of the Kiptchak Tartars remained masters of nearly all Russia, treating the Russian princes as their lieutenants, and making them pay tribute, and do homage by holding their horses and feeding them with oats from their fur caps. From 1224 to 1487, in fact, is a period of obscurity in Russian history, during which Russia is nothing in the Slavonian world. 2. The hour of Russia's weakness was that in which the Lithuanians, formerly a mere chaos of Slavo-Finnish tribes, assumed organization and strength. Uniting the original Lithuanian tribes into one government, and extending his sway over those territories, formerly included in the Russian Empire, which the Mongolian destruction of the Russian power had left without a ruler, a native chief, named Ringold, founded (1235) a new state called the Grand-Duchy of Lithuania. The limits of this state extended from the Baltic coast, which it touched at a single point, across the entire continent, almost to the Black Sea, with Lithuania proper as its northern nucleus, and the populations along the whole course of the Dnieper as its subjects. The Lithuanians, thus made formidable by the extent of their dominion, were at this time still heathens. 3. Poland, though its natural tendency to extend itself in the south-east among the kindred populations of the Dnieper had been checked by the rise of the Lithuanian power, had still increased beyond the limits of the original Duchy,

so as to form a large kingdom conterminous with Lithuania on the East, and bounded by the German Empire and Hungary on the West. Such, at least, was its extent, in the reign of Casimir the Great. 4. A very important revolution had taken place among the Prussian and other Slavonian or Slavo-Finnish tribes, whom we left spread, in savage independence, along the shores of the Baltic, from the Oder to the Dwina, in what are now Eastern Prussia and the Russian provinces of Courland and Livonia. Heathens, and filling the Christian mind of the time with horror by their Pagan rites and sacrifices, and by their cruelties to such mariners as were cast upon their coasts, these tribes became an eyesore in Northern Europe; and during the fever of the Crusades, a scheme was formed for their conquest and conversion. A league of German knights was formed for the enterprise; and these mail-clad missionaries, commencing their work in 1228, soon completed it, establishing their rule along the Baltic, and making the populations of those parts, in political respects, a mere prolongation of the German Empire. The sovereignty remained in the hands of the conquerors, organized among themselves into a religious order, known as the order of the Teutonic Knights, and having their seat at Marienberg. The grand-master of this order exercised the sovereignty in its name.

Such was the state of things when Casimir the Great ascended the Polish throne (1333). Polish historians celebrate the good deeds of this king for the internal prosperity of Poland—his introduction of a legal code, his just administration, his encouragement of learning, and his munificence in founding churches, schools, and hospitals. The great external question of his reign was that of the relations of Poland to the two contiguous powers of Lithuania and the Teutonic Knights of Prussia and the Baltic provinces. On the one hand, Poland as a Christian country, had stronger ties of connexion with the Teutonic Knights than with Lithuania. On the other hand, ties of race and tradition connected Poland with Lithuania; and the ambitious policy of the Teutonic Knights, who aimed at the extension of their rule at the expense of Poland and Lithuania, and also jealously shut out both countries from the Baltic coast, and so from the advantages of commerce, tended to increase the sympathy between the Poles and the Lithuanians. A happy solution was at length given to this question. Casimir, dying in 1370, left no issue but a daughter, named Hedvige; and the Crown of Poland passed to his nephew Louis of Anjou, at that time also King of Hungary. Louis, occupied with the affairs of Hungary, neglected those of Poland, and left it exposed to the attacks of the Lithuanians. He became excessively unpopular among the Poles; and, after

his death in 1384, they proclaimed Hedvige Queen of Poland. In 1386, a marriage was arranged between this princess and Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania—Jagellon agreeing to be baptized, and to establish Christianity among his hitherto heathen subjects. Thus Poland and Lithuania were united; and a new dynasty of Polish kings was founded, called the dynasty of the Jagellons.

The rule of this dynasty, under seven successive kings (1386—1572) constitutes the flourishing epoch of Polish history, to which at the present day the Poles look fondly back when they would exalt the glory and greatness of their country. Properly speaking, Poland and Lithuania were then two distinct states under one crown, each retaining its own rights and its own institutions. Indeed, the tenure of the sovereignty in the two countries was not the same—the crown of Poland, according to a traditional rule established by the Polish nobles in the time of the later Piasts, being elective and in the gift of the nobles, while that of Lithuania was hereditary. By a tacit agreement, however, the Poles continued, as a matter of course, to elect the Lithuanian Dukes of the Jagellon line, so long as it lasted; and thus, though at first there were mutual jealousies between the two nations, they were gradually drawn together, and, in relation to the rest of Europe, acted as one great state.

The effect of the union of Poland and Lithuania was at once felt in Europe. The first Jagellon, who on his baptism took the name of Uladislav II., and whom one fancies as still a sort of rough half-heathen by the side of the beautiful Polish Hedvige, spent his whole reign (1386—1434) in consolidating the union and turning it to account. He defended Lithuania against the Tartar hordes then moving westward before the impulse of the conquering Tamerlane. But his chief activity was against the Teutonic Knights. On his accession to the Polish throne he had promised to wrest back from the knights Pomerania and those other districts of the Baltic coast which Poland, by right of previous possession, as well as of necessity for her commercial interests, considered as belonging to her, but which the Knights, in their incursions among the Prussians, had appropriated. In the discharge of this promise he engaged in a series of wars against the knights, which ended in a great victory gained over them at Tannenburg in 1410. By this victory the power of the knights was broken for the time, and their territories placed at the mercy of the Poles. During the reign of Uladislav III., the second, of the Jagellons (1434—1444), the knights remained submissive, and that monarch was able to turn his arms, in conjunction with the Hungarians, against a more formidable enemy—the Turks—then beginning their invasions of Europe. Uladislav III. having been slain in battle against the Turks, at Varna, the Teutonic



Knights availed themselves of the confusion which followed, to try to recover their power. By this time, however, their Prussian subjects were tired of their rule; Dantzic, Elbing, Thorn, and other towns, as well as the landed proprietors and the clergy of various districts, formed a league against them; and, on the accession of Casimir IV., the third of the Jagellons, to the Polish throne (1447), all Western Prussia revolted from the knights and placed itself under his protection. A terrific war ensued, which was brought to a close in 1466 by the peace of Thorn. By this notable treaty, the independent sovereignty of the Teutonic order in the countries they had held for two centuries was extinguished—the whole of Western Prussia, with the city of Marienburg, and other districts, being annexed to the Polish crown, with guarantees for the preservation of their own forms of administration; and the knights being allowed to retain certain districts of Eastern Prussia, only as vassals of Poland. Thus Poland was once more in possession of that necessity of its existence as a great European state—a seaboard on the Baltic. Exulting in an acquisition for which they had so long struggled, the Poles are said to have danced with joy as they looked on the blue waves and could call them their own. Casimir IV., the hero of this important passage in Polish history, died in 1492; and, though during the reigns of his successors—John Albertus (1492—1501), and Alexander (1501—1506)—the Polish territories suffered some diminution in the direction of Russia, the fruits of the treaty of Thorn were enjoyed in peace. In the reign of the sixth of the Jagellonidæ, however—Sigismund I. (1506—1547)—the Teutonic Knights made an attempt to throw off their allegiance to Poland: The attempt was made in singular circumstances, and led to a singular conclusion. The grand-master of the Teutonic order at this time was Albert of Brandenburg, one of the electors of the German Empire, a descendant of that astute Hohenzollern family which in 1411 had possessed itself of the Marquisate of Brandenburg. Albert, carrying out a scheme entertained by the preceding grandmaster, refused homage for the Prussian territories of his order to the Polish king Sigismund, and even prepared to win back what the order had lost by the treaty of Thorn. Sigismund, who was uncle to Albert, defeated his schemes, and proved the superiority of the Polish armies over the forces of the once great but now effete order. Albert found it his best policy to submit, and this he did in no ordinary fashion. The Reformation was then in the first flush of its progress over the Continent, and the Teutonic Order of Knights, long a practical anachronism in Europe, was losing even the slight support it still had in surrounding public opinion, as the new doctrines changed men's ideas. What was more, the grand-master himself imbibed

Protestant opinions and was a disciple of Luther and Melancthon. He resolved to bring down the fabric of the order about his ears and construct for himself a secular principality out of its ruins. Many of the knights shared or were gained over to his views; so he married a princess, and they took themselves wives—all becoming Protestants together, with the exception of a few tough old knights who transferred their chapter to Mergentheim in Würtemberg, where it remained, a curious relic, till the time of Napoleon. The secularization was formally completed at Gracow in April, 1525. There, in a square before the royal palace, on a throne emblazoned with the arms of Poland and Lithuania—a white eagle for the one, and a mounted knight for the other—the Polish king Sigismund received from the Marquis of Brandenburg the banner of the order, the knights standing by and agreeing to the surrender. In return, Sigismund embraced the late grand-master as Duke of Prussia, granting to him and the knights the former possessions of the order, as secular vassals of the Polish crown. The remainder of Sigismund's reign was worthy of this beginning; and at no time was Poland more flourishing than when his son, Sigismund II., the seventh of the Jagellonidæ, succeeded him on the throne. During the wise reign of this prince (1547—1572), whose tolerant policy in the matter of the great religious controversy then agitating Europe is not his least title to credit, Poland lost nothing of her prosperity or her greatness; and one of its last transactions was the consummation of the union between the two nations of Poland and Lithuania by their formal incorporation into one kingdom at the Diet of Lublin (July 1, 1569). But, alas for Poland, this seventh of the Jagellonidæ was also the last, and, on his death in 1572, Poland entered on that career of misery and decline, with the reminiscences of which her name is now associated, and the weary, ugly retrospect of which obscures all that she before was, and renders it incredible to many that she ever was worth much. Before passing on to this period of her agony, however, let us sketch her social and political condition as it was in the height of her fortunes.

The dominions of the later Jagellonidæ consisted of the following territories: 1. The kingdom of Poland, divided into ten provinces or governments, viz.: Great Poland, the Duchy of Cujavia, the Duchy of Mazovia, Little Poland, Pomerellia or Polish Prussia, Podlachia, the principality of Halicz or Galicia, called also Red Russia, Volhynia, Podolia, and the principality of Kiew, in the Ukraine, formerly Russian, and called also Lesser Russia. These provinces either belonged to the original Polish kingdom, or had been added to it by the Jagellons. (Silesia prior to 1335 was included in the kingdom of Poland, but was added in that

year to Bohemia.) 2. The Grand-Duchy of Lithuania divided into eight provinces or governments; viz., Lithuania Proper; Samogitia, on the Baltic, won back from the Teutonic Knights; White Russia, east of Lithuania Proper; Black Russia, south of White Russia and Lithuania; Podlesia; the principality of Pskow; the principality of Smolensk; and Severia. The last three were severed from Lithuania by the Russians during the reigns of the fourth and fifth of the Jagellonidæ. 3. The Duchy of Prussia, held under the Polish crown, first by the Teutonic knights, and then by Albert of Brandenburg. 4. Livonia, Courland, and Semigallia, Baltic provinces of the Teutonic Knights, which were held for some time after the dissolution of the order, by a seceding body of knights, but at length (1561) placed themselves under the protection of Sigismund II. of Poland, Esthonia going to Sweden.

The population inhabiting this vast area was very nearly homogeneous throughout. The Lithuanians proper, indeed, and their kinsmen the Prussians, were, in many respects, a peculiar race, retaining a curious old language of their own, the affinities of which have puzzled philologists. Historically, however, all their natural relations were with the Slavonians. They were also but a fragment of the general population, the great bulk of which were pure Slavonians, and Slavonians of that special Lekkish branch of which the Poles proper are the typical representatives. The so-called White Russians, Red Russians, and Little Russians all belonged to this branch, notwithstanding the misleading association of their names. Moreover, under the Jagellonidæ, the Polish had become the national and literary language of the whole kingdom, displacing other dialects, and reducing the Lithuanian to the condition of a provincial vernacular gradually dying out. Nor did the habits and occupations of various parts of the population differ much. Those in the extreme south-east had something of the nomadic propensity, like their descendants the Cossacks; and those inhabiting the Baltic provinces contracted the habits natural to their maritime situation; but the bulk of the nation was agricultural. The extensive plains of Poland were called, and were fitted to be, the granary of Europe. There were few large towns in Poland—the chief being Cracow, on the Vistula, in Little Poland, the capital of the whole state; Dantzic, Elbing, and Thorn, in Polish Prussia; Posen and Kalisch, in Great Poland; Warsaw, in Mazovia; Wilna and Grodno, in Lithuania Proper; Minsk and Mohilew, in White Russia. Only in one of these cities, however—the metropolitan Cracow, since so much reduced—did the population reach 100,000; Dantzic ranked next, and few of the others had more than 15,000 inhabitants. The mass of the nation was distributed in small villages over the

vast corn-producing surface. Their occupations and their habits corresponded. Owing, however, to the excess of the produce of their fertile plains over their own wants, as well as to their geographical position between the Black Sea and the Baltic, they carried on a very considerable commerce. The Poles never have been a manufacturing people; to supply food and raw material for other European nations seems to be the natural destiny of the region they inhabit. Under the later Jagellonide, they carried on a large export trade in corn, wood, tallow, flax, minerals, and other raw produce, more particularly with Germany, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden; importing manufactured commodities in return. The annual export of corn alone, towards the end of the sixteenth century, was 4,380,000 quarters, of which more than half passed through Dantzic to be shipped for northern ports. In virtue of this commerce, Dantzic and Cracow were members of the Hansatic League. There was also a pretty extensive inland transfer trade in oriental commodities coming from the Black Sea and the Levant for the markets of northern Europe.

Socially, the Polish nation was divided in the main into two great classes—the privileged class, and the peasantry or serfs. The privileged class consisted of the great nobles and the whole body of the landholders, great and small, from the proprietor of thousands of acres to the proprietor of a small farm; these constituting together the true Polish “populus,”—the *Pospolite Ruszenie*, as it was called—possessing the political power of the State, and forming, when assembled on horseback, the national force of cavalry. The remainder, or unprivileged class, consisted of the millions labouring on the lands of the privileged class. A considerable portion of these, indeed, were free tenants; but the largest portion were the serfs of those whose lands they cultivated, holding the same position and subject to very much the same treatment as the villeins of England in the feudal times. There was also a burgher class; but as the towns were few, its numbers were insignificant. Generally speaking, therefore, the common conception of Polish society as divided into the two great classes of the nobles and the peasantry is correct. But there is a good deal of confusion connected with this conception. When we speak of serfage as the disgrace and ruin of Poland,—when we point to Poland as a country where an order of wrangling nobles seated on horseback was all that appeared of the nation, the dumb millions living in wretched bondage, without rights and without interests; and when we make this a ground for refusing to Polish patriotism the same degree of sympathy which we accord to patriotism in general—we mix up a too obvious historical truth with a certain fallacy of judgment. The use of the word “nobles,” as equivalent to the privileged

class in Polish society misleads us; that word, as applied among ourselves, having a very different meaning from what it bears in Polish history. If we avoid the word "nobles," and simply say that the Polish nation consisted of the two great classes of the landholders and the land-labourers, the former having all the political power, and the latter none, our notion of the actual state of the case will be clearer. Now, paradoxical as it may appear, if we go far enough back, we come to a time when Poland, composed socially as we have described it, was, according to the favourite test of modern politicians, in a more advanced condition, as regards political freedom, than perhaps any other country in Europe. That country, say our modern liberals, is politically the most free, in which the largest number in proportion to the whole community have a voice in the general government. Now, it is a fact that during the greater part of the national existence of Poland, and certainly in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the political suffrage was more extended there than in any other country in Europe. In the year 1500, Poland, with a population of fifteen millions, had four hundred and eighty thousand voters; whereas France, in the last year of the reign of Louis Philippe, had only one hundred and eighty thousand, in a population of thirty-five millions. Thus, there was a time when Poland, viewed superficially by the light of this test, seemed to have a fairer chance of working out the problem of liberty than any other European nation. Like Poland, England and France at one time contained populations divisible, in the main, into the two great classes of the privileged owners of land, and the unprivileged labourers and villeins—with this difference apparently in favour of Poland, that a larger proportion of *its* population belonged to the franchised class. This shows that the fatal difference between Poland and such a country as England, which has made the subsequent histories of the two countries so unlike, must be detected by some other test than that of the extent of the political suffrage, and that, in fact, this test is wholly inadequate in such cases. In England there were, from the first, laws and rights securing personal and civil liberty where the suffrage was never dreamt of; those who were called to the general councils of the nation were but a few of the great feudatories; but all society, down to the serfs, was linked together in such a fashion as to make personal and civil liberty, rather than the suffrage, the object of general jealousy and regard; while, in the end, between the landholders thus feudally linked together, and the serfs, there arose gradually that powerful middle or burgher class, whose function it was to break up the feudal society above them, and recruit itself from the population beneath, thus ultimately establishing a free movement throughout

all ranks, from the duke to the peasant, and fusing all into a nation which, when the problem of personal and civil liberty had been sufficiently worked out, could take up the problem of political liberty at its leisure. In Poland, on the other hand, it was different. There the question of the political franchise was moved first. The right of taking part in the general councils of the nation belonged under the Jagellons to a very large proportion of the population; but no middle class rose to fill up the gulf between this franchised class and the peasantry, and, by its energetic activity, work out the problem of civil and personal liberty for all, irrespective of either increase or diminution of the number directly wielding the central government. And thus, in Poland, the broad dualistic division of classes into the so-called nobles and the so-called serfs, was kept up and perpetuated till, as regarded the rest of Europe, it seemed an ugly anachronism disgraceful to the country. It is still the common argument of those who refuse their sympathies to the Polish patriotic struggles of the last century, that the mass of the Polish nation were then serfs, to whom a change of masters could be of little consequence. The argument is unsound, even as it stands, seeing that in 1791 the Poles did emancipate their serfs; but it is specially unjust in so far as it would make it an unpardonable crime in the Polish nobles of preceding generations not to have done at one stroke that which in our country was accomplished piecemeal, and almost imperceptibly by a long historical process. It was their misfortune that their country had not passed through such a process; and this in itself may be a fair ground for inferior interest in Poland, as compared with some other countries; but that is a different thing from charging the serfage of Poland as a crime upon any single generation of Poles. To those Englishmen, indeed, who reproached the Polish nobles of last century with the question, "Why do you not emancipate your serfs?" they might have replied, "Why do you not extend your political suffrage?" The two nations, in fact, had pursued different courses. England had first worked out the problem of personal and civil freedom, and had reserved the problem of political equality. Poland had begun with a larger political constituency, but had failed to work out the problem of civil liberty for all. Undoubtedly, Poland began at the worse end; but even at the present day the wholesale emancipation of the serfs would be a measure about the same, in point of boldness and risk, as regards countries like Poland, as the immediate passing of a Universal Suffrage Bill would be, as regards Great Britain. Both would be leaps towards a goal which, according to some in both countries, would be better reached by gradual steps. Fortunately, as we have said, the Poles have made up their minds on *their* question. They

consider that, in the nineteenth century, the universal emancipation of the serfs is an act that may and must be hazarded by any government in a restored Poland that would do its duty. The Hungarian nobles during the Revolution showed them the example.

The result of the foregoing considerations is that, in following the past fortunes of the Polish nation, we are to conceive all public or national affairs as transacted by the so-called Polish nobles—that is, by some hundreds of thousands of large and small landholders, constituting the true “populus” of Poland—the remainder of the nation lying underneath these as a huge brute mass, of most filthy exterior, labouring, eating, drinking, sleeping, and dying. Even this brute mass partook so far in the national activity—blazing up, like the serfs of Russia, sometimes in insurrection against their masters, sometimes in patriotic array and enthusiasm (for serfs have a patriotism of their own) under the banners of these masters for the defence of Poland. Politically, however, only the “nobles,” the *Pospolité Ruszenie*, the mounted cavalry of the nation, were the national constituency. And this enables us to understand the assertion, otherwise unintelligible, that the constitution of Poland was more democratic than that of any other country in Europe. As regards the true Polish “populus,” it was so. While in other countries in the fifteenth century, only a few of the community were called to the councils of the nation, and these only as advisers of the king or assessors of the taxes to be levied; in Poland there were hundreds of thousands of nobles claiming a voice in the national councils, and regarding all the arrangements of government, the royal authority included, as emanating from themselves. Hence the constitution of Poland was theoretically that of an aristocratic Republic with an elective head. Originally, under the Piasts, Poland had tended to the ordinary monarchical form, the Boleslavs and other kings of that dynasty acting as sovereigns like their neighbours; but this tendency had been arrested, and by a series of enactments commencing with the Diet of Chenciny in 1381, the Polish nobles had limited the power of their kings. Thus, at the very time when society everywhere else in Europe passed through a monarchical phase, and became consolidated into powerful national sovereignties hereditary in certain families, Poland stood out as an elective Republic. In the sixteenth century, the governing arrangements of this kingly Republic were as follows:—At the head of the State was the king, the chief judge of the Republic, and the fountain of honours and dignities. Next to him, and surrounding him as a permanent senate or council, were the great magnates—namely, the two archbishops of Gnesna and Leopold; thirteen bishops; the

palatines, or governors of provinces; the castellans, or commanders under the palatines; and some of the chief officers of state. The number of these senators when the tale was complete was 139. With the exception of the prelates, who were senators *ex officio*, they were nominated by the king, and held office for life; but once appointed, they were all but independent, and were regarded by the nation as its permanent representatives stationed near the throne, to keep the king to his duty. All the other nobles were on a footing of equality as regarded their public rights; though some, such as the Starosts, exercised civil jurisdiction over the others in their localities. The republican theory of the constitution was studiously observed in the arrangements connected with the national Diet or Parliament. This assembly was ordinarily convened every two years, most frequently at Warsaw; and its sittings were, by invariable custom, limited to six weeks. Extraordinary Diets were summoned by the king on emergency. When a Diet, ordinary or extraordinary, was to be convened, the king issued writs to the palatines, castellans, and other chief officials in the provinces, calling on them to assemble the provincial Diets or Dietines for the election of deputies, and at the same time forwarding them the heads of the topics which, by prior consultation between the king and his council, were to be discussed at the Diet. The Dietines, consisting of all the nobles of the respective provinces, elected three deputies each, and furnished them with definite instructions on the matters to be discussed, as well as with statements of grievances which they were to present in the name of their constituencies. In token of the strictly representative character of these deputies, one of each three was called the *nuntius* or spokesman, and was charged with the active duties of the deputation. The assembled deputies thus representing the constituencies of the nobility, the magnates or senators, and the king formed the Diet. Deputies from some towns also had seats in the Diet; and on special occasions Polish Prussia sent representatives. It was a theoretical regulation, that no measure could be passed in the Diet except by a unanimous vote; and that the veto of any one member of the Diet could throw out a measure. Practically, under the Jagellon kings, this regulation lay dormant; the necessary unanimity was generally secured by some means or other; and the republic and the king managed to get on well enough together.

The national religion of Poland was Roman Catholicism; but the Greek church had very many adherents in the eastern provinces; and the Hussite movement of the fifteenth century, and the Lutheran Reformation of the sixteenth, had largely affected Polish society, and converted immense numbers of Poles to the Protestant faith. In Poland, as in other countries, the Pro-



testants for a time suffered violent persecution; but in the reign of Sigismund II. (1549—1572), they had so increased, that it became necessary to tolerate them. Many of the highest Polish nobles became zealous Protestants; many of the prelates and priests married and left the Romish Church; and at one time, Sigismund himself seemed so friendly to the Reformation, that Luther dedicated to him an edition of his translation of the Bible, and Calvin his Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. The toleration, thus extended to the Protestants, had been long enjoyed by the Jews—a people first heard of in Poland about the tenth century, and who had multiplied in it more rapidly than in any other country, gradually getting into their own hands almost all the commerce of the nation. "*Pan-zyd*," or "Master Jew," became a great man in every Polish village—hated and scoffed at, as everywhere else; but powerful as the money-lender of the district. In 1540, the Jews of Poland boasted that they had five-sixths of the trade of the nation; and considerable alarm was at that time felt at their increasing proportion to the rest of the community, and the increasing boldness with which they practised and defended their religion. The Polish kings tried to screw money out of them by poll-taxes and other means, but with little success.

In speaking of the degree of civilization attained by the Poles under the Jagellon kings, reference can be made only to the so-called nobles—the mass of the peasantry are to be conceived as living in their dirty villages, ignorant and boorish, though probably in the enjoyment of as great physical plenty as the peasantry of any other land. The nobles, on the other hand, are spoken of as a singularly handsome, sprightly, intelligent, and polite race, generally well-accomplished, and with an extreme facility in learning foreign languages and habits: the women animated, clever, and more beautiful than the women of any other continental country. Both sexes affected rich dresses of silk, velvet, and the like, lined with sables and other furs; and the graceful costume of the Polish cavalry became the admiration of Europe. The bravery of the Poles, and their military excellence in every respect, were then, as now, universally admitted; and, whatever modern theorists of a certain class may say, there is no better test of a nation's stuff and substance than how it will fight. Nor, if we take national progress in letters, and productiveness in men of science and scholarship, as a truer index of a nation's worth, have we any reason to deny the Poles a respectable place. The history of Slavonian literature and learning, whether in its Polish, its Russian, or its Bohemian branch, is still a sealed letter to us of the western nations; but, if we may trust Polish authorities, the Poles began early to compete vigo-

rously with the Germans and other peoples, in various walks of literature. In the twelfth century, they tell us, they had their Gallus, their Cholewa, and their Kadlubek; and in the thirteenth, their Boguchwal, their Reszko, and their Martin Polonus; all of whom were ecclesiastics, and wrote chronicles or histories of Poland in very good Latin. The church, now called St. Stephen's, in Vienna, was erected by a Polish architect of the eleventh century, named Octavian Wolener—a fact which it is interesting to know, but the worth of which, as a proof of Polish genius, it is for Mr. Ruskin to decide. It was in the fourteenth century, however, that Poland became really distinguished for her scholars and men of learning. Till then, the Poles, like the Hungarians, the Bohemians; the Germans, the Swedes, and the Danes, had been obliged to resort to the schools of Italy for their education; but, in 1347, their great King Casimir founded their own University of Cracow—which thus had the precedence by some years of the universities of Prague and Vienna, and by a whole century of that of Leipsic; and from that time, not only had the Poles the means of education in their own country, but Germans, Bohemians, Danes, and Swedes, came to Poland to be educated. To this century belong George of Sanok, and John of Glogow, both professors of philosophy in the great Polish university, and voluminous authors in Latin: John Dlugosz, an eminent historian and statesman; and Brudzewski, and Martin of Olkusz, mathematicians and astronomers. In the following century, there was an outburst of Polish genius in the Slavonian vernacular, represented in such names as those of the poets Kochanowski, Roy, Rybinski, Grochowski, and Klonowicz; and the prose-writers Miechowita, Kromer, Bielski, Gornicki, Orzechowski, and Paweski. Many more names might be mentioned, dear to Polish ears, though uncouth-sounding enough to ours, as belonging to what the Poles regard as the golden age of their literature, which came to a close about the beginning of the seventeenth century. These we have to accept on faith. There is one Polish name of this period, however, which does carry with it associations to all the world—that of Nicolas Kopernik, or Copernicus, who was born at Thorn in 1473, and died in 1543. Yes, it was into the head of a Pole, with an indubitably Polish visage, and a real Polish brain working behind his deep, sly eyes, that the thought entered—the most revolutionary in its effects, that has ever occurred to man since the world began—that the vast starry heaven did not move round our petty earth, but that the earth itself did all the work more simply by spinning on its own axis. This, at least, is one feather in the cap of Poland; and it ought to count for something against the *Plica Polonica!*

Altogether, from this sketch, without going to any excess of

compliment, it would appear that the Poles were a very respectable nation in Europe in the times of their Jagellon kings—with certain glaring defects and faults as compared with other nations, but with peculiar virtues as well, and with a political system which, could a modern Radical have looked upon it, he would probably have pronounced nearer his ideal than that of France or England. No one could have predicted that in two centuries this nation, after a career of degeneracy almost unexampled in history, would cease to exist. Yet such was the fact. The ruin of Poland was brought about by the operation of two sets of causes—the one external and the other internal.

The external causes of the ruin of Poland consisted in the gradual rise and aggrandizement of certain other powers, lying round it, and capable of taking advantage of its internal weakness. 1. The Greek empire, long curtailed of its fair proportions by Mussulman and Latin invasions, and the revolt of its Servian and Bulgarian subjects, had at length fallen a prey to the Turks, who, after possessing themselves of the Asiatic empire of the Caliphs, crossed into Europe, made themselves masters of Constantinople (1453), and began those invasions which kept Eastern Europe in terror for two hundred years. In virtue of its geographical position, Poland was exposed to the attacks of the Turks, though not so much as Hungary. 2. Russia, recovering from its long subjugation under the Kiptchak Tartars, again began to figure as a powerful nation under Ivan III., who rescued the country piece by piece from the Tartars, and in 1487 became an independent prince, with Moscow for his capital. His grandson, Ivan IV. (1533—1584) greatly extended the Russian dominions by his conquests, and assumed the title of Czar of Muscovy; and in his reign began a series of wars between Poland and Russia, which were continued by his successors till the two countries became deadly antagonists. In 1613 a new dynasty ascended the throne of Russia—that of the present house of Romanof; and from the very first all the energies of this dynasty were directed against Poland. 3. Sweden, raised for the first time to the position of a powerful European state by Gustavus Vasa (1523—1560), became a formidable neighbour to Poland, by reason of her possessions and claims on the east side of the Baltic, which led to entanglements between the two countries. 4. The development of the power of Austria was a source of danger to Poland. Settled in the Duchy of Austria in 1273, the Hapsburg family had gradually, by marriage, inheritance, intrigue, and war, increased its possessions till they attained the dimensions of an empire. Among its most important acquisitions were Hungary, Bohemia, and Silesia—which kingdoms were added to its already large hereditary possessions by the marriage

of Ferdinand I. of Austria, brother of the Emperor Charles V., with the heiress of Louis, King of Bohemia and Hungary, slain in the battle of Mohacz (1526). Thus, by their territorial proximity as hereditary possessors of the Austrian dominions proper, as well as by their power as Emperors of Germany—which dignity, nominally elective, had been fixed in their family since 1438—the Hapsburg princes became formidable to Poland. 5. Within the political limits of Poland itself, a power lay dormant which it only required suitable circumstances to develop into revolt and rivalry. This was the power of the Protestant Marquises of Brandenburg, successors of Albert, the ex-grandmaster of the Teutonic order, and inheriting from him the double dignity of an Electorate in the German empire, and the Duchy of Prussia, in fief from the crown of Poland. They were a shrewd and energetic race, and were biding their time.

Even as begirt by these powerful neighbours, Poland, as other countries have done in similar circumstances, might have held her own place and grown stronger and more compact by the pressure upon her from without, but for her wretched perseverance in a course of slow suicide. We have described the Polish constitution as it was from about 1150 to 1572; that is, as it was under the last five of the Jagellonide, and as it was when Poland and Lithuania were definitively united. The Poles were proud of this political organization; boasting that in no country in the world was the constitution so republican, and at the same time so efficient in action—that in none did a central authority so respectable rest on a basis so broad and popular. After the extinction of the Jagellon line, however, it entered into their heads to make their constitution still more theoretically perfect, still more logically exact to their notion of the republican principle. They availed themselves of the interregnum which followed the death of Sigismund II. (1572—1574)\* to hold diets and meetings, in which they settled—after much wrangling between the Dissidents, or Protestants, and the Catholics—certain fundamental laws for the kingdom in all time coming. Foremost of these was a provision that from that time forward the Crown should be actually, and not merely nominally, elective—no king to have any power to appoint or to indicate his successor, but each king to be elected in a *Comitia Paludata*, or express diet of the whole Polish nobility, assembled personally, and not, as in ordinary legislative diets, by deputy. These elective diets were to be held in the great plain, near Warsaw; and the nobles, or all who chose to come, were to come in full war array and on horseback. The provision, it will be seen, was equivalent to a resolution that, on each successive vacancy, the crown of Poland should be advertised in the European market

to be let or sold. It was also—for such is human nature—virtually a declaration that it should be let or sold by preference to a foreigner.

The first person to whom the crown of Poland was let was the French prince, Henry of Valois, brother of Charles IX., of St. Bartholomew notoriety, and himself an agent in that deed of horror. He was chosen out of four candidates who answered the advertisement—the Czar of Russia one of them. He did not trouble the Poles long, however (1574—1575), being called to the French throne by his brother's death, and giving up Poland in order to become Henry III. of France. The Poles, then, or a party of them, had the sense to choose, out of seven candidates, Stephen Batory, Duke of Transylvania, a man of talent, culture, and energy, whose reign (1576—1587) was spent first in crushing opposition within the kingdom, and then in wars against Russia and the Cossacks of the Ukraine. The Cossacks were organized by him in a way advantageous for themselves and for Poland; and his success against the Russians was such, that after recovering Livonia from them, he carried the war into the very centre of their country, and all but made them tributaries to Poland. His administration of Poland was also marked by a firmness and a spirit of reform, which accomplished something in spite of the obstacles of the constitution. One of his last advices to the Poles was to make their kingdom hereditary—an advice which they did not follow; for after the usual riots of an interregnum, they managed to elect two out of a number of candidates—Maximilian of Austria, and Sigismund Vasa, crown prince of Sweden—leaving these rivals to fight for the succession. Sigismund gained the day, and became Sigismund III. of Poland (1587—1632). The reign of this king, and those of his two sons, Uladislav IV. (1632—1649) and John Casimir (1649—1669)—the three reigns forming together a period of Swedish rule in Poland—were distinguished by more than usual activity, and by splendid successes of the Polish armies in various fields, but were on the whole disastrous in their final results. It was in the reign of the Sigismund III. that the Jesuits, first introduced into Poland in 1578, acquired their fatal ascendancy in the kingdom. Sigismund, whose paramount feeling was an intense adherence to the Catholic religion in its most extreme form, surrounded himself with Jesuit counsellors, to whom he abandoned all the general interests of the administration. Hitherto the disputes between the Catholics and the Dissidents of Poland—under which latter name were included the adherents of the Greek Church, the Lutherans, and all other Protestant sects—had been kept within tolerable bounds; and the Dissidents, though attacked and harassed, had retained their civil rights. From the time

of the Jesuit ascendancy, however, a systematic policy of intolerance set in, the effect of which was to alienate the Dissidents as a body from the rest of the nation, drive them into a state of chronic disaffection, and dispose them, on every convenient opportunity, to form relations hostile to the independence of Poland with foreign non-Catholic powers. Such powers, in particular, were Sweden and Russia. Crown-prince of Sweden at the time of his election to the Polish throne, Sigismund became king of the Swedes by his father's death in 1592; and for some years the sovereignties of Poland and Sweden were united in his person. His determination, however, to subvert the Protestant constitution of Sweden roused the indignation of the Swedes, who deposed him and rallied round his Protestant uncle, Charles IX. (1598). This led to a series of wars between Poland and Sweden,—the Roman-catholic part of the Poles eagerly backing their kings in their attempts to recover their native dominions; while the Dissidents, as was natural, had no heart for such an enterprise. These wars—merged for a time in the great Thirty Years' War, in which the Swede Gustavus Adolphus, as the champion of Protestantism, dared the confederate Catholic hosts of the continent, and almost accomplished a scheme of political organization which would have revolutionized Poland as well as Germany—terminated in 1660, in which year, after Poland had been overrun by the Swedish forces of Charles X., the Polish king, John Casimir, and the Diet were fain to conclude the treaty of Oliva, and purchase peace by ceding Livonia, with its important city of Riga, to the Swedish crown. It was towards the close of these wars (1657), and in consequence of the aid given to the Polish king during the Swedish invasion by Frederic William, elector of Brandenburg and feudal duke of Prussia, that another event happened of no small note in Polish history—the release of the Duchy of Prussia from its obligations as a fief of Poland, and its erection into an independent European state in the possession of the Brandenburgs. Meanwhile, by the wars with Russia, Poland was suffering other territorial losses. In the interval between the extinction of the dynasty of Rurik and the accession of the dynasty of Romanof to the Russian throne (1585—1613), the Polish king, Sigismund, had been incessantly occupied with the affairs of Russia. The astonishing success of the famous impostor Demetrius, who during this period usurped in so singular a manner the throne of Russia, was owing in a great measure to the support of the Poles,—if, indeed, that mysterious personage was not, as some believe, an instrument of the Jesuits, educated in Poland and destined by them for the express mission of imposture which he fulfilled, in order that he might uproot the Greek Church in Russia, and convert the Russians to the Catholic

faith. Nay more, after the death of Demetrius, Sigismund invaded Russia, became its master, and placed his son Uladislav on the throne of the Czars (1610). For a brief time Russia was thus under Polish control; and it was not till Michael Romanof taught the Russians how to be patriotic (1613), that Polish influence in Russia ceased. Uladislav, after he became King of Poland, made vigorous attempts to win back his Russian crown; but the first Romanof was judicious enough to keep his own by negotiation. Under John Casimir of Poland and Alexis, the second of the Russian Romanofs, the wars between the two countries were renewed, with greater advantage to Russia; and, in 1667, the Poles concluded a peace, by which they ceded an extensive portion of their eastern possessions, including Severia, Czernechovia, Transborystania Ukraine, and the city of Kiew, to the Czars of Muscovy. These last wars of the Poles with Russia were complicated by obstinate insurrections of their Cossack subjects, who had been driven into rebellion by the interference of the Diet with that system of independent government, by establishing which Stephen Batory had attached them to Poland. There were also terrible wars against the Turks and the Tartars of the Crimea, diminishing the territories of Poland in one direction, and exhausting her strength. Russians, Cossacks, Turks, and Tartars were all occasionally in league against Poland; and it is characteristic of the state of Poland at the time, that the Dissidents, in their deadly civil antagonism to the Catholic majority of their countrymen, were sometimes forced into unnatural alliance even with the invading Turks.

Amid all this complexity and confusion the Poles had won distinction of one kind, which, in a review of their history, with so much on the *per contra* side, must be always set down to their account. They had gained great military fame. The names of their generals Zamoyski, Zolkiewski, Chodkiewicz, Potocki, Czarniecki, Zubomirski, and Sobieski—the chief leaders of the Polish armies in the Swedish, Russian, and Turkish wars during the reigns of the three Vasas—were bruited over all Europe; and some of the many battles won by the Poles under these generals excited the unbounded admiration of the military critics of the time. The reason why, with all their valour and generalship, the Poles lost ground among the nations, is to be found—according to an explanation which a hundred pens have made trite—in their internal dissensions, and, above all, in that admirable political constitution of theirs which was the wonder of the world. The permanent antagonism of the Catholics and the Dissidents in a state in which the whole body of the nobles claimed the political power, had a much more paralyzing effect on the general policy of the nation than the similar dissensions in other states having a

stronger central authority. On every occasion of importance the nation separated into two masses, facing each other, and refusing to find a common centre of gravity. The grand occasions for these displays of mutual opposition were, of course, the inter-regna, when, the throne being vacant, the nation resolved itself for a few weeks or months into a tempestuous sea of electors. Moreover, on every such occasion, the Poles had the satisfaction of taking a new look at their constitution, and putting on a new patch wherever they thought it capable of being mended. Their plan was, in these cases, to revise what they called the *Pacta Conventa*—that is, the constitutional terms on which their kings held office;—adding such articles, on every new election, as they deemed necessary for the security of the republic during the reign about to commence. These changes in the *Pacta Conventa* were generally in the direction of a farther limitation of the royal authority, and a more distinct assertion of the sovereignty of the general body of nobles; sometimes, however, they involved special instructions by which the new king was to be guided—as, that he should carry on such and such a war, or that he should observe a policy of toleration towards the Dissidents. Nor, after the king had assumed his functions, was much free agency left him. The Polish magnates surrounded him, jealous of all he did; and every two years, at least, came the inevitable Diet. At one such Diet Sigismund III. stood as a delinquent before his formidable constituency, charged with violations of the *Pacta Conventa* in having entered into a secret correspondence with Austria: and on that occasion, the primate Karnkowski publicly told him that he must remember he was ruling, not over a nation of peasants as in his native Sweden, but over “a nation of free nobles having no equals under heaven.” It was not till 1652, however, that this principle of equality, or the free consent of every individual Pole of the privileged class to every act done in the name of the nation, reached its last logical excess. In that year, the king John Casimir having embroiled himself with Sweden, a deputy in the Diet was bold enough to use the right which by theory belonged to him, and by his single veto, not only arrest the preparations for a war with Sweden, but also quash all the proceedings of the Diet. Such was the first case of the exercise of that *liberum veto* of which we hear so much in subsequent Polish history, and which is certainly the greatest curiosity, in the shape of a political institution, with which the records of any nation present us. From that time every Pole walked over the earth a conscious incarnation of a power such as no mortal man out of Poland possessed—that, of putting a spoke into the whole legislative machinery of his country, and bringing it to a dead lock by his own single obstinacy; and, though the



exercise of the power was a different thing from its possession, yet every now and then a man was found with nerve enough to put it in practice. In such a case not only was the measure under discussion thrown out, but, as every act of the Diet was required to be unanimous, all the proceedings of the Diet from first to last were annulled, and the entire session was in vain. There were, of course, various remedies for this among an inventive people. One, and the most obvious and most frequent, was to knock the vetoist down and throttle him; another, in cases where he had a party at his back, was to bring soldiers round the Diet and coerce it into unanimity. There was also the device of what were called confederations; that is, associations of the nobles independent of the Diet, adopting decrees with the sanction of the king, and imposing them by force on the country. These confederations acquired a kind of legal existence in the intervals between the Diets.

John Casimir having abdicated the throne to return to his original profession as an ecclesiastic—he was always more of a Jesuit priest than a king—the Poles, in a whim, set aside the foreign candidates and elected Michael Wisnowiecki, a native youth of no mark, whose only claim was that he traced his descent from the Jagellons. He reigned but a few years (1669-1674), and his reign was conspicuous only for a terrible invasion of Poland by the Turks, and a dishonourable peace concluded with these enemies, binding the Poles to pay an annual tribute of 22,000 ducats to the Sultan. It was under the compelling sense of this thralldom to the Mussulmans that the Diet, at the next election, though they had a larger number of candidates than usual, chose one of their own nobles—John Sobieski, castellan of Cracow and grand marshal of Poland, then in his forty-sixth year, and already, by his long services against the Russians and the Turks, by far the first man in the kingdom. Since the reign of Stephen Batory, the Poles had had no such king as Sobieski proved (1674-1697). He did something for Poland herself, and would have done more, if he could; but what he did for Europe at large, with Poland as his instrument, is a story for all time. He had released Poland from her thralldom to the Turks in a manner which all Christendom applauded—defying with a small army of Poles on the banks of the Dniester, an array of 200,000 Mussulmans under the Pasha of Damascus; and for seven years after this Poland was no more menaced from that quarter. But the Turks were then at the very climax of their career as conquerors—gathering themselves for one tremendous effort to accomplish what they had been incessantly attempting since their capture of Constantinople two hundred years before, and advance the standard of the crescent along the whole length

of the Mediterranean. They had openly avowed their resolution to plant it in Rome, and change St. Peter's into a mosque as they had done St. Sophia's. They chose Vienna for their first point of attack, marching through Hungary. The Emperor Leopold fled with all his court, leaving the defence of his dominions to the Duke of Lorraine. On the 15th of July, 1683, the siege of Vienna began, the whole space round the city being filled with the tents of the Turkish army, each glittering with its Mussulman symbol. Who now could save Austria? Who but the Polish Sobieski, already the terror of the Turks, who had learnt to call him the "wizard-king?" But would he? What was Austria to Poland that Poland should be generous to her in her time of need? Had Austria deserved so well of Poland? There were not wanting counsellors who whispered these questions, and hinted that Poland might find it her interest to let matters take their course. But Sobieski was magnanimous. If there was any leading idea and purpose of his life, it was to shatter the power of the Turks, to clear Europe of them and drive them back into Asia, nay, to reclaim their whole empire from them, and restore in a new form that Byzantine empire which they had destroyed. Had the other powers of Europe but seconded him in his magnificent design—which he explained in words if not in circular letters—it might have been for a Pole in the seventeenth century and not for a Russ in the nineteenth to lead the armies of Christendom to the walls of Constantinople! For the present less was required of him. The Emperor sent envoy after envoy to implore his aid; the Pope also joined his entreaties. On the 11th of September the Polish army, with that of the Duke of Lorraine, appeared on the heights of Culemburg. On the 12th, when, perceiving the strength of the Turkish works, the armies were on the point of postponing the attack, the sight of the Vizier Kara Mustapha and his two sons calmly taking coffee among the tents roused the rage of Sobieski, and shouting out in Cromwell fashion, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us," he gave the order for battle. The Turks did not withstand the shock; the siege was raised, and Vienna was saved. In the cathedral of Vienna, where, amid the crowd met to return thanks for this deliverance, Sobieski knelt before the altar, a priest read out in a loud voice the text "There was a man sent from God and his name was John," and an electric "Amen" rose from the assembly. In all the churches of Germany and Italy, and even in the Protestant churches of England, sermons were preached in honour of the hero. At Rome there was a month's holiday; and Innocent XI., on receipt of the news, knelt for hours in tears before a crucifix. At this day the defeat of the Turks by Sobieski before Vienna and the Copernican theory of the heavens may go together as the

two greatest contributions made by the Poles as a nation to the civilization of the world. The Turks never recovered the defeat, the work which Sobieski had begun being continued by others, till by the treaty of Carlowicz (1699) Hungary and Transylvania were recovered by Austria, the Ukraine and Podolia by Poland, and the dominions of the Porte were otherwise limited very much as we now see them. All was attributed to Sobieski. Yet when, about the year 1780, the Englishman Wraxall travelled in Poland, he found to his surprise that the memory of Sobieski was but coldly cherished by the Poles of that day, and that, in fact, they rather wished he had never existed. The reason is plain. Austria, which Sobieski had saved, was then one of Poland's robbers!

The history of Poland under her four last kings is but the history of her gradual subjection to Russian control. On the death of Sobieski, Poland was, as usual, advertised in the European market as a kingdom to be let; and, as Frederick Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, offered the best terms, it was let to him (1697). It was the ambition of this handsome Hercules to be a conqueror; but unfortunately he selected the recovery of Livonia from Sweden as his first exploit, and thus roused, greatly to his own astonishment and that of Europe, the spirit of that young dare-devil, Charles XII. Charles invaded Poland, defeated Frederick Augustus, and compelled the Poles to depose him and elect another king (1704). They chose, by his direction, a Polish noble, Stanislas Leezinski, who for five years held the throne in the interest of the Swedish conqueror, leaving him free to turn his arms against his great rival, the Czar Peter, of Russia. After the battle of Pultowa, which ended the career of Charles XII., and secured the preponderance in the north of Europe to Russia (1709), the Saxon Elector again laid claim to the crown of Poland, and, by the aid of Saxon troops, compelled Stanislas to yield it back. He retained it during the rest of his life (1709—1733), excessively unpopular among the Poles, who were prevented from revolting from him only by the terror of Russia. The genius of Peter the Great had already marked out Poland as a necessary conquest for Russia on her road to empire, and indicated the gradual increase of Russian influence over the Polish Kings and Diets, as the surest preparation for this conquest. A reduction of the Polish national army from 100,000 to 20,000 men was the first conspicuous effect of Russian inspiration in the councils of Frederick Augustus. It was, however, in the reign of his son and successor, Frederick Augustus III. (1733—1763), that Poland fell completely under the sway of Russia. He owed his election to Russian armies at first; and, during his whole reign he lived so habitually in his

Saxon capital of Dresden, and suffered the Russians to act for him so largely in Poland, that St. Petersburg became almost the common capital of Poland and Russia. The results were seen after his death. In the interregnum which followed that event, Poland became, as usual, the scene of strife; and, under the pretence of preserving the peace, the Russian Empress Catherine sent troops into the country. Coerced by these troops, the Diet elected Stanislas Poniatowski, one of Catherine's lovers, designated by her for the purpose (1764). Her determination was that no change should be made in the system of the Polish government, which, by amending the anomalies of that system, might curtail her influence; and this she thought could be secured by the election of Poniatowski. At the very time of his election, however, the Diet, led by a party, at the head of which was the powerful family of the Czartoriskis, carried some important changes in the Constitution, designed and calculated to infuse vigour and national spirit into the government under the new reign. Among these was the repeal of the absurd law of the *liberum veto*. Catherine was, therefore, alarmed: Poland seemed to be slipping from under her hands. She found a very plausible pretext for interfering. Among the acts passed under the influence of the Czartoriski party, was one for excluding the Dissidents from all civil offices and places of command, and prohibiting the free exercise in Poland of any form of faith except the Catholic. Similar decrees had been passed in former Diets during the reign of Frederick Augustus II.—more particularly in the Diet of 1717, in that of 1723, and that of 1736; and from the very fact that the Dissidents, in consequence of these decrees and the persecutions to which they led, had of late been driven into a position of disaffection to a majority of their countrymen, and reliance on foreign protection, the cause of nationality and patriotism had become identified with that of Catholicism and intolerance. Not only Russia, but also Great Britain, Prussia, and Denmark, as parties to the Peace of Oliva, in 1660, by which religious liberty had been guaranteed in Polish Prussia, felt themselves entitled to protest against the intolerant measures by which the reign of Poniatowski had been initiated. These powers demanded of Poniatowski's first Diet (1766), a reconsideration of the question of the Dissidents; and Russia, joining in the demand, again sent troops into Poland. The Diet proposed a compromise, which was so far from satisfactory to the Dissidents, that they formed confederations throughout the country, and, while professing their attachment to the Constitution, and even their respect for the Catholic church as the established church of Poland, declared their determination to win their rights, and appealed to foreign Protestant powers. This organization, at the head of which was

Prince Radzivil, became complete in 1767; and in an extraordinary Diet held that year, a plan of Prince Radzivil's, for referring the question of the Dissidents to a commission acting in concert with the Russian ambassador, was passed by intimidation—the bishops of Cracow and Kiew, and various other opponents, being carried off by Russian soldiers. Immediately the Catholics formed a vast counter-confederation, called the Confederation of Bar. From end to end the country was one scene of anarchy, outrage, and civil war; in some districts, the Russians, as protectors of the Dissidents, fighting the forces of the Catholic Confederates—in others, where there were no Russians, the Catholics retaliating on the Dissidents by fire and massacre. In addition to innumerable skirmishes, twelve battles of some consequence were fought between 1768 and 1772, by the Confederates of Bar against the Russian invaders. To Catholics of other countries looking on, the cause of the Confederates seemed the cause of patriotism; and, from France in particular, they received secret assistance, and many volunteers flocked to Poland to serve on their side. Russia, on the other hand, found allies in Prussia and Austria; and the forces of the three Powers, co-operating, trampled down all opposition. So far, considering the state in which Poland had so long been, there was nothing specially to shock the contemporaneous public opinion of Europe. Suddenly, however, an astounding piece of news ran over Europe, awakening cabinets, and forming matter of gossip for newspapers and coffee-houses. A treaty had been signed at St. Petersburg, on the 5th of August, 1772, for the partition of Poland by the three occupying Powers!

The idea of a partition of Poland originated on this occasion—there had been mutterings of it on various occasions before—with Frederick the Great of Prussia. Since 1701, when his grandfather Frederick I. exchanged the title of Elector of Brandenburg in Germany and independent Duke of Prussia, for that of King of Prussia, the kingdom of Prussia had been a powerful and growing state in northern Europe: and it had acquired its high celebrity under Frederick II. himself. To complete his darling kingdom, however, Frederick had set his heart on the acquisition of Western or Polish Prussia, with its port of Dantzic, and its other commercial possessions and capabilities, thus doing away the unseemly gap which then existed on the map between the German or Brandenburg part of his territories and Eastern or Ducal Prussia, and securing for the Prussian monarchy an unbroken seaboard on the Southern Baltic. He had taken care, during the struggle between Russia and the Confederates, to occupy this desirable territory with his troops; and it was in order that he might be allowed to keep it, that he suggested to Russia

and Austria that they should help themselves to similar slices of the "Polish cake." Catherine and Maria-Theresa were gained over to the project—Maria-Theresa, they say, reluctantly, and in deference to the wishes of her son the Emperor Joseph; and the treaty of partition was signed at St. Petersburg. The precise arrangements of this treaty were as follows:—*Prussia* took a portion of the territories of Poland, measuring 10,800 English square miles, and containing about 800,000 inhabitants—this portion consisting of all Western or Polish Prussia, the districts of Dantzic and Thorn alone excepted, and some districts contiguous to Western Prussia, but not included in it. *Austria* took a territory of 27,900 square miles, with about 2,000,000 inhabitants, consisting of the whole of Galicia, or Red Russia, and some other contiguous districts of Southern Poland, adjoining her Carpathian frontier. *Russia* took a strip of territory on her own frontier, measuring 32,400 square miles, and consisting of the present Russian provinces of Polotsk, Witepsk, Mohilew, and Polish Livonia. Altogether Poland lost 71,100 square miles, or about one-fourth of her entire territory, with a still larger proportion of her population.

For nineteen years after this first partition of Poland—to which the three Powers compelled the Diet to give their sanction—the Poles who formed the remnant nation continued to lead a diminished political existence under their king, Poniatowski. Misfortune had produced wholesome effects. Brooding over the ruin of their country, their best men began to see to what faults in the nation itself that ruin might be traced. A new and healthy patriotism sprang up; all ranks became united in a common desire to see Poland recovering from her degradation by her own exertions. For a time the change was only moral and sentimental; but gradually it exhibited itself in a resolute course of reform, affecting the institutions of the country; and, at length, in 1791, it issued in the promulgation by the Diet of an entirely new political constitution, which was thenceforward to be the fundamental law of Poland. It is useless to describe minutely a constitution which was never carried fully into effect: it is enough to mention that among the radical changes which it involved were these—the abolition of serfdom; complete and effective liberty for all religious creeds, Roman Catholicism remaining the national religion; the separation of the Diet into two houses, somewhat after the English fashion, but with a preponderance of power in the upper house; the utter abolition of the preposterous *liberum veto*, and also of the old restrictions as to the duration and time of the sessions of the Diet; the strengthening of the Executive, at the same time that its prerogatives were strictly defined; the purgation of the electoral lists, by the disfranchisement of

broken-down and decayed nobles; the admission of more of the towns to the political franchise; and the appointment of special commissions to mature and carry out measures of reform in the administration, the system of public education, and the like. To crown all, Poland was declared to be no longer an elective kingdom, but a hereditary constitutional monarchy—the reversion to go to the electoral line of Saxony, after the death of Poniatowski. All over Europe the friends of freedom rejoiced at this vigorous effort of Poland to shake off the slough of her old forms, and begin a new career with the freshness of youth. No heart rejoiced more than that of our own Edmund Burke, who had already lifted his voice against the first partition, and prophesied that out of that precedent there would spring woes for all Europe. Alas! the hopes of Burke and other generous spirits were soon extinguished. On no other pretext than that it was against the interests of Russia that Poland should change her constitution, the armies of Catherine were sent across the Polish frontier. A few scoundrels among the Poles welcomed them; but the mass of the nation, with Poniatowski himself, true to his duty as their constitutional king, roused themselves to fight. In the campaign of 1792, seven battles were fought in the space of six weeks. The overwhelming military force of the Russians, aided by the treachery of the Prussian king, Frederick William II., who had engaged to support Poland against further encroachments, decided the fate of the war; and, once again mistress of Poland, Russia proceeded to a second act of spoliation. An extent of territory measuring 98,000 square miles, or more than three times what she had taken in the first partition, was transferred from the map of Poland to that of Russia; Prussia, by way of hush-money, being allowed to help herself to 22,800 square miles of what remained, with Dantzic and its district as a *bonne bouche*. Austria this time took nothing. Such was the second partition of Poland, which took place in 1793, and left Poland with an area of 86,100 square miles—or less than one-third of its original extent. Even those, over Europe, who had found some justification for the first partition in the anarchy of Poland, and, above all, in the treatment of the Dissidents, were shocked at a repetition of the same act under such different circumstances.

One more heroic struggle, and Poland was blotted out from the list of nations. Among the Polish generals who had fought in the campaign of 1792, was Thaddeus Kosciuszko, a Pole of Lithuania, who had been about twenty-seven years of age at the time of the first partition, had left his country shortly after that event, and served in the American War of Independence; and had returned to Poland, as Lafayette returned to France, breathing

the breath of freedom and the Far West. A friend of Kosciuszko; and also of Lithuanian birth, was Niemcewicz; the poet. Retiring after the second partition, Kosciuszko to Leipsic and Niemcewicz to Italy, these two kindred spirits kept up a communication with each other, and with the wrecks of the patriotic organization in Poland; and in March, 1794, a new war burst out. The movement began in Cracow, where Kosciuszko suddenly appeared with a band of adherents; but it spread at once to all parts of the country. Never did the Poles display such bravery, such self-devotion, such unanimity. The Russians were driven out of Warsaw and other parts of Poland; and whatever a small nation could do against the gigantic strength of the two great Powers between which it was wedged, was done. Between March and November, 1794, fourteen battles were fought with various success. The fatal battle of Maciejowice, fought on the 10th of October, placed Poland at the mercy of her enemies.

“Hope for a season bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciuszko fell.”

Not that he was killed in that battle, however. He, Niemcewicz, and many others of the chief Polish patriots, were taken prisoners by the Russians—most of them sadly wounded, and Kosciuszko, in particular, almost hacked to pieces. They were carried to St. Petersburg, where they were confined in cells till the death of Catherine. Meanwhile, the Russian armies overran Poland; and in 1795, the Three Powers—Austria insisting on having a share of the spoil, if there was to be any spoil at all—arranged the third and last partition of the country. Of the 86,100 square miles which then constituted independent Poland, Russia, entitled as usual to the lion's share, took 43,500 miles, or almost exactly one-half, thus advancing her Baltic frontier to Prussia; Prussia took 21,700 miles, extending her frontier eastward, so as to include Warsaw; and Austria annexed 20,900 miles to her Gallician kingdom. What remained of Poland was represented by the figure 0; and as King of Nothing, Poniatowski was carried prisoner to St. Petersburg. There he died in 1798, in the second year of Paul's reign. Paul on his accession released Kosciuszko, Niemcewicz, and the other Polish patriots, and sent them to America. Kosciuszko, no longer the gallant and the heroic, but a cripple and a misanthrope, survived till 1817, when he died in Switzerland; Niemcewicz survived till 1841, when he died, a venerable refugee, in Paris.

Infinite was the declamation caused over Europe by the final extinction of Poland; but declamation was all the interference that any foreign power offered; and Burke died half believing that, after all, the crimes of kings were worse for the world than



all the outrages of peoples drunk with Revolution. The cause of Poland now hung in the mere winds that blew over the face of Europe, or lay lodged in millions of helpless hearts still beating secretly with an old life that would not die. There was but one Power visible over the whole world to which this cause could appeal. The French Revolution, already in the full tide of its mighty progress, received into its current all other struggling and oppressed causes, as a great river receives its tributaries. From the year 1795 onwards, it was through the means of the French Revolution, and by serving under its banners, ~~that~~ all that remained of active Polish patriotism sought to keep alive the memory of Poland, and to remind the world of her wrongs and her claims. How the Poles flocked into the service of the Directory, and how they distinguished themselves in that service, both as officers and as soldiers, particularly in Italy, are matters of familiar history. It devolved on Napoleon, as the heir and executor of the French Revolution, to reward the Poles for their fidelity to him and to it. He did something to reward them, though not so much as they had expected. In 1807, he took the opportunity, when he was settling the terms of peace with Prussia at Tilsit, to oblige that Power to give up 46,200 square miles of Polish territory out of the 55,300 square miles which she had appropriated in the three partitions. Of these 46,200 miles, he gave 3,200 to Russia; erecting the remaining 43,000 miles into an independent State, to be called the Duchy of Warsaw, and to be governed, under the general regulations of the Napoleonic Empire, by the Saxon princes. By a subsequent arrangement with Austria, in 1809, that Power was obliged to give up 22,600 miles of *her* Polish acquisitions; of which, 2600 miles were given to Russia, while the remaining 20,000 were added to the Duchy of Warsaw. Thus, at the height of Napoleon's greatness, there was included in his Empire a factitious Polish state, of about 63,000 square miles in extent—a morsel of old Poland revived, so to speak, for Napoleon's purposes, and by way of political experiment. The Poles, of course, were by no means satisfied with so small an instalment of their claims; but they still trusted to Napoleon's generosity when circumstances and, above all, a rupture with Russia, should make it easier for him to carry out his ulterior views in their behalf; and, accordingly, it was with a thrill of enthusiastic expectation that in 1812 the Poles hailed the advance of the French invading army into Russia. There were at least 80,000 Poles in that army. The disastrous issue of the Russian campaign, however, dashed the hopes of Poland, and during the remainder of Napoleon's career, the Polish question was in abeyance. At the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, this question came before a different tribunal—that of the assembled diplomatists of Europe; and was

there discussed from a new point of view. It is certain that, when that Congress first met, there was some disposition to give the question a generous solution—Castlereagh and Talleyrand, on the part of Great Britain and France, necessarily urging such a solution; while Austria did not seem to be unwilling to yield up all Galicia for any equivalent consideration, and the Russian Emperor Alexander positively astonished the world with his liberal intentions. What might have been the result had the diplomatists been able to arrange the matter at leisure cannot now be known: the escape of Napoleon from Elba obliged them to hurry over their work without being very nice; and the question of Poland was settled as follows:—The Duchy of Warsaw ceased to exist—the Saxon princes, as allies of Napoleon, having shared his ruin. Of the 63,000 square miles forming that duchy, 13,500 were restored to Prussia; 2800 were given back to Austria; 46,000 were erected into an independent European state, called *The Kingdom of Poland*, the crown of which was conferred on the Emperor Alexander of Russia, to be enjoyed by him and his heirs and successors for ever, as a family possession quite separate from the Imperial crown of Russia; and, lastly, the small remaining space of 500 square miles, including the city of Cracow and its immediate vicinity, with a population of about 61,000 souls, was erected into what was called the *Free Republic of Cracow*, under an independent government, guaranteed by the three Powers in common. From 1815, accordingly, the interest of strictly Polish history is concentrated in the so-called “Kingdom of Poland,” and its diminutive little neighbour, the so-called “Republic of Cracow.”

The history of the kingdom of Poland—Poland the Second, as it has been sometimes named—was bright but brief. The Emperor Alexander, as we have said, was then a “liberal,” in the English sense of the term, full of ideas such as were in circulation among the disciples of Jeremy Bentham. Since his accession to the empire of Russia, in 1801, the Poles attached to that empire had been under a far less galling tyranny than those attached to Prussia and Austria. In the case of the kingdom of Poland, however, he had an opportunity for a more emphatic display of his liberalism. With enough of the true Russian spirit of Peter the Great in his veins to insist, at the Congress of Vienna, that this kingdom should belong to himself and to none else, he had no sooner bullied Castlereagh and the rest into the concession of this demand, than he brought out the other part of his character, and surprised all the crowned heads by granting, of his own accord, and, as it were, out of philosophic conviction, a constitutional charter to his new kingdom, a hundred times more liberal than Castlereagh would have granted,

had he been the donor. This charter was proclaimed on the 24th of December, 1815, or about four months after the kingdom came into existence. It consisted of 165 articles, among the most important of which were these:—the maintenance of Catholicism as the national religion, with perfect toleration and equal civil rights for all other sects; the most entire liberty of the press; the national use of the Polish language, and the reservation of all posts and places, civil and military, with slight exceptions, for native or regularly naturalized Poles; the inviolability of person and property, except after regular process of law; the responsibility of ministers; and freedom and publicity in the legislature and in the law courts. The legislature was to consist of two chambers—a chamber of senators, about seventy in number, and nominated by the king for life; and a chamber of deputies, 128 in number, returned by the districts and the communes. All citizens of the age of thirty, possessing any piece of land, however small, and paying taxes to the amount of 100 Polish florins a year (2*l.* 10*s.*), were eligible as deputies; and the right of voting belonged to all landholders, all manufacturers or traders of any kind, having a capital of 10,000 florins (250*l.*), all parish clergymen, all teachers, and all artists or mechanics of certified talent. The two chambers were to have the right of discussing and rejecting measures; but the right of initiating measures was reserved for the king and his council. The kings were to be crowned at Warsaw, and were to swear fidelity to the constitution; and during their absence, the Executive was to be exercised by a lieutenant and a council of state.

The Czar was thus like a man possessed both of a town-house for rough purposes, and a country-house for relaxation and pleasure. Russia was his town-house; there he was the autocrat, the lord of fifty millions of serfs, the framer of ukases; and, if you called on him there, you were likely to find him in gruff humour, and deep in business! Poland, with its four millions, was his neat little country-box; there he was a constitutional sovereign, governing by law and charter; and if you called on him there, you were sure to find him at his leisure, with a book in his hand, or sauntering in his grounds, or talking familiarly with his bailiff! Alas! he found his country-box no such easy possession. For a time, indeed, all went on prosperously. The flourishing state of the kingdom of Poland during the first three or four years of its existence under constitutional government, is a standing answer to those who deny the possibility of social order and prosperity among the Poles, unless when controlled by a foreign whip. For particulars, we may refer to any history of the time. The Poles, on the one hand, did justice to Alexander's good intentions towards them, and began to like him. There

was hardly such a thing as an opposition-party in the Polish Diet, and Government found its work easy. On the other hand, Alexander was pleased with his Poles, and was proud of them; and once, in the fulness of his heart, he declared to them that so convinced was he of the advantages of constitutional government, that he only waited a proper occasion to retire from business as an autocrat altogether, enfranchise the Russians, and set up a Parliament in St. Petersburg. This was in 1818; but before two years had passed, the relations between him and the Poles were totally changed.

Two causes conspired to produce the change. In the first place, granting that the Poles were as happy as it was possible for the best constitution to make them, there could not but still linger among them an inextinguishable sentiment of nationality. Sophisticate as we may, it remains a sound belief, recognised by all speech and all literature, that a man who forgets his country, who forswears her past, and is dead to the legends of her fame, is a wretch and a cut-throat. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning!" was the feeling of the Hebrews of old; and the tune of it is eternal. The four millions of Poles who formed the kingdom of Poland, cherished in their hearts, as a sacred altar-fire, the memory of Poland the Great, and of all her sufferings and wrongs. They looked around and saw masses of their fellow-countrymen cherishing the same recollections, and subject to various foreign governments, keeping them asunder by force, and systematically crushing out of them all that was Polish. Was it wonderful that, even in their own prosperity, the dream arose of a restored and reunited Poland, and that the mighty melancholy which forsakes not hearts bereaved, took possession of their young men? Still, had not actual events chafed this melancholy into action, it might have remained a mere sentiment, exhausting itself in novels and tales of the Polish past, and forlorn national songs. Such events did occur. Partly in consequence of offences given to Alexander by expressions of the national aspirations in the Polish press, partly in consequence of a change in Alexander's mode of thinking, there arose a struggle of the usual character between the sovereign and the people. An anti-Russian party sprang up, and Government found itself impeded. Piece by piece Alexander proceeded to violate the constitution. First of all, in 1819, came an ordinance establishing a censorship of the press. Other unconstitutional decrees followed. Russian troops were quartered in Poland, and paid out of its revenues, contrary to charter; illegal arrests were multiplied; the Diet was not convoked; and, in one matter after another, the king changed into the autocrat. Alexander's agent in Poland—his eccentric, uncouth, and ferocious brother, Con-

stantine—increased the rage and disaffection caused by these measures, by a thousand outrages, and a perpetual tone of insult in all his dealings with the Poles. It is impossible, in a skimming narrative such as this, to give an idea of the merits of the quarrel between Alexander and the Poles; one must go down among the concrete details to understand how much the Poles had to endure. It is enough to say that, before Alexander's death, the Poles had cause to hate him as a tyrant.

Nicholas succeeded his brother in 1826, and inherited the quarrel begun with the Poles. He was not the man to shrink from going through with it. *He* never had any sympathies with constitutional government. He hated it from the first, and came to the throne with the determination to release himself as soon as possible from his single personal connexion with it. Far more openly and decisively than his brother, he dealt with Poland as an autocrat. He called one Diet, and came to a rupture with it. Every act of his rule added to the spirit of discontent, till at last all Poland became organized against his government, and ripe for insurrection. It was thought that the Poles would avail themselves of the Turkish war of 1828 to rise in behalf of their constitution; but it was not till November, 1830—four months after the French revolution of July had given the impulse—that the “movement” occurred. How, on the 29th of that month, the young men of Warsaw began the insurrection by attempting to seize the Grand-Duke Constantine; how the insurrection became general, and the Russians were driven out of Poland; how Chlopicki, the commander-in-chief of the insurgents, lost time, and the influential Poles sought to negotiate with Nicholas; how Nicholas returned for answer that he would have unconditional surrender or nothing; how the Poles then threw off allegiance to the house of Romanof, and established a new government under the presidency of Prince Adam Czartoriski; how, for seven months of 1831, the Russian armies, first under Diebitch and then under Paskiewitch, fought battle after battle with the Poles: how, partly through mismanagement, partly through deficient numbers and resources, all the valour of the Poles failed of final success; how terribly Nicholas avenged himself, by drafting the Polish patriots into his armies, sending them to Siberia, and driving them, by hundreds, into exile; and how, acting on the so-called law of nations which declares that conquest cancels all prior tenures, he forthwith declared Poland no longer an independent state, but only a province of the Russian Empire,—all this, there are many who remember. Nicholas had attained the object of his wishes. He declared, some twelve years afterwards, to the Marquis de Custine, that, sooner than play the part of a constitutional king again in any part of Europe, he would fall back upon China.

The little republic of Cracow, though occupied by the armies of the three Powers, maintained a nominal existence till 1846, when it was formally extinguished. Thus, the second time, was all trace of Poland obliterated from the map of Europe.

The question of the present day is, Shall Poland be restored to the map of Europe, and ought Great Britain and France to labour to restore it? Take the vote of the entire populations of the two countries, and the answer will be overwhelmingly in the affirmative. It is no longer a question of sentimentalism, of abstract belief in the doctrine of nationality. One may care very little for that doctrine; one may hold, as some do, that nationalities are fictitious things, which can be made and modelled as well as anything else—as well as cheeses, for example—if only you grant the application of sufficient time and sufficient pressure; one may hold that all history has been but an illustration of the factitiousness of nations, and that, though the case of Poland is a very glaring case, even the anomalies connected with it might be got over in the lapse of years, and Europe benefited by the new combinations which have resulted from the disruption of the once great Slavonian mass calling itself the nation of the Poles. One may think in this Nebuchadnezzar fashion, and yet be thinking nothing to the purpose, as the question now chances to be presented. The question now is whether, be the abstract view of the case what it may, the resurrection of Poland is a necessity for Europe. The universal feeling is that it is. If it is desirable that the Czar should be beaten, the restoration of Poland is a necessary means for that end. You may debate the first point, but, if you concede it, you cannot debate the second. There is, indeed, a kind of M'Cullochism, if we may so call it, in politics, which, judging of countries and their prospects solely from tables of their revenue, their exports, their imports, and the like, leads us into wretched mistakes. If we beat Russia enough in the Crimea, and bombard her enough wherever she shows a fort, and blockade her coasts enough, it is thought we shall have driven back Russia, and arrested her course of aggrandizement. It is forgotten that there are certain powers and agencies in countries, swaying them and directing them, of a kind that cannot be tabulated by Mr. M'Culloch—belonging, so to speak, to the category of the imponderables. It is forgotten that in her theory of Panslavism, for example, and her fanatical propagandist spirit as the champion of the Orthodox Greek Church, Russia possesses elements of force ever at work—active while the cannons are roaring, and as active when they are silent; and that, while these spiritual forces remain in her, she will still be a conquering nation, though St. Petersburg shall have been laid in ruins. Those who advocate the restoration of Poland take a more profound view of the war. We must meet

Nicholas, they say, not with battles merely, but with new political combinations. Wherever our armies tread, they must not merely leave a carnage of Russians behind them; they must plant permanent political arrangements inconsistent with the re-extension of Russian power in that region, and finding their own interest in preventing it. In the striking phrase of the author of the *Lettre à l'Empereur*, we must *impassion* the war. And what more effective way of doing so than by moving the restoration of Poland? A restored Poland—that is, at least, one necessary part in the great self-supporting political combination, by setting up which Russian supremacy in Europe will be made impossible.

Any opposition that the idea of restoring Poland may still meet with, arises partly from the disinclination of the official mind to all “large” measures; but partly also from a kind of disgust with the Poles nationally and personally. The past of Poland seems to many to promise but ill for the future. A nation always in anarchy; a nation of wrangling nobles and miserable serfs, both a prey to Jews and Jesuits; a nation, the poor of which were the most squalid in Europe; a nation tried and found wanting, tried and found wanting again—what hope is there of any resurrection for it? As regards this mode of argument, we believe we have furnished the means of judging of its worth in the foregoing retrospect. To us it seems that injustice is done to the Poles by those who use the argument—that their history, even at its worst, attests their possession of certain peculiar virtues and capabilities, counterbalancing their faults; and that certain points of their history may be selected—as, for example, under some of the Jagellons, and again in 1791—5, and 1815—30—when they really exhibited powers of civil cohesion and orderly self-development as great as were to be found in any contemporary nation. How much of the anarchy and national misfortunes of the Poles arose from the single fact of their having a bad political constitution! True, they *made* that constitution; but the philosophy of the connexion between a people and its constitution is not so well understood as to enable us to aver that a superior people can never have an absurd constitution. The Poles amended their constitution, and, so far as they had a trial, after they had done so, they were *not* found wanting—which looks as if a superior people might, by some fatuity, retain political forms altogether unworthy of them, and suffer in consequence. Of the question of Polish serfage, we have already said enough. Respecting the personal habits of the Poles, here also we feel that our philosophy as to the connexion of such habits with national character is defective. In the time of Henry VIII., Erasmus found the houses of the English the most filthy in Europe. The Scotch of last century were not a very cleanly

people, if we may believe the tourists of the time. Yet neither the English nor the Scotch have shown an incapacity for self-government. In fact, however, the accounts of Polish habits in this respect seem to have been exaggerated. Wraxall, in 1780, found the Polish ladies high-bred, accomplished, and beautiful women, and Polish society of the higher ranks generally about the most delightful in Europe. Among the Poles that come under our observation in this country, we find many true gentlemen. Polish refugees, indeed, are not popular, as a class; but what refugees are? We often wonder whether, if there were a revolution in this country, and if a body of young men were driven by the result to the Continent for refuge, and obliged to seek a livelihood under all kinds of difficulties, their conduct would be more creditable to their native land than that of the Polish, or the Italian, or the Hungarian refugees in England is to theirs. There are certain virtues which are very apt to give way when the pecuniary basis on which life itself rests is withdrawn; and besides, refugees, even in a good cause, are not necessarily the firmest and best characters produced by their respective countries. Such characters, however, must be *amongst* them; and we have ourselves known Polish refugees, as well as Italian and Hungarian, of whom any country might be proud.

Altogether, we think it a very safe assertion that, were the Poles restored to their independence now, they would show that the lessons of the past have not been lost upon them. If they did not form a nation internally regulated at once on the best principles, they would at least form a nation externally strong as a whole; and that is what is chiefly wanted. But, besides, the Poles, such as they are, exist—they cannot be swept off the face of the earth; and the question is, shall they be Russian or not? If Russia can manage the Poles, surely it is within the compass of political science to devise a system by which they could be as well managed and yet be free from Russia. In what precise form Poland could be best resuscitated, and how practically the problem of her resuscitation might be best solved in the present state of Europe, we shall not profess to say. Count Krasinski hints that the problem might be solved quite consistently with the Austrian alliance, by inducing Austria to give up Galicia as the nucleus of a new Polish state to be formed by the gradual annexation of parts at least of Polish Russia and Polish Prussia. He gets over the difficulty by supposing that the Western Powers might in that case give the Danubian Principalities to Austria in exchange—a remedy which most will think as bad as the disease. Leaving this question for practical politicians, we will add, for ourselves, only two remarks. First, Poland must be resuscitated as a whole, and nearly in her full ancient extent, as a country



stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Secondly, the restoration of Poland will not do alone. Hungary and Italy must at the same time be made independent nations, and the other Slavonians of Austria and Turkey must be also organized. It is only by a division of the map of Europe into nationalities, permanent by reason of their conformity to natural conditions, and nearly equipollent in respect of their mass, that Russia can be resisted, and a true balance of power established.

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## ART. VI.—CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY REFORM.

1. *Report of the Royal Commission appointed in 1850, to inquire into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues of the University and Colleges of Cambridge.*
2. *Cambridge University Transactions during the Puritan Controversies of the 16th and 17th Centuries.* Collected by JAMES HEYWOOD, M.P., F.R.S., F.S.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; and THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A., Hon. M.R.S.L., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. 2 vols. 8vo. H. G. Bohn. 1854.
3. *The Ancient Laws of the Fifteenth Century for King's College, Cambridge, and for the Public School of Eton College.* Collected by JAMES HEYWOOD, M.P., F.R.S., and THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1850.
4. *Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. Charles Simeon, M.A., late Senior Fellow of King's College, and Minister of Trinity Church, Cambridge, with a Selection from his Writings and Correspondence.* Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM CARUS, M.A., Fellow and Senior Dean of Trinity College, and Minister of Trinity Church, Cambridge. 8vo. Hatchard. 1847.
5. *How shall we examine Dissenters?* J. H. Parker: Oxford and London. 1854.

“OUR century, says Walter Savage Landor, “seems to have been split asunder: one half rolling forward, the other half backward; inquiry closed by icebergs, credulity carried to the torrid zone. Oxen no longer speak in the cow-market, but wooden images roll their eyes in the shrine.” Applicable as these words are to the busy hum of daily life, they are yet more so to the venerable halls on the banks of the Isis and the Cam. While this last half-year has seen restrictions removed, and tests

laid aside by Parliament for Oxford, the University herself has placed her Pusey second on the poll of professors. On one morning she appoints a well-known votary of science, who was not educated within her walls, her deputy-reader in geology; on the next, she bids adieu to one of her far-famed sons, who is gone to join his Oriel colleague, Dr. Newman, where "credulity is carried to the torrid zone." Still our century rolls forward, and if we may argue from the rapidity with which the Oxford Reform Act passed the Lords as well as the Commons, we may hope for similar results when CAMBRIDGE REFORM is brought prominently before the nation.

The volumes of Messrs. Heywood and Wright, placed at the head of our article, contain much material for learned antiquarians, but they require translating into the rough and ready language of ordinary life. The public require to get a bird's-eye view of the university—as it is. We will attempt to draw the picture, which we fear will after all appear confused to uninitiated readers. We are desirous of showing that while there are great evils, there are corresponding remedies. We may add, that we are not without hope of seeing the latter applied. Her Majesty's Government have lately shown signs of some activity. They do not intend to leave the "Report of the Royal Commissioners of Inquiry" to remain, like the thousand-and-one blue-books, a lump of dulness and deadness. Lord Palmerston has entered into correspondence with the Prince Chancellor, and the importance of his letter induces us to give it entire:—

"Whitehall, Dec. 12, 1853.

"SIR—Her Majesty's Government have had before them the letter addressed by my predecessor, on the 4th of Oct. 1852, to the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

"Your Royal Highness will, without doubt, remember that her Majesty was pleased, in her speech from the throne, on the 11th Nov. 1852, to acquaint Parliament that she had caused to be transmitted to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge respectively, copies of the Reports of the Commissioners of Inquiry upon these Universities, and had called the attention of those Universities to those reports, with a view to a deliberate examination of the recommendations contained therein.

"A statement was subsequently made to the House of Commons, that the Government thought it desirable that ample time should be allowed for a full examination of those matters, and that it was not intended that any legislation on the subject of the recommendation of the Commissioners should be proposed to Parliament during the then current session.

"At the same time, though it was not deemed expedient to discuss the various details connected with subjects so important and diversified as the matters in question, yet reference was made to some essential

points, with respect to which her Majesty's Government conceived that it would be the desire and expectation of Parliament, with a view to the public welfare, and to the extension of the useful influences of the Universities, that plans of improvement should be entertained.

( "These points were:—

"1. An alteration of the constitution of the Universities, with a view to the more general and effective representation of the several main elements which properly enter into their composition.

"2. The adoption of measures which might enable the Universities, without weakening the proper securities for discipline, to extend the benefits of training to a greater number of students, whether in connexion or not with colleges and halls, and also to diminish the relative disadvantages which now attach within colleges and halls to students of comparatively limited pecuniary means.

"3. The establishment of such rules with regard to fellowships, and to the enjoyment of other college endowments, as might wholly abolish or greatly modify the restrictions which now, in many cases, attach to those fellowships and endowments, and might subject the acquisition of such fellowships and endowments generally to the effective influence of competition.

"4. The establishment of such regulations with regard to fellowships thus to be acquired by merit, as should prevent them from degenerating into sinecures, and especially the enactment of a provision that after fellowships should have been held for such a time as might be thought reasonable as rewards for early exertion and distinction, they should either be relinquished, or should only continue to be held on condition of residence, coupled with a discharge of active duty in discipline or tuition, or with the earnest prosecution of private study.

"5. And, lastly, the establishment of provisions under which colleges possessed of means either particularly ample, or now only partially applied to the purposes of education or learning, might, in conformity with the views which founders have often indicated, render some portion of their property available for the general purposes of the University beyond as well as within the college walls, and might thus facilitate the energetic prosecution of some branches of study, the importance of which the University have of late distinctly and specially acknowledged.

"It is obvious that for the attainment of these ends provision must be made for the careful adjustment of existing statutes, and for the abolition or modification of certain oaths which are now periodically administered in some of the colleges.

"There are other changes tending to the increased efficiency and extent of study which would naturally accompany or follow those to which I have adverted, but what I have stated may be enough to explain the general expectations which her Majesty's Government have been led to form under the influence of their sincere desire to acknowledge the services, and to respect the dignity and due independence of these noble institutions, and to see their power and influence enlarged

to the full measure of the capabilities indicated by their splendid endowments.

"Actuated by these views, her Majesty's Government do not hesitate to determine that, so far as depended upon them, a considerable interval of time should elapse, after the reports of the commissioners had appeared, before any specific propositions should be discussed as to the degree and nature of the legislation respecting the universities which it might be requisite to submit to Parliament.

"Her Majesty's Government, however, feel that the time has now arrived when it will be due, both to the country of which these universities are such conspicuous ornaments, and to the well understood interests of the Universities themselves, that these questions should be decided.

"I, therefore, request that your Royal Highness will, in your capacity of Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, have the goodness to take an early opportunity of informing me what measures of improvement that University, or so far as your Royal Highness's knowledge extends, any of its colleges may be about to undertake, and what aid they may desire from Parliament in the form either of prohibitions, of enabling powers, or of new enactments.

"Her Majesty's Government are anxious to receive this information in such time as may enable them to give to this important subject the careful deliberation it demands, and to be in a condition to advise her Majesty thereupon, if possible, by the month of February.

"Her Majesty's Government, however, have no hesitation in avowing their opinion, that repeated and minute interference by Parliament in the affairs of the Universities and their colleges would be an evil, and they are desirous to maintain the dignity of these institutions, and to secure for them the advantages of freedom of action. For these reasons, therefore, as well as on other grounds, they earnestly hope to find, on the part of these bodies, such mature views and such enlarged designs of improvement, as may satisfy the reasonable desires of the country; and by obviating the occasion for further interference, may relieve those persons in the Universities who are charged with the weighty functions of discipline and instruction, from the distraction which the prospect of such interposition must necessarily entail.

"I am, Sir, your Royal Highness's dutiful servant,

(Signed)

"PALMERSTON.

"To Field-Marshal His Royal Highness Prince Albert, &c.,  
Chancellor of the University of Cambridge."

A grace of the Senate appointed a syndicate or select committee to reply to this letter; but large measures of reform cannot be expected from the University itself. In the following remarks we shall present our own answer to this important document.

We address ourselves at once to Lord Palmerston's proposed alteration in the constitution of the University, with a view to the more general and effective representation of the several main elements which properly enter into its composition. We pro-

ceed to interpret the formal address of a Secretary of State, by reducing it to the ordinary language of common life. The Home Secretary very wisely proposes some alteration in "the constitution of the University." By its constitution he evidently means those laws and statutes which give legal force to the proceedings of the corporation, entitled in the 13 Eliz. ch. 29, "The Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge." This corporation exists for the promotion of "sound learning and of religious education," and is chartered for the cultivation of all the liberal arts and sciences of which our forefathers knew either the name or the nature. Its rulers are compelled to govern their subjects by certain statutes prepared by Dr. Whitgift and his friends for the subjugation of the Puritans in the reign of Elizabeth, and enforced by royal authority alone. These statutes, with the Act which sanctions the previous regulations of the University, have been published by Messrs. Heywood and Wright, together with other historical documents which explain their working in the good old times of Burghley and Essex, and the two Charleses. Now, without requiring our readers to peruse these archæological documents, we may fairly claim their assent to the assertion, that laws adapted to the times of Elizabeth are utterly unsuited to those of Victoria. However well disposed the present authorities might be to act upon the suggestions of the Home Secretary, they have no power to deviate a hair's-breadth from the letter of their written decrees: they are bound by many oaths to their rigid observance. The lapse of nearly three centuries has rendered the greater part of them shams and shadows, and the worst wish which we indulge for them is this—to be hung up as soon as possible, as fossil curiosities, in the very centre of Professor Sedgwick's geological museum. To justify the severity of our criticism on these decrees of the Tudor formation, we must take a rapid glance at the cumbrous machinery of that constitution which Lord Palmerston proposes to alter. Public opinion needs ample material for its formation, and when thoroughly roused to a sense of the nature and extent of the disease, it will exercise its own discretion in the discovery and application of the remedy.

An English University is essentially a twofold institution. It is not what the public is at first sight disposed to think it—a mere sum total of so many colleges. It has an unseen existence independent of every collegiate structure, yet it is intimately bound up with each of them. This primary conception of an English University, as distinct from foreign ones, must be fixed permanently in the mind. The city of Oxford and the town of Cambridge contain a certain number of colleges, visible to the eye and palpable to the touch. Who dwell within their walls, and

what they do there ; what they teach and how much they learn, what they leave untaught and unlearnt, may soon be known to all who trouble themselves to inquire. But when these same persons walk out of their gothic gateways, and meet for an hour or two under other cloisters for different purposes, the collective body becomes a general academical corporation. This commonwealth of literature and science on the banks of the Cam consists of various members of seventeen colleges, and is known to the law of the land by the title already quoted from the Act of Elizabeth. Like other corporations, it has duties to discharge, revenues to dispense, and privileges to enjoy. It becomes one of those national institutions in which every Englishman has an interest ; and its object being the promotion of learning and religion, the arts and sciences, its present position and its future prospects are worthy of the study of every intelligent member of society.

“ From henceforth,” says the scion of our Eighth Harry, “ by the name of Chauncellor, Maisters, and Schollers of the Univer-sitie of Cambridg, and by none other name or names, shal ye be called and named for ever more.” But the institution is older than the name. Edward I. by his letters patent first permitted the foundation of a college. From that happy or disastrous moment the colleges have been growing in numbers, influence, and wealth, and have succeeded in turning the University out of doors. Succeeding kings and queens, lords, commoners, and ladies, have founded and endowed public professorships and private colleges and halls, till the present complicated relation between University and college has produced an entanglement of interests which requires a new University constitution.

The practical government of the united corporation is carried on by the Chancellor or his deputy, the Caput, and the Senate. The Chancellor is the responsible head of the university, having the supreme executive authority within its precincts over every matriculated member. He preserves and defends its rights and privileges, convokes its assemblies, and is the supreme judge in his own court over all causes within his jurisdiction. He is chosen by the senate, by public competition, after the usual method of electing members of Parliament. He is usually some nobleman of distinguished rank ; at present the office is held by his Royal Highness the Queen's Consort. On ordinary occasions, however, his aid is never invoked. When the Crown has anything to write to the University, the *dignus vindice nodus* is assumed to have arisen, and the illustrious Chancellor may at any time take his academical throne in the Senate House. The Vice-Chancellor is his resident and practical substitute. By a decree of the heads of houses in 1587, he must be the head of a college : he holds

office for a single year, and is the visible representative of the limited monarchy of this *imperium in imperio*. He presides in the Consistory Court of the Chancellor and at all meetings of the *Caput*: he confers all degrees, is an official elector to many professorships and scholarships, as well as to many inferior offices of utility and trust. If we understand Lord Palmerston's letter aright, the main elements of this corporate "constitution" are to be preserved, and to be made far more effective. The Vice-Chancellor's duties and liabilities must be more defined and reduced to the wants and necessities of our times. It has now become a most burdensome office, which the heads rather shun than seek. There is far too much mediæval etiquette about it. All this impedes its business functions, and must be set aside. Surely he can walk from Caius Lodge to St. Mary's without a silver poker parading through the streets before him. Let him be accompanied with due dignity while he is presiding in the Senate House and seated on the judicial bench, but spare him all this tinsel while under the bright blue sky of heaven. The real power of the office increases every year, and if Lord Palmerston's suggestions are carried out, must increase tenfold for some years to come. He should be relieved from outward pomp that he may be entirely devoted to inward reform. Like other chief magistrates, he is also a judge. Let his court henceforth be a county court, and common-law procedure take the place of its "civil" relation.

The *Caput* is the next estate of the academical empire; and a most important one it is, for these two reasons: First, every "bill" to be submitted to the Senate must originate with this irresponsible committee: and secondly, each member of it can *reto* everything. One single vote against the best possible improvement, puts an extinguisher upon it. Measures commonly called "resolutions" by public bodies in London, have the name of "graces" in the technical jargon of the University. No grace can originate in the Senate at large. Every "bill" must be introduced in this upper house of despotic oligarchs. They are only five in number, with their chairman as the sixth. Now, were these five the chosen representatives of a living, active body of intelligent professors, tutors, and masters, they might be endured: but they are the select list of a close corporation, of heads of houses. It is now time that such a *caput* should be voted *mortuum*, and should be replaced in an efficient manner.

Transfer the scene for a moment to the government of England. The Tudor scheme is this. The Speaker of the Lords, with five others, neither the wisest nor the wittiest of their species, have the sole power of originating every law, and each of the six by his single voice can annihilate the action of the whole. All the while the Commons House is looking on in silence, and playing

at the game of shut your eyes and open your mouth, and take what these reverend fathers please to send you. The marvel is, that with such an executive council as this, so many improvements have taken place within the last half century.

The *Senate* itself needs reconstruction, and new powers.

It is composed of two houses, called Regent and non-Regent: each house votes separately, silently and secretly. Ay or no is all the utterance allowed to some of the most eminent men in the kingdom. The Lyndhursts, the Macaulays, the Goulburns, and the Rolles, may indulge St. Stephen's with their eloquence as long as they please: but in their own classical Senate they must keep their finger upon the lip. Proctors and scrutators gather up in rapid seconds the condensed oratory of learned legislation. The kind of reform required is as follows: unite the two houses; appoint a prolocutor—say the Public Orator—a kind of speaker of the Commons House. Let him explain every grace to the Senate as it is received from their reverences above: allow a mover and seconder, as well as the mover and seconder of an amendment, to address the house, and then let the votes be taken.

The *financial* system requires revision. The University chest must be unlocked, and a vigilant eye must overlook the man who keeps the key. A yearly balance-sheet of accounts should be laid before the Senate. That house must know how the money is paid in, and when and why it is paid out. The accounts are doubtless all kept correctly, but they are balanced in the dark, and the auditors do not report. A public Auditor is required to be elected in the same open manner as the public Orator and the burgesses of the University. The fees payable for various degrees require readjustment; a list of them is found in every annual calendar, and the sooner it is revised, the better will the chest become filled with a golden harvest. The University is also a trustee for many valuable bequests for the promotion of literary, scientific, and religious learning: enlarged powers are required respecting many of these, as there is a perpetual struggle between the alternatives of either violating the trust or defeating the objects of the original donor.

The information which even members of the Senate could obtain respecting the actual revenues of the University, and their expenditure, was until recently the scantiest possible. King Henry VIII. granted the Rectory of Burwell, which now produces about 1000*l.* per annum. Each student at matriculation pays to the chest, the registrar, and the tax to Government, jointly, the sum of 5*l.* 10*s.* There are about 450 students matriculated every year, and allowing the University to receive 2*l.* from each, this item amounts to 900*l.* Then the fees for the various degrees, with fines for omitting various academical exercises, which are



perfectly obsolete, are supposed to amount to about 3000*l.* per annum. These cautions for exorcises never required, are a gross abuse, which requires instant abolition. Not only does the common chest profit by such extortions, but individual officers, especially the registry. For in estimating the income of the university, it is essential to separate those fees which are paid to the chest, from those which are swallowed up by individual officers. For instance, when a D.D. degree is conferred by royal mandate, the extra fees amount to 23*l.* 14*s.*; of this sum the Divinity Professor receives only 1*l.* 7*s.*; the chest, 1*l.* 1*s.*; but the registry, whose duties might be discharged by a salaried clerk at 200*l.* per annum, receives 12*l.* 8*s.* Every B.A. pays to the common chest 2*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*, and to the registry, 3*l.* 3*s.* Every M.A. pays to the common chest, if a fellow, 2*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.*; if not a fellow, 3*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.*, and also to the registry, 6*l.* 6*s.* The yearly average number of B.A.'s and M.A.'s, for the last ten years, has been, B.A.'s, 320, and M.A.'s, 210; so that while the chest has received about 1200*l.* from this source, the registry has received 2220 guineas from this source alone. Facts such as these justify the necessity for a searching inquiry and an entire change of system. The common chest of the corporation loses the means of accomplishing much good. Many important public works are crippled and abandoned, through a diversion of the fees from the common chest to the profit of separate officers.

The expenses of the corporation are great of late years—the expenditure has largely exceeded the average income, in consequence of extraordinary outlay for the observatory, the museums, lecture-rooms, the printing press, the library, and similar academical improvements. The salaries to officers and servants not paid by specific fees amount to about 4500*l.* per annum. The number of examinations having lately increased to a very great extent, the payments to the examiners have also increased: as each examiner is paid 20*l.* out of the common chest, when there is no special trust-fund provided for the purpose. Although these auditors are annually appointed by the Senate, yet the public at large know nothing of the particular items of receipt and expenditure. It is absolutely necessary that the whole balance-sheet should be laid annually before the Senate, that every member may know not only the state of the University's capital and income, but also the amount of fees annually received by every university officer.

There is another point of view from which we must look at this literary corporation. They are a great mercantile firm in the printing line. From the hour that Henry VIII. granted them the licence of printing "all sorts of books," these master printers have enjoyed special privileges and monopolies, over which they have watched with jealous care. The Vice-Chancellor is the senior partner in a house whose rivals have been the Baskervilles

and the Woodfalls of successive generations. Their profits, however, notwithstanding their monopoly of printing Bibles and Prayer-books, have never been great, and of late years have been all but evanescent. Notwithstanding its many advantages, it has been of late years a complete failure, and this fact suggests the question, Ought the University to be a gigantic trading firm? We reply that this is one of the excrecences which require to be cut off with an unsparing hand. The establishment may fairly be called a large one. It comprises frames for 70 compositors; presses for 56 pressmen; 8 steam printing-machines; and was for some years under the superintendence of a London manager, at a salary of 400*l.* per annum. The Royal Commissioners pointed out the want of "the commercial element" in the management of its "press," and the Senate adopted the very plan which the Commissioners think objectionable: viz., a partnership with a printer and a publisher. This arrangement is justified by its advocates on the ground of the loss of the main source of income—the profit on printing the authorised version of the Bible. Since the trade was thrown open, by granting licences in Scotland, profit has been exchanged for loss. In 1840, 195,000 Bibles and 243,500 Testaments were printed at this establishment, the lowest price of a bible being 2*s.* 3*d.* In 1850, the number of Bibles was 31,000, of Testaments 35,000, and the lowest price of a Bible was 10*d.* Here is reason enough for some change, and the reader shall now judge whether these learned tradesmen are wise in their generation. The Prince Chancellor is now "the Co." as a sleeping partner in the mercantile firm of Clay, Seeley, and Co. Each of the two visible heads provides 5000*l.*, and "the Co." adds another 10,000*l.* in the shape of the existing stock and plant. The resident printer is to receive 400*l.* per annum as salary; and the London bookseller a commission of 2½ per cent. upon the sales of Bibles to societies, and 12 per cent. on the sales to the trade. The term of partnership is fourteen years, with leave for the two tradesmen to withdraw within the first three: "the Co." guarantees its colleagues 5 per cent. on their capital for the first three years, and itself a similar per centage, if it can get it; and the remainder of the profits to be divided equally between the three. The spirit of avarice has surely been outwitted here by the genius of commerce. The real tradesman has the best of it; the amateur printers can scarcely hope to make things "pleasant" at last: for they must provide 500*l.* interest, 400*l.* salary, and at least 800*l.* per centage, before they can drop a single sixpence into that bottomless pit—the common chest. Senators at Cambridge must surely be easily misled; for when the co-partnership was submitted to the academic Senate, only two *non placets* were recorded against it.

A parliamentary Commission would find much scope for usefulness here, and their powers should be stringently defined, as the cavillers would be many, and the quiescent few. Questions of finance always give rise to accusations of injustice and to fury in debate; let the ultimate appeal be but wisely selected, and justice and discretion will certainly triumph.

In order to convey in the briefest way a knowledge of the amount and sources of income enjoyed by the University and Colleges respectively, we present our readers with the following tabulated statements, from the Report of the Royal Cambridge Commission:—

TABLES RELATING TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

TABLE 1.

Annual University Income, applicable to general purposes, on the average of seven years, ending at Michaelmas, 1851.\*

|   |        |    |   |
|---|--------|----|---|
| Matriculation Fees.....                               | £1,874 | 7  | 1 |
| Fees on B.A. Degrees.....                             | 914    | 1  | 7 |
| Fees on other Degrees.....                            | 921    | 8  | 5 |
|   | <hr/>  |    |   |
|   | £3,709 | 17 | 1 |
| Income arising from other Fees and Fines....          | 146    | 4  | 3 |
| Income arising from Land.....                         | 484    | 0  | 0 |
| "    Houses.....                                      | 148    | 7  | 0 |
| "    Burnwell Manor.....                              | 6      | 14 | 4 |
| "    Burnwell Tithe Rent Charge.....                  | 1,660  | 0  | 0 |
| "    Government Annuities.....                        | 507    | 18 | 6 |
| "    Profits of the Press.....                        | 895    | 0  | 5 |
| "    Dividends on Stock.....                          | 187    | 0  | 0 |
| "    Wine Licences.....                               | 221    | 8  | 6 |
|   | <hr/>  |    |   |
| Annual University Income for general purposes, £7,966 | 3      | 1  |   |

TABLE 2.

Annual Income of the University of Cambridge, appropriated to specific objects, estimated on an average of seven years, ending at Michaelmas, 1851. (From the evidence of the Vice-Chancellor to the Royal Cambridge Commission, p. 15.)

|   |        |    |   |
|---|--------|----|---|
| Library Subscriptions, at the rate of six shillings a-year, from every member of the University, except Sizars..... | £1,957 | 5  | 8 |
| Two-thirds of the Library Fines.....  | 25     | 14 | 9 |
| Interest of Legacy for the Purchase of Books (Manistre).....  | 150    | 0  | 4 |
|   | <hr/>  |    |   |
| * Carried forward.....  | £2,132 | 0  | 9 |

\* Evidence of the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, p. 15, in the Report of the Royal Commissioners.



TABLE 3.

Table of Revenues of Colleges in the University of Cambridge, from the Report of the Royal Commissioners of Inquiry into the University of Cambridge.

|   |          |    |    |
|---|----------|----|----|
| Annual Income of St. Peter's College..... | £7,311   | 3  | 0  |
| Pembroke College.....                     | 12,013   | 8  | 0  |
| Trinity Hall.....                         | 3,917    | 2  | 10 |
| King's College.....                       | 26,857   | 7  | 11 |
| Queen's College.....                      | 5,347    | 0  | 1  |
| Christ's College.....                     | 9,178    | 15 | 5  |
| St. John's College.....                   | 26,166   | 14 | 11 |
| Magdalene College.....                    | 4,130    | 0  | 0  |
| Trinity College.....                      | 34,521   | 19 | 10 |
| Emmanuel College.....                     | 6,516    | 16 | 3  |
| Sidney Sussex College....                 | 5,392    | 16 | 10 |
| Downing College.....                      | 7,239    | 17 | 0  |
|   | <hr/>    |    |    |
|   | £148,599 | 2  | 1  |

Approximate Annual Income of Clare Hall,  
 Caius College, Corpus Christi College, St.  
 Catherine's Hall, and Jesus College..... 36,400 17 11

Annual Income of all the Colleges..... £185,000 0 0

The *professorial system* is intimately bound up with that of finance. The very object of the University is that of teaching and examination. All its forms of government and its artificial etiquette of dresses and degrees are worthless, except to confer grace and dignity on those who teach and those who learn. We hold that the University is bound to be the teacher and the examiner of her students, and that a revival of the professorial system is essential to her proper discharge of the duties intrusted to her. It is well known that in both our English Universities, the colleges have gradually usurped the functions and responsibilities of the University; but during the last quarter of a century, public attention has been aroused to the abuse, and Cambridge has done much to wipe away the reproach. Still we are prepared to contend that more may be done with great ease towards the improvement of this vital element, and the corresponding extension of the examinations. We must beg the reader's patient attention while we state the case as it is; point out deficiencies, and show how these serious evasions of duty may be rectified.

The twenty-one existing professorships are as follows.—Languages, three; Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic. Exact Sciences, four; Plinian, Lowndian, Lucasian, Jacksonian. Natural Sciences, four; Chemistry, Geology, Botany, Mineralogy. Medical Science,

two; Physic and Anatomy. Theology, three; Regius, Margaret, and Norrisian. Civil Law, one; Moral Philosophy, one; Modern History, one; Political Economy, one; Music, one.

There are also various readers, and lectures in languages, science, and divinity, besides the Downing Professors of Common Law and Physic, and teachers of some modern languages.

The efficiency of these officers must always depend upon the manner in which they are remunerated. A few of them are fairly endowed, others are paid only 100*l.* per annum; while some have no endowments at all. Some also are paid by the fees of the students who volunteer their attendance, and others receive fees from those who take degrees in their respective faculties. This scantiness of remuneration has led to various abuses; one professorship being held with a deanery, another with a mastership of a college: The most glaring instance of abuse is that of anatomy, the professor having held a college living in Yorkshire for twenty-eight years. He is the last of a trio well known to the men of former days as "Stone Clarke, Bone Clark, and Tone Clarke;" and strange as it may seem, it is necessary to prevent, by some imperious by-law, the only representative of surgery in the University from holding a church living of 780*l.* per annum.

The language professors all lecture and examine: and of late years the activity of the staff has been greatly increased, as each has his assigned duty of either lecturing or examining. But there are many desiderata yet to be carried out before the University can be said to perform its duty to this moving generation. First of all, it must be thoroughly understood that it is the bounden duty of the University to attach the very best men in every science to fill the chair and conduct the examinations. Adequate stipends must be provided, so that the occupants may be compelled to resign all college dignities and offices. Canonries of Norwich, Ely, and Peterborough might be assigned to some of them. *In Languages*, at least five additions are required, viz., Latin, Anglo-Saxon, French, German, and English. *In Divinity*, the restrictions on the Norrisian professor compelling him to read "Pearson on the Creed" like a parrot should be taken off; the Hulsean foundations should be consolidated; and instead of dry sermons at St. Mary's, the regular duties of a practical teacher of pastoral theology should be substituted for them. Happily, the incomes of the two Hulsean foundations allow of this change. Powers should be conferred upon the parliamentary Commissioners to give to such alterations the full force of legal decision. *In the Exact Sciences* the number is sufficient: but the Lowndian should not be held with the deanery of Ely. Such pluralities are a bar to the promotion of young and meritorious aspirants: It is a national disgrace that no scientific position is open to

a man like Adams. He already ranks with the first astronomers of Europe, and as yet he has no opportunity of devoting his talents to the public service. The *Natural Sciences* are well provided for; but the remuneration is disgracefully contemptible. For who will not venerate that prince of lecturers, the Geological Professor? and who can surpass in talent and versatility the admirable Jacksonian? Additional chairs are needed for common law, metaphysics, and ancient history; and they should be open to competition to the whole world, without any further test than that of fitness for the office. They must all be independent of college fellowships. A collision often arises between college and university duties, and the college always triumphs. The colleges have too often swamped the University. We should struggle manfully to get rid of this giant evil, by restoring to the University its teaching duties, and rendering the very best men in the United Kingdom responsible for the examinations, in all the arts, sciences, and faculties. We earnestly press upon all who have the slightest interest in these pursuits the duty of watchfulness as to the proposals contemplated by the ensuing Act of Parliament. Let them advocate the introduction of these principles, which will materially aid the Commissioners in consolidating many of the bequests of which the University is the trustee, and in applying the finances to the purposes for which they were designed, viz., the unrestricted promotion of sound learning in every branch of modern science, literature, and religious knowledge.

With the view of enabling our readers to form their own opinions respecting the scientific courses, we submit to their notice the following details. The duties of the four professors of the exact sciences are discharged as follows:—

The Plumian Professor is the University Astronomer, and resides at the Observatory. Professor Challis lectures during the Easter term on hydrostatics, pneumatics, and optics, and the mathematical theories of sight and sound. He also admits the students to the Observatory, and explains familiarly the practical parts of astronomy. He illustrates his lectures by original experiments. The Professorship was founded by Archdeacon Plume, A.D. 1704, and is endowed by the rent of an estate at Balsham, and a payment of 50*l.* annually by the bequest of Dr. Smith, the founder of the Smith's Prizes. The common chest grant annually such a sum as will make the income amount to 500*l.* The sum of three guineas is paid by each student for the first course; two guineas for the second, and afterwards the attendance is free. Professor Challis examines for the Smith's Prize, and has the whole of the astronomical duties of the Observatory under his control. He was appointed in 1836.

The Lowndian Professorship was founded by Thomas Lowndes, Esq., A.D. 1749, and is endowed with an estate of 300*l.* per annum. As the electors are the Lord Chancellor and four other cabinet ministers, it is essential that the candidates' scientific acquirements should be tinged with the hue of the ministerial politics. It is enough to know the date of the appointment, to ascertain that the present holder must not only be a sound astronomer, but an equally sound Whig. Professor Peacock was appointed in 1836; and the founder's will directs his attention to astronomy and geometry. Every Lent term he endeavours to make his hearers acquainted with the present state of these sciences, and with the practical methods of observation which are in use in modern observatories. He exhibits the most improved astronomical instruments or models of them, and explains their use both at the Observatory and in the lecture-room. He also examines for the Smith's prize.

The Lucasian Professorship was founded in A.D. 1663, by Henry Lucas, Esq.; and was formerly held by Sir Isaac Newton. It is endowed with an estate in Bedfordshire of 100*l.* per annum. Professor Stokes lectures on the theoretical principles of mathematics, and examines for the Smith's prize. The electors are, all the heads of houses.

The Jacksonian Professorship was founded in A.D. 1783, and endowed by the Rev. Richard Jackson with 100*l.* per annum. The resident regent M.A.'s are the electors; but the restrictions imposed by the founder are highly objectionable. A Trinity man is to be chosen *cæteris paribus*; next a Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire man. Nothing can be worse than such foolish regulations: the founder might as well have fixed on the cut of the coat or the colour of the hair. Happily, in 1837, a Fellow of Caius fulfilled the requisite conditions without the slightest detriment to the interests of science. Professor Willis lectures on the mechanical sciences, including the steam-engine, and all the possible combinations of constructive mechanism. His course is given in the Michaelmas term, in the schools in the Botanic Garden. The fees for the first course, are as usual, three guineas; for the second, two guineas; and afterwards *gratis*. These four professors are members of a permanent board of mathematical studies, and are thus entrusted with a superintendence of the mathematical examinations of the University. Certificates of attendance on the lectures of any two of them is required for candidates for honours in the natural sciences. The natural sciences have also four professors: the Professor of Chemistry delivers thirty lectures during Lent term, and twenty during Easter term; the first on the elements of the science; and the second on the more



advanced branches—especially organic chemistry. Professor Cumming was elected by the Senate, voting as they do for a member of Parliament, A.D. 1815. The professorship was founded A.D. 1702, and the salary of 100*l.* per annum is paid by the Treasury, by annual grant of Parliament, on exhibiting a certificate of having delivered the prescribed course of lectures. The usual fees as above mentioned are paid by students, and aspirants to medical degrees are required to attend.

The Professorship of Geology was founded by Dr. Woodward, A.D. 1727. Professor Sedgwick has held the office since A.D. 1818. He has now the advantage of explaining to his students the rich stores of a geological museum belonging to the University; and as ladies are admitted to his lectures, they always draw a full attendance of young men, among whom the fair sex are gracefully intermingled. Geological rides are also taken, where the quarry and the common form the subject matter of discourse upon the mysteries of the pre-Adamite world.

The Professorship of Botany is a patent office, having a Crown salary of 200*l.* per annum. It was founded by the University in A.D. 1726. Professor Henslow delivers his course during Easter term, and students in medicine are required to attend. Herborizing excursions are also made, in which botanical physiology is practically illustrated.

The Professorship of Mineralogy was founded by the University A.D. 1808, and a salary of 100*l.* is now annually assigned to it by Parliament. Lectures are delivered by Professor Miller, on minerals and crystals, during Lent term; and the students have access to a very extensive mineralogical museum, in which the professor explains the nature of the materials used by architects, sculptors, and lapidaries, both ancient and modern, and exhibits specimens which illustrate this branch of science. The usual fees are paid, as previously stated. These four professors are members of a permanent board for conducting the examinations for honours in the natural sciences: and certificates of attendance upon any two of them are required from candidates for such honours.

*The Examination System.*—The paramount duty of the University authorities is to frame and conduct an improved system of examination. As the professors already enumerated are responsible to the nation at large for their skill in teaching, so should they be required to devise the best possible methods of examination. The changes which have been gradually introduced have prepared the way for still more important ones. These changes have been silently and steadily accomplished by degrees during the last thirty years, and we are now about to make additional recommendations for a complete revision of the whole

system as far as the degree of B.A. The great object of nine-tenths of the students is to obtain this degree either with honours or without them. At the commencement of the present century, the University was singularly careless about the training of the great majority of its students. The colleges had absorbed all the attention of the authorities; the student was never examined till the period for taking his first degree, and that ordeal was the slightest possible. It was below the standard of any third-rate school in the kingdom. The lapse of half a century has been accompanied by great changes, and these point the way to fresh improvements. We shall now state freely the measures which ought to be immediately adopted:—

1. The University and the parliamentary Commission should revise the present system of examination for bachelor's degrees in every faculty.

2. The first degree should be conferred without any religious test or any formality before the Vice-Chancellor. If rendered imperative before proceeding to higher degrees in any of the faculties, great pecuniary outlay and waste of time would be saved. The necessary changes would suggest themselves as circumstances demanded. The examination system is at present in a transition state; various anomalies have grown up from the improvements being introduced piecemeal, without the slightest reference to any intelligible uniformity.

When the professoriate is called into more active duty and placed on a more extended basis, honours should be conferred after searching examinations in common and civil law, ancient and modern history, the natural sciences, medicine, surgery, and music, as well as in morals, theology, and metaphysics. The senate have already admitted the principle of *quot homines tot studia; quot studia tot examinationes*. Further details are unnecessary; practicable methods may soon be discovered for carrying out a liberal principle, free from all religious tests and oaths, with completeness and precision.

Having proved the necessity for so many changes of fundamental importance in any efficient scheme of University reform, we must refrain from wearying the reader with a discussion of others equally essential. The Prime Minister of the Crown has lately expressed his determination to "carry the hand of reform fearlessly into every department of the State," and we would suggest for his immediate consideration that all religious tests for M.A. and the higher degrees should be abolished by Act of Parliament. Law and medicine, history and science, should be free as air from even the semblance of a religious fetter. The best men from all the colleges of the world, and from no college at all, should be eligible to the highest and most honourable offices of

the National Universities. All the mummery of bowing and dressing for the various higher degrees should be abolished, the simplest possible declarations before the Vice-Chancellor should be adopted, and the mediæval etiquette of barbarous times should be buried in the same tomb with the antiquated shiboleths of theological dogmas.

That general public constituting the commons of the realm may need some explanation of the meaning of certain words current in the dialect of Cambridge. The first degree, for instance, is either ordinary or honorary; those who seek no honours are said to take a "poll" or "pass" degree; and those who distinguish themselves as worthy of honours are said "to go out in honours," on either the classical or mathematical "tripsos." "Syndicate" is equivalent to a select committee. Every syndicate is appointed by the Caput and the Senate, and literally does the business which, if the Senate were at liberty, it would do for itself. When any improvement is thought desirable, it must first be submitted to the Vice-Chancellor and the Caput; on their approval, a grace is offered to the Senate appointing a syndicate to deliberate and report. The syndics then meet and report as required. Their report is again laid before the Caput, and, with the sanction of this body—any one of whom may ostracize it by his single veto,—graces are offered to the Senate in accordance with this report; each member votes "placet" or "non-placet," either among the junior or senior Masters of Arts, and thus every measure is summarily confirmed or rejected, according to the taste of the few members who trouble themselves to be present. The whole of this machinery is rusty and "out of gear;" it is inapplicable to the necessities of the age. It throws the real business into the power of isolated bodies out of the house, and occupies the ingenuity of the ablest men in devising schemes for doing their work in spite of the statutes. Truly, it is well to work in harness, and to be held tightly in hand; but when changes in the fashion of the harness are absolutely forbidden, the driver is compelled to complain of the speed and mettle of his team.

*The Jurisdiction of the University.*—In all these discussions concerning literature and science, it must not be forgotten that we are dealing with men of like passions with ourselves. This *imperium in imperio* has outward relations to the every-day world of buying and selling, "picking and stealing," lying and quarrelling. Its members have business dealings with the great Babylon of land and labour, law and politics, throughout the nation at large. The majority come to these shady bowers of intellectual development for the express object of cultivating their talents for acquiring the wealth and the honours of life. They need, like the rest of us fallen mortals, pounds, shillings,

and pence; and they mean to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow and their brain. Hence the struggles of intellect will create collision, and need an ultimate court of appeal between contending interests. Justice must sit enthroned somewhere, and the nation has decreed that she shall reign supreme in the Vice-Chancellor's court. There she puts forth her powers in upholding discipline, decreeing punishments, and deciding suits, by the authority of statutes and charters granted by the Crown and sanctioned by parliament. The kind of disputes which occurred during the Puritan period, and the manner in which they were settled, may be discovered by a perusal of Messrs. Heywood and Wright's antiquarian volume; while some later incidents of University dissension may be traced in the lives of Drs. Bentley and Milner. For instance, in 1588, St. John's was troubled by a very refractory senior fellow: "He doth use to blow an horn often in the daytime, and hollow after it." "He threatened openly to set the president in the stocks in the hearing of the schollers. He bragged openly that he wold bring into the hall one that was expelled immediately before, and wold set him downe at the table to see if any man durst do anything against it, professing himself to be as much a fellow as the mayster was mayster, and more." Bentley, too, gave the world a specimen of extraordinary talents when actively engaged in expelling fellows, cooking accounts, and baffling lawyers, as well as in editing classics and correcting Milton. As lately as 1809, a dispute of some importance arose, which ended in the Court of King's Bench, confirming the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor. An M.A. was served with a writ of *Latitat* by a D.D. The M.A. claimed the privilege of defending himself in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, and desired the University to furnish him with such documents as were needed to establish the claim of "cognizance" which his counsel was about to make in the Court of King's Bench. The Vice-Chancellor was obliged to move personally, and a rule was granted on Nov. 28, 1809, for the plaintiff to show cause against the jurisdiction of the University. The case was argued on the 21st of January, 1810, and the court pronounced unanimously for the jurisdiction of the University. It then became necessary to hold a court at once at Cambridge, or else the plaintiff might renew his complaint to the Court of King's Bench. Thus the nature of the jurisdiction, and the due method of enforcing it, was clearly ascertained for this and all parallel cases. The reason given by Queen Elizabeth for such a court in her famous charter is, to prevent any hindrance or disturbance in the studies of the place, by the ordinary proceedings of the law courts. The time is now come for a patient review of such privileges. It is clear enough that they are not now of much value to the University, while they are often detri-

mental to the public at large. They operate more oppressively when the dispute is between "town" and "gown." For many years there have been various irritating and vexatious questions between them; especially with respect to the jurisdiction of the magistrates of the town and county. Some of these have been amicably compromised and settled, while others are in progress.

As an Act of Parliament will at length be required to place everything on the footing of substantial justice, we urge our readers to make themselves familiar with the transactions of the past, with the supposed claims and privileges of the contending parties, that the legislature may produce a measure suitable to the necessities of the case, and finally satisfactory to all who desire the purification and revision of University laws, justice, and morality.

*The Colleges.*—In treating of University life, we have to consider the important feature of a collegiate residence. In our present article, we desire to lay before our readers, first of all, the facts of the case as they at present exist, and next to stimulate them to inquire how far existing practices, rules, restrictions, and proceedings are adapted to the requirements of the present age. The facts of the case are these:—Every University student must first be entered at one of the colleges under an authorized public tutor. These colleges or halls are seventeen in number, and claim their origin at different periods of English history. The first authentic charter is said to be dated 45 Henry III., and may be found among the records of the Tower. They are separately maintained by endowments conferred by various founders and benefactors, and each is a body corporate, governed by its own charters and by-laws, its members enjoying definite University privileges, and subject to control by the paramount statutes and decrees of the University. This important word implies far more than the aggregate of so many colleges. It is something very different from the sum total of those venerable buildings which grace the banks of either the Isis or the Cam. The student's business is first with the college and its tutors and its deans. His chief duty is to attend a classical and a mathematical lecture, for a single hour each, almost every day, to be present at chapel and hall, and to be within the gates at a reasonable hour at night. The number of students renders it impossible that all should reside within the walls; permission to live in licensed lodgings is given to all who either cannot or will not reside in college. At this moment there are 1896 residents in the University; of whom 1209 live in college and 687 in lodgings. During the October term of this year, 429 "freshmen" were placed on the University rolls, while last year the number of admissions was 408. The majority of these young men arrive about the age of

nineteen from public and private schools, where their capacities have been tried, cultivated, and tested. The amount of knowledge which they bring with them is far more than their fathers carried away. They have already profited by the general diffusion of knowledge, morality, and mental culture among the middle classes, and having learned to bear the yoke in their youth, they are prepared to strive for the mastery in the noble race of refined competition. This change in the age when students enter college must be borne in mind when the ancient statutes are to be thoroughly revised. In former days the college lad was younger than any sixth-form boy at Harrow or Winchester. The son of the great Dr. Bentley was admitted at Trinity College at the age of twelve years, and was chosen a fellow of that Society, by his father, at fifteen. The statutes still contemplate the probability of the wearer of the cap and gown indulging in a game of marbles on the steps of the Senate-house. Antiquarian enactments like these are of the utmost importance in conveying to our minds the enormous gulf which separates those times from our own. And the more we acquire correct notions of what has been and compare it with what actually is, the better are we prepared to legislate for the future in a spirit of chastened and earnest wisdom.

Follow then the course of the ingenuous youth as he enters upon the first real struggle of life. His college proposes to him subjects for study, while he finds for himself athletic exercise as well as mental recreation. Classical authors and mathematical reasoning are the food which the college provides, the larger institutions supply it in more generous abundance, while all consider it as the only legitimate diet for the incipient freshman. The whole undergraduate period is in truth a dealing with stern realities; it is a grappling with the acknowledged difficulties of literature and science; and it is every man's fault if he waste the precious years in vanity and folly. These two branches of learning are fostered in every imaginary way: by examinations, by exhibitions, prizes, scholarships, and sizarships. Under various names and disguises there are pecuniary incentives to study, which lighten the expense of education, and form the stock-in-trade when the fullblown graduate seeks some situation or employment which is open to merit alone. For two years the student is entirely in the hands of his college tutors; he then for the first time is required to pass a University examination, in which success brings no credit and failure implies disgrace. A question very naturally arises here as to the wisdom of occupying so much time in classical and mathematical pursuits. Till the last few years scarcely anything else has been encouraged and rewarded at either University. Cambridge has however yielded to the spirit

of the times, and taken many steps towards the cultivation of the physical sciences. The honours which are now conferred upon proficiency in chemistry, geology, and international law, show that her Senate is not insensible to the wants of the age. We urge them to advance in this onward career, and we would aid them in every possible way in elevating these studies to their rightful position. It must not, however, be forgotten that experience sanctions the practice of disciplining the student's mind, when young, by classical and mathematical studies. It is strictly in accordance with the natural constitution of our intellectual faculties.

Youths necessarily divide and classify themselves according to their fondness for scholarship or science. There is nothing artificial in this division; it is only the constant formula which expresses an unerring law of mental development. Every Englishman, we unhesitatingly pronounce, may be trained to some degree of mental culture by one or other of these processes, and in nine cases out of ten he will manifest a decided preference for the department of either languages or science. And the wisdom of this all-prevailing law is this: the study of the subject to which we are naturally inclined is accompanied with intense pleasure. As soon as the elements are mastered, the very ruggedness of the path adds to the gratification of the journey. A few gifted men have arisen who have been proved worthy of the highest honours in both departments of human knowledge, but this is the exception which proves the rule; in the overwhelming majority of instances, no training whatever could convert the senior wrangler into the senior medallist.

It is only following out the intention of the great Author of our being thus to cultivate the faculties which he has given us, by the study of human language and by the contemplation of the laws of the physical world. One student will make rapid proficiency in one department and another in the opposite; what one finds irksome the other will delight in; while both will be benefited by the effort to reach a certain standard in that study which is disagreeable to him. It must be remembered that the college lecture-room contains men of all orders of mental capacity, and of the greatest variety of character, disposition, feelings, and tastes. Besides the well-trained classic and the acute mathematician, there are the fast and the slow, the gentle and the simple, the idle and the extravagant. Some are essentially hard and selfish in all their aims and conduct; others too idle to work, because too wealthy to require it. Hence they dissipate their time and their money in ruinous frivolities and reckless excitements. "Nevertheless," observed a fast man to his friend, in chapel, "I would rather be senior wrangler than win the sculls, I think, *if it were not for*

*the reading.*" Besides the fast, the tutor is tormented by the slow—men whom no college in the world can cure of inveterate dulness, and whose only mission upon earth is to drive the quill or to guide the plough. There are also others puffed up with the religious vanity that they are the called of God to be his special messengers to his people. Now if it be true, according to a celebrated preacher, that the Almighty does not need men's wisdom, it is equally demonstrable that he does not need their folly. The insufferable conceit of these pretenders to superior piety is perpetually intruded upon the collegiate authorities, and can scarcely be repressed by the sternest rebukes. Of all pretensions, that of ostentatious sanctity has been proved at Cambridge the hollowest and most delusive. Yet men of all these religious and moral extravagancies meet together under the same cloisters, and have to dwell side by side till admitted to the B.A. degree. Then they get sorted and sifted, riddled and cross-hackled. Its honours and its failures usually determine a man's academical position for life. "The wide, wide world" is before them, and they are thrust up, like some geological strata, by a new formation, striving to become the uppermost crust of the world. Go forth they must on the face of the earth; some to country curacies and pleasant rectories; others to meet in all the varied garbs of professional success on the bench or on the woolsack; in the Arctic Seas or the Asiatic jungles; in Hong Kong or New Zealand. A few of the highest names on the classical and mathematical lists remain to be chosen fellows of their colleges, and henceforth become the resident members of the Senate and the governing body of the University.

We are now brought to a consideration of the single colleges as corporate foundations, and to the changes required in their management. Each college consists of a master and a definite number of fellows, and each has its own statutes and revenues, and the perpetual advowson of numerous livings. The government of each is carried on by certain laws and by-laws, and in case of disputes among the master and fellows a Visitor usually has the power of pronouncing a final decision. Among the evils which require correction we may mention the restrictions as to county and lineage which hinder the election of the best men to the vacant fellowships. Those restrictions are by no means so numerous as they formerly were: statutes have been set aside or evaded wherever it was possible, and for this very reason the aid of parliament is required to enable the colleges to throw off the incubus of obsolete fetters, to abrogate the force of pernicious oaths and declarations, and to propose schemes for future regulation which when approved by competent authority, may acquire the binding force of law. It is the practice in most of the colleges, whenever the statutes do



not absolutely forbid it, to elect as fellows those students who stand highest on the lists of either classics or mathematics; and when county restrictions are known to be a positive bar or to give a necessary advantage, then the expectant fellows sort themselves by migrating to other colleges, where they find the chances in their favour to be the greatest. Thus the daily life of Cambridge consists in making ways of escape from the arbitrary provisions of statutes which are felt to require the utmost ingenuity to avoid infringement. At only two of the colleges are there any special fellowship examinations. At St. John's, the mathematical honour reckons at its due value, and there is an examination in classics. At Trinity, there is a most searching examination in classics, mathematics, and metaphysics. University honours are of no account: some of the most eminent fellows took only an ordinary degree. There are 416 fellowships, and about 900 college scholarships and exhibitions. The general summary of the revenues already given from the Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry and the Cambridge University Calendar will supply sufficient information to those who need it: but we strenuously urge the passing of a bill in the ensuing session of Parliament, which shall efficiently accomplish the objects contemplated by the Home Secretary. A parliamentary Commission is required to confer with the governing body of each college separately, and to make such changes as are needed. Whatever can be done by consent, should be submitted to the Crown, and have at once the full power of law; whenever there is a difference of opinion, the decision of the parliamentary Commissioners should be submitted to the Crown and laid before Parliament, with a view to the settlement of the dispute. If the colleges are to participate in privileges conferred by the national will, they must be rendered responsible to that supreme authority: and the omnipotence of Parliament must be felt in its restraining as well as in its enacting energies. A specimen or two of the kind of evils which need instant removal may here be noticed. St. Peter's College was founded A.D. 1257, the date of its charter being A.D. 1280. Till lately there could not be more than two fellows born in the same county: and seven were confined to the northern, and seven to the southern counties of England. These restrictions were removed by letters patent in A.D. 1830. But a very useless restriction still remains: a "Gisborne" fellow cannot become a "foundation" fellow after he is of M.A. standing. This needless restriction operates as a bar to the success of deserving young men, and often deprives the college of the active service of the most worthy. At Clare Hall, again, the master must be elected within eleven days after the vacancy is known, and the choice is restricted to B.D.'s and D.D.'s. So that the fittest

man is disqualified simply by an accident which the statutes do not give him time to avoid. If a fellow, too, be absent from Cambridge at the regular period of taking his M.A. degree, he is punishable by a fine: while three of the fellows, by accepting special endowments, have no voice in any college business, cannot hold any college office, are incapable of ever being elected to any other fellowship, and they cannot hold even this poor paltry privilege unless they take priest's orders within four years after M.A. standing. This practical compulsion of so many fellows to take holy orders, must be prohibited by the law of the land. It is a crying scandal and a hateful abuse. It leads to the greatest disingenuousness, immorality, and hypocrisy. Caius College, also, is hampered by restrictions as to "priest's orders, the county of Norfolk, and the diocese of Norwich;" and these are most provokingly burdensome, because this is the only college which encourages anatomy, physiology, and chemistry by excellent examinations and substantial scholarships, and enjoys the advantage of a medical lecturer, who directs the studies of the medical students. Heartless indeed must be the struggle against wind and tide when "priest's orders" are an essential requisite to the future emoluments of such a college. Trinity Hall, founded A.D. 1350, is emphatically the civil law college, and yet, out of at least a dozen fellows, two of them must take "priest's orders." Norfolk again is specially favoured at Corpus Christi, and Richmond in Yorkshire at Christ's. The president of Queen's must be a B.D., and yet the office is at present held by a layman. The original endowment of St. John's was for fifty fellows, and although the college obtained letters patent from George IV. for opening these offices to all natives of England and Wales, there are still other fellowships, the holders of which are strictly precluded from college offices, livings, and foundation emoluments. Nearly all the fellows are under the compulsory bondage of "priest's orders." Even Trinity itself does not escape the galling chain. Although the statutes of this singular monument of the foresight of Henry VIII. have lately been revised by the commissioner of the crown, there is still work to be done for that parliamentary Commission which will be necessary for sweeping away all the abuses of even the noblest colleges of the land.

The most glaring instance of the truth of these remarks is manifested in the case of King's College. The past history and the present state of that magnificent abuse is too well known to require elucidation here. It is enough to state that an oath is still taken by its members to observe an enormous code of college laws four hundred years old. It was commenced by King Henry VI. in A.D. 1441. It was even then distinguished amidst

kindred foundations: its earliest charter is printed by Messrs. Heywood and Wright, and will repay perusal. In A.D. 1457, a composition was entered into between the university and this college, which has been observed till the present day, and has had a most ruinous effect upon the institution through nearly four hundred years. Its connexion with Eton School is so strict and exclusive that its members are but few, and the stimulus to exertion but trifling. Its resources are ample, its position excellent, and its capabilities may be deemed superb. We most heartily respond to this prediction of the preface, "King's College may even rival its active hard-working neighbour, Trinity College, as soon as its endowments can be placed, by legislative enactment, in the open field of academical competition." The Dean of Ely, in his able work on the Statutes of Cambridge, expresses a hope that if its benefits were more widely distributed among the students of Eton generally, it might be converted from a "magnificent cenotaph of learning into a living and glorious monument, dedicated to the cultivation of all the arts which adorn humanity." Most heartily do we echo the generous sentiment of the Dean: we would do more than write about it: we would urge the introduction of a clause into the contemplated act, having reference to Eton and King's College. All students of Eton of a certain standing should be eligible as pensioners, and the election to scholarships and fellowships should be on the model of its "hard-working neighbour" Trinity. We deprecate over legislation. A *carte blanche* should be given as to details: the general orders should simply be, "Take King's, and make it a second Trinity;" then the foundling of our Sixth Harry will soon grow as hardy and manly as the nursing of our Eighth. A comparison of the following statistics, given in Messrs. Heywood and Wright's preface, will add to the force of these remarks.

## INCOME OF KING'S COLLEGE IN 1842.

|                                  | Per Annum. |
|----------------------------------|------------|
| 1 Provost.....                   | £1400      |
| 13 Senior Fellows, at £270 ..... | 3510       |
| 29 Fellows M.A., at 170 .....    | 4980       |
| 16 Fellows B.A., at 112 .....    | 1792       |
| 5 Undergrad. do., at 56 .....    | 280        |
| 7 Scholars, at 26 .....          | 182        |

## MEMBERS OF FOUNDATION.

|                        |     |
|------------------------|-----|
| 71 Tutor—Salary .....  | 200 |
| 3 Deans .....          | 120 |
| 3 Bursars .....        | 210 |
| 1 Conduct Fellow ..... | 112 |
| 1 Morning Reader ..... | 40  |

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£12,776

Besides other sums appropriated to the maintenance of the buildings, repairs on estates, servants, and other expenses, amounting to 7000*l*. In addition to these emoluments, there are 20 benefices, the majority of which are considered as valuable pieces of preferment. The foundation income of Trinity College is rather less than that of King's, while the undergraduates of the one college are 12, and of the other about 300: about 150 members of Trinity dine in the hall every day during term time.

Notwithstanding the crushing disadvantages under which every King's man labours, many members of the college have contended successfully for every University prize for which they are allowed to compete. Although the college just missed the chance of having Sir Isaac Newton for its head, yet in these later days it contained a remarkable man, who rendered it conspicuous in Cambridge during half-a-century. In January, 1779, a freshman arrived from Eton, whose course will enable us to take a passing review of the religious state of this seat of learning. Tomline and Isaac Milner, Vince and Gilbert Wakefield had just stamped their names on the University annals, while Wood and Wollaston, Brinkley and Bridge were as yet in the boyhood of their Senior Wranglerships. The Eton boy was cunning in horsemanship and knowing in dress. He could snuff a candle with his feet and subsist on one hard egg on a fast-day. The light of divine life, as he relates, flashed into his soul one Easter Sunday, and from that moment he was an altered man. He became endowed with that unflinching obstinacy in religious matters, which enthusiasts persuade themselves to be holy firmness. By his own solitary musings he tilled the soil of his own heart till it brought forth fruit abundantly. The fatal composition between his college and the University was the greatest possible injury to his educational training. While Marsh and Wrangham, Butler and Copley, were carrying off the highest prizes of the day, this enthusiastic King's man was sternly prohibited from measuring his sword with any of these incipient giants. And when we remember that his case has occurred over and over again for 400 years, we can scarcely contain our indignation at the supineness of the authorities who have hitherto neglected their opportunities of effecting a removal of these obstacles. If their oaths intervened between their consciences and the confessed necessities of the case, then the stern hand of power from without must make at once a sweeping reform. There must, indeed, be some strange vitality in our English perseverance which can overcome obstacles so palpable as those which encompassed the youth of CHARLES SIMEON. He, at least, has won for this twin foundation of Henry VI. a renown which will endure as long as the pinnacles of its chapel shall tower over the sanctuaries of the

other colleges. And how did he achieve this result? Simply by obeying the religious impulse from within, and by wedding himself to his bachelor chambers till death did them part. Excluded from the study of the "Principia" of that great man who was almost the Provost of his own college, he fixed his undivided attention on the more congenial treatises of Moses and Isaiah, of Paul and James. Like Paul of old, he trained many Timothies for their earthly warfare, and the names of Martyn and Thomason, Dealtry and Corrie, Goode and Scholefield, are but specimens of those who sat at the feet of this Gamaliel. The political, the literary, and the scientific worlds kept turning on their axes for half a century without attracting the notice of this eccentric King's man, whose locks in time acquired a silvery whiteness as he became a veteran leader in the armies of the "Evangelical" Israel. He was first and foremost in giving tone and character to those religious institutions which sprang up during those days of religious excitement. While the errors of his education led him to be a complete Bibliolater, and deprived him of the opportunity of becoming a critic in scriptural lore, his warmth of affection made him look upon Hindoo and African, Jew and Turk, as his brethren in immortal destiny. Had the reform in his college which we are now urging, taken place fifty years ago, it would have caused a complete revolution in his intellectual acquirements and his mental discipline. His zeal would have been equally ardent, but it would have been tempered by an enlarged course of sound scholarship and scientific research. This improved discipline of the inner man would have reduced the vagaries of his pulpit eloquence within reasonable limits, without abating one particle of that fiery zeal by which he inspired his converts to deeds of noble daring for "Christ and his gospel." His exalted ambition did not rest satisfied with winning renown among his University contemporaries, but his arms folded within their paternal embrace the wide outspread of our Indian possessions. He gloried much in that host of spiritual warriors whom he recommended to Charles Grant for hewing down the idolatries of Brahma and Vishnu. Inflexibly determined to accept no promotion himself, he repeatedly refused the most tempting offers of worldly advancement, and celebrated his jubilee among a new generation whose grandfathers had mobbed and hissed him in the streets, looked his church in his face, and compelled him to force an entrance through its windows. He hit upon a scheme for propagating his religious doctrines for years after his decease, and found sufficient funds intrusted to his care to carry out his gigantic purchases. \* He scrupled not to give his sanction to the iniquitous system of purchasing advowsons—a plan which he would have stigmatized in others as doing evil that good might come.

With never-ceasing professions of trusting in the Almighty, he was terribly afraid that the Supreme Governor would not take care of the Church of England in the right way after his decease, and he consequently became a large dealer in the ecclesiastical market. "Cheltenham," he writes to Dean Milner, "is now mine for 3000*l.*; they ask 40,000*l.* for Mary-le-bone; if I wait in ambush awhile, it will be mine at 25,000*l.*" Bath and Clifton, Colchester, Bradford, Beverley, Ripon, and numerous other places, are now more or less at the mercy of the Simeon trustees, and the example which he unfortunately set, has been followed most unscrupulously by some of his disciples who are scarcely worthy to tread within the fringes of his shadow.

No sketch of the state of religion in Cambridge for the last half-century can be worthy of notice, without glancing at the labours of CHARLES SIMEON. It is well known that the latter period of the eighteenth century was one of religious stagnation. The Universities were known only as places of immorality, profaneness, and self-indulgence. The conduct of the fellows of colleges was often gross and sensual in the extreme, while their younger disciples gave themselves up to those extravagances and vices which set all morality at defiance. A few gifted spirits had arisen to proclaim the blessedness of the Divine life, but their voices were drowned amidst the torrent of wickedness around them. To CHARLES SIMEON belongs the surpassing merit of enduring, single-handed, obloquy and scorn for the benefit of others, through a conscientious persuasion that he was doing God service. His fixed determination was to become a religious reformer; but he was singularly uninventive, and could only conceive of religion as incessant and inordinate agitation. While all men around him were hard and harsh and scornful, he persisted in the attempt to rouse within the young men who would listen to him, the faith and the feeling of the Divine life, and thought he was fulfilling and realizing the inspirations of heaven, by expending himself in a hurricane of movement. He denounced the Church of England as diseased and dead; but disclosed no other means of restoring its vitality, than the return to some older past than the formalities to which it was clinging. Instead of producing anything new and deep and thrilling, he ever cried aloud—"Let that which has been, live again: give us the creeds and the quibbles of the Reformation struggle: give us the Judaism of the Elder Covenant, with all the technicalities of Moses, and Abraham, and David." From his church in the midst of the market-place, he thundered forth the warning of Paul, concerning "righteousness and temperance and judgment to come;" and it happened with cheering frequency, that the thoughtless gowmsman, who came to scoff remained to

pray. When these boys grew into manhood, those who had hung on the lips of the grotesque and impassioned preacher went forth to distant cures and city parishes, and repeated the fundamental truths and errors which he had taught them. In his spirit they enforced the great duties of life, traced the march of retributive justice, and echoed those compassionate accents in which, as a father and a friend, he subdued and penetrated the very souls of his hearers. The result of his unwearied exertions has been thus far beneficial, that it has stirred up even his opponents to be a little heartier and a little less immoral than they were. The religious aspect of the University is now easily portrayed. Parties exist, but are by no means personally hostile. "The high and dry" are more in earnest: "the low and slow" are less intolerant. A third element may be noticed, "the hard and harsh," who sympathise with neither of the other two, but whose members are characterized by a personal selfishness and a hard-hearted coldness which neither excites esteem or wins popularity. The general spread of scholarship and science among the resident magnates of the place, takes off their attention from religious bickerings, and fixes it upon other objects of nobler interest. If we have little of the zeal, we are free from the rancour of Puritan times. To men who know nothing but religion—it is to them a fever-fit, an earthquake, and a tornado. The highly-educated scholar manifests his religious feelings not by public excitement, but by an unspeakable calm.

We must now hasten to conclude this hasty sketch of Cambridge life and its needful reform, by alluding to a point of the greatest possible interest. The present monopoly of the colleges, and the increasing demand for a University education, adds in many ways to a student's expenses. While the college finds subjects of study, the student finds objects of amusement for himself. While discipline is sometimes enforced with extreme severity, there are constant instances of immorality, extravagance, and dissipation, which are not checked as they ought to be. A thousand complaints have been made of the unnecessary expenses incurred at each University, and as many proposals have been made for reducing them within reasonable limits. We venture to advocate a proposal which would provide a practical remedy for this and similar grievances. The new Act should permit the establishment of affiliated halls, similar to that of Bishop Hatfield at Durham. Masters of Arts should be permitted to open such halls as private speculations, and a compliance with certain regulations to be approved of by the University and the parliamentary Commissioners; their students should be admitted to all the University privileges of members of colleges. The experiment has been tried with success at Durham, and the expenses

of food, lodging, and other household requirements, have been surprisingly reduced. The old family arrangement of partaking of meals together, under the eye of the head of the house, with the restoration of all family comforts, would be hailed as a boon by the public at large. Statistics may be readily ascertained from the model hall at Durham, and such arrangements made as would render the residence more like that of a few students of congenial habits and tastes in the family of a private tutor. The number of students now in lodgings would probably be diminished, as Masters of Arts would doubtless take houses in the town, and exercise a wholesome control over both the comforts and the expenses of the inmates.

If legislation accomplishes anything for Cambridge worth having, all tests for degrees must be withdrawn; and this will require some provision for religious worship different from that now established by law in the college chapels. Permission must be given for the use of shorter and more convenient forms of prayer in these new halls; and when the experiment has been successful, some revision of the service must be permitted in all the college chapels. Short services for schools are proposed by the Bishops themselves. We take their Lordships at their word, and earnestly desire short, simple, and unsectarian forms for the public schools and colleges. The revision of the National Liturgy has now become one of the topics of the day; able men of all parties are contemplating its possibility, and some are agitating the country with the hope of obtaining a Royal Commission of revision in some respects similar to that of King William III. The new University halls would afford a ready means of testing the usefulness and popularity of such proposals. At least, the evils of the present monotonous system are confessed by all: the compulsion and the sameness are remarkably destructive of all religious feeling in the impulsive minds of youth, and nothing contributes more to the future disbelief in the reality of all religion than the scandalous scenes which occur in our pretended collegiate worship. In the new halls this might be corrected; more life and less form might readily be introduced: and, in truth, if Dissenters claim their new privileges, which we are fondly anticipating for them, the modification which we claim must come to pass. Oxford men have already begun to stir themselves. A well-qualified disputant, a member of the New Council, and a public examiner of some eminence, has asked and answered the question—"How shall we examine Dissenters?" It is only a branch of the greater questions—"How shall we teach them? What religious worship shall we recognise as suitable for them?" Such questions must find practical answers. They will speedily force themselves upon the notice of the world.



In the warmth of our zeal for the improvement of this ancient institution, without infringing an iota upon its original design, we have made the foregoing proposals for its regeneration. They are by no means wild or enthusiastic, or at all alien from its true spirit. Our remarks have taken a definite form, to show the possibility of carrying out every suggestion, and to promote in the public mind the objects contemplated in Lord Palmerston's letter to the Chancellor. We wait the event of the discussions of this session of Parliament with the utmost confidence, feeling assured that the Legislature will ultimately concur in the improvement of the University and Colleges of Cambridge, and the reform of the kindred institution of Eton College; and that a parliamentary Commission will be enabled to exercise that practical control in suggesting and guiding measures of internal academical amelioration which may render the venerable educational institutions on the banks of the Cam and the Thames worthy of the nineteenth century.

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#### ART. VII.—AUSTRIA IN THE PRINCIPALITIES.

1. *La Politique de la Russie et les Provinces Danubiennes.* Par le Comte de Fiquelmont. Paris: 1854.
2. *Les Principautés Roumaines.* Par M. D. Bolintineanu. Paris: 1854.
3. *Question Economique des Principautés Danubiennes.* Paris: 1850.

KOSSUTH has said, that the conduct and the policy of certain governments and princes of late years are utterly inexplicable, unless on the supposition that it was the will and purpose of Providence to bring royalty into disrepute. It is indeed difficult to contemplate the tortuous, the tricking, the pusillanimous course pursued during the last five or six years by the King of Prussia, for example, as well as by almost all the subordinate monarchs of Germany, without admitting the existence of princely fatuity to a degree hitherto unknown in history. Frederic William was, however, considered an exception to his race, whilst the meanness of smaller sovereigns was explained by the circumstance of their being necessarily dragged along in the wake of greater powers, unable, even if willing, to do justice to the people or themselves.

There beamed upon Schwarzenburg the conviction, that the majesty and the *prestige* of the throne must be redeemed by the

setting aside not merely the reigning Emperor, but the antiquated generation altogether, and by elevating a prince of the imperial family endowed with all the attractions of youth, vigour, spirit, and even romance. The change was certainly not ill-imagined for the purpose of re-awakening and restoring those sentiments of personal attachment to the monarch, which had kept Austria, and even so many of its dependent provinces, faithful, brave, and enduring throughout the period of Austria's eclipse behind the star of Napoleon. Such a scheme, however, presupposed high and heroic qualities in the young monarch. It required in him the frankness, the boldness, the straightforwardness of the soldier, and demanded that the cravings for glory and for pride should at least be satisfied, if those for freedom and the internal development of the country were left unfulfilled and disappointed.

For a time the attitude of the boy-emperor seemed to correspond to the expectations entertained of him. Francis Joseph inhibited from Schwarzenburg his jealousy of Prussia, eager and ready to display itself in open war. But the Czar, who at first encouraged, at last said, "Thus far, and no farther," to the military ardour of the Austrian minister and monarch; and the chivalrous Emperor subsided into the satellite of St. Petersburg, and the tranquil though jealous ally of Berlin. We know how Schwarzenburg was mortified. All have heard that he not only felt but gave vent to his impatience of the Russian vassalage. But when he "died," and when the important initiative of choosing a prime minister fell to the decision of the young Emperor, his choice fell upon the mild, the conciliating, the flexible Buol, and not upon any statesman of character and temper fitted to carry out the independent ideas and aspirations of Schwarzenburg.

The time, and the position in which most European governments were placed, appeared too propitious for following up the hereditary encroachments of Russia, and pushing further its pretensions and its empire. When Nicholas observed to Sir Hamilton Seymour, that the views of Austria were identical with his, he no doubt spoke from certitude. The Czar, in his personal interview with the young Francis Joseph, soothed his wounded vanity and consoled his grief at not having been allowed to achieve sword-supremacy in Germany, by pointing out to him the northern provinces of Turkey as a more obvious and glorious prey. And long before diplomacy showed any signs at Constantinople of the squabbles of the pen leading to those of the sword, Austrian troops began silently to collect upon the Danube and the Save, whilst Russian divisions mustered on the Pruth. It is impossible to consider Count Leiningen's mission to Constantinople in any other light than as undertaken in concert with Russia, and as the forerunner

of the Menschikoff demands. The Emperor Francis Joseph, through Count Leiningen, asked nothing less than the transference of the patronage of Montenegro to himself; and that he looked and hoped for a refusal of these demands as a convenient pretext for advancing his armies simultaneously with those of Russia, there can now be little doubt. The adroitness of the Porte in ceding to Austria, whilst holding a firm front against Russian exigencies, separated those powers, placing them with regard to it in different categories.

We need not recapitulate the well-known events of 1853—the coming and going of Menschikoff, and the passage of the Pruth in midsummer by the army-divisions of the Czar. During these six months, the sentiments of the court of Vienna had undergone a manifest change. The attitude of France and England in resisting Russian pretensions, and the consequent firmness of the Porte in withstanding them, looked calmly but unflinchingly even to the contingency of war. Austria grew alarmed. To persevere in her original project of sharing the provinces of Northern Turkey with the Czar, would have exposed her already insecure possessions in the centre of Europe and beyond the Alps. The Emperor and M. Buol precipitately abandoned, not the understanding, but the co-operation with Russia, and took up the safer attitude of arbiter.

To give to this change the greater appearance of sincerity, the court and its minister entered once more into connexion with a party which had always existed in the political class of Austrians. This knot of councillors entertained views older than the century,—views which considered Russia, and not any Western Power, as the true antagonist and enemy of Austria, and which had deprecated the recurrence to Russian aid for the subjugation of Hungary, as a remedy more fatal than the disease which it was called on to eradicate. This party had the immense weight of Metternich's name. The young Emperor once more consulted and courted the veteran statesman; and it was sedulously whispered that, under the guidance of the aged prince, Austria was willing to take up a position in antagonism to Russian encroachments, so as effectually to check the advance of that power higher up the Danube.

To obtain the same guerdon for the new and apparently liberal policy, which Russia had promised it for co-operating in an opposite sense, was the first effort of the Austrian court. It demanded of the Porte the permission to occupy Bosnia, in order to prevent those insurrections and troubles which its own agents had formerly excited. Met by a peremptory refusal, Austria did not despair of ultimately turning to her advantage her simulated agreement, if not alliance, with the Western Powers. She co-

quitted with the Servians, and put forward, as a feeler, an intention to occupy that Principality in case of either intestine commotion or Russian invasion. The Prince and people of Servia replied by an outburst of resentment and defiance. And Austria had the mortification of beholding the armies of Russia in full possession and enjoyment of the Principalities without her having acquired even a new position in the way of equivalent or guarantee.

It was then, we fear and believe, insinuated at Vienna, that if not the suzerainty, at least the supreme influence over the Danubian Principalities should be the price of Austria's frankly entering into the alliance of the Western Powers. France was the great promoter of this scheme, which was remotely connected with certain roundings and restoration of the territory of the old French Empire. But the minister of a constitutional government like that of England, must have shrunk from a spoliation of Turkey, almost identical with that which had been considered a legitimate cause of war. Austria, however, had the tacit promise, and conceived the well-grounded hope, that, by prudent management, she might obtain military possession of the Principalities, thereby stepping into the former position of Russia upon the Danube. And she hoped by her military force, cunning conduct, and ambiguous diplomacy, to maintain herself in these important conquests, by the final consent and weariness of the belligerents.

However similar the ambition and identical the motives of the Austrian and Russian courts in thus seeking to protrude their armies upon Turkey, it is by no means to be assumed that the same spirit animates them. The ambition of Russia is the overflow of arrogance and fanaticism, deeming itself superior to the rest of the world, which it is called to dominate and regenerate. The ambition of Austria is rather the result of diffidence and weakness, of a fear to be overwhelmed and outflanked and surrounded by Russia. Made up piecemeal of odds and ends of all populations and races, Austria can never consider her own system secure, unless it extend its nature and its influence into Germany on one side, into Italy on another, into Slavonia and Danubia on a third. To be securely and tranquilly despotic, Austria merely requires that one-half of Europe should be bound up in the same political swathing-clothes with herself. Her dependencies reach the Rhine, the waters of Sicily, and those of the Euxine, and cause her to tremble at every breath of freedom, independence, or nationality. Two of the greatest countries and the noblest races in the world, although neither can be said to form a nation, the German and the Italian, in their natural aspirations after unity and after a common existence, find Austria

an insuperable bar, an eternal obstruction. The mingled races thus crowded upon the Danube, whether Serb or Rouman, find in Austria a foe equally hostile to their regeneration. How can the Croats ever become faithful lieges of Austria, if their brethren the Serbs enjoy autonomy or independence? And what is to become of the Rouman population of Transylvania and the Bukowin, if Wallachia and Moldavia be allowed even the shadow of popular election and representative government?

Austrian ambition and encroachment are, therefore, not like Russian, the bold greed of a rapacious conqueror, but rather the putting forth the feline fangs of a monster police. Her ministers do not indeed conceal this; in their protocols and state papers views of conquest are always represented by them as necessities of conservatism. Their love and respect for the Ottoman Government and Empire is frankly avowed to be paid, not to its rights or its capacity, but simply to its traditional success in keeping down subject populations. The fall of the Turkish Empire affrights the West by the opening which it makes for the great Empire of the North to advance. This alarms Austria too, no doubt, but by no means in the same proportion with the awful possibility of any one or all of the Christian races of Turkey setting up for themselves, and offering the example of self-government and self-development.

There is nothing more mean in the politics, or in the *written* politics, of the British Government, than its complete acquiescence in these ultra-conservative anxieties of Austria, and the hypocritical adoption of the same fears and the same prejudices. We need not rummage in the past for an example of this. The public prints offer a most striking instance of it in the official objurgations which Lord Clarendon thought fit to administer to the Saxon court. That court is frankly retrograde and reactionary, illiberal, unconstitutional, and notoriously at variance with the opinions of its people. In the position which Saxony occupies, the most tempting prey to Prussia, and only saved from absorption by its ancient but now forgotten amity with Austria, our English minister might have legitimately warned a Saxon monarch that he was jeopardizing the very existence of his monarchy by inclining to Russian predilections and attachments. The British minister employs no such argument. On the contrary, he represents the Allies of the present war as actuated solely by conservative aims, and insinuates that Russia is the great disturber and revolutionist of the period. To assertions so false, to arguments so preposterous and absurd, M. Von Beust very fairly, and we think triumphantly, replies, that of the many missionaries of turbulence and agents of sedition who have visited and traversed Saxony, not one of them was found supplied

with Russian passports, but with those of quite another government or nation. More honest and straightforward reproaches to Saxony on the part of the British minister might have produced an evasive answer, but certainly not so happy and triumphant a retort.

It is the same hypocritical pretence, that England, forsooth, is waging a conservative war, which has induced us to make over the Principalities of the Danube to Austria's keeping and administration. In obedience to Austrian injunctions, we kept our armies from even approaching the Principalities, although at Bucharest we should have found health, strength, and a friendly population; whilst at Varna there was nought but pestilence, barrenness, with a sullen and sometimes a treacherous welcome from the inhabitants. In the same subservient spirit we allowed Omer Pacha to be first forbidden the entrance of the Principalities, then when the tide of war brought the Turks forcibly into them we allowed them to be checked and obstructed; and instead of the Russian armies being menaced or occupied on or behind the Pruth, we have so skilfully and conservatively managed, that every Russian division has become disposable for the Czar to transport and overwhelm us with in the Crimea. That such was actually the case, we have the admission of a Minister for Foreign Affairs, who in a speech, which attempts to be exculpatory of Austria, spoken on the 15th ult., confirms the fact of the obstruction offered to Omer Pacha. The plea and excuse is, that the Austrian commanders at Bucharest, and its internuncio at Constantinople, were acting in disobedience and contradiction to the orders and the views of their government—a likely circumstance!

Our first mistake, or rather our first treachery towards the Principalities, was the adoption and admission of that principle of the Austrian Government which considers revolutionary parties and constitutional ones as identical. The next mistake of our Government was to suppose or to assume that there was an Austrian party, distinct from a Russian one, in these regions. The truth is, the Wallachs and Moldavians have been long subject to about a score of families, who kept them slaves as long as they were able, and who make the present system of government but a convenient cloak for the severest oppression and spoliation. These twenty families of Boyards are Russian or Austrian, whichever power will lend them troops and countenance to maintain their power. And they are Turkish on the same conditions. We need no further proof of this surely than the conduct of the Austrians since they have occupied the Principalities. Their sole care has been to keep in exile all the patriots who were in the first instance banished by Russia; whilst they have appointed to authority and place all the most notorious Russian

agents and partisans, Cantacuzene at their head. Whenever the Turkish commissioners at Bucharest objected, an order to overrule them was obtained from Constantinople, where European diplomacy insists that obsequiousness to Austria is to be the first rule of conduct. Nor is it for an instant to be supposed, that a Turkish army under Omer Pacha could find in the Principalities that support, those supplies, that basis of operation, necessary to its advancing with any effect to or beyond the Pruth, when the Wallachian authorities are neither more nor less than the old Russian agents, the companions of Duhamel, and the servants but yesterday of Gortschakof.

That something better than this might have been done with the Principalities; that they contain able and eminent men, constitutionalists but not anarchists, most willing to serve under a prince and to allow the territorial aristocracy such rights and influence as it may fairly demand; that the boons which a government composed of such men held forth to the peasantry in 1848 might, if carried out, unite the whole Rouman population of the Principalities in attachment and zeal for the cause of national freedom and independence; that the inhabitants of the Principalities are brave, capable and numerous enough to defend themselves against Russian encroachment, as for centuries they succeeded in maintaining virtual independence and autonomy against the Turks in their most palmy days of conquest: all this stands forth fully demonstrated by the history of the past, as by a knowledge of the present.

When small states, such as the Principalities, show themselves indomitable; have like them, as a characteristic, an insurmountable hatred of foreign intermixture, or at least of the domestic despotism of strangers, they soon compound with their puissant neighbours by accepting the nominal superiority of one or other of them, and of thus purchasing virtual independence at the price of a tribute and nominal subjection. This is necessary at a period when might is right; but in an age like ours, when European states have come to form one community, in which public opinion and the sense of common rights have sway, surely the old system of Suzerainty and subjection ought to pass away. States like Wallachia and Moldavia no longer need the protection of Turkey to keep out the Russians, or of Russia to keep out the Turks. The guarantee of an express European treaty would suffice for this, or the common law and usage of nations, without any treaty, might suffice, as it does in the case of Switzerland. In fact when Russia and Austria come forward with a claim to protect the Principalities, what they mean is the wolf's protection—to devour; or if there be an idea of protection, it is not against foreign aggression, but against domestic progress, that the courts

of St. Petersburg or Vienna propose to defend such states. Such pleas in our age are monstrous. We fully admit that such countries as the Principalities should not be made the *foci* of sedition or propagandism; but surely this can be secured without handing over the country to be trodden down and devoured by Austrian armies, and thus enabling military despots to extend their power, their territory, and their empire under the flimsy pretence of keeping order, and of sacrificing to conservatism.

The pretence of Austria that those countries are or may become hotbeds of democracy is the merest humbug. To all those countries there is an immense boon to be communicated, a great right to be restored—that of individual freedom and property, the destruction of serfage, the abolition of the *corvée*, with the consequent concession of portions of land to the peasantry as tenants, wherever they have not wealth enough to purchase property in the soil. This is the great revolution which, once fully achieved, must quiet for a century at least, if not for ever, the agricultural population of those regions. When any writer proposes the establishment of the freedom and independence of the countries on the Danube, not under any suzerainty but under a common federation, the rejoinder usually is, look at Greece. There is a country which has acquired freedom by European interference, but which has not been rendered quiet, prosperous, or happy. There are many reasons to be assigned for this unsatisfactory result; but the chief reason certainly is, that the soil of Greece is poor, and that hence its peasantry are unable by their industry to emancipate themselves from the influence of mountain chiefs, and from the temptation of turning warriors and robbers. But secure to the Wallachian or the Bulgarian his farm and the enjoyment of a fair portion of its products, and we will be bound to say that he will neither turn Palikar nor communist. Wealth will become his object, his family will absorb his cares, and prosperous industry will crush every germ of political agitation or discord.

The peace and prosperity of the fertile countries of that region do not lie in high political considerations or arrangements. We may indulge in profound speculations as to the best mode of regenerating the Turkish Empire; but, in truth, the question lies in the distribution of property in land, in the security of cultivating and enjoying it, in the exemption from arbitrary power and taxation, in the absence of serfdom, *corvée*, class influence, and all those narrow tyrannic evils which render life worthless, industry impossible, and render man like one of those wiry flowers which root in the crevices of rock or wall, where prolongation of the breed or species is more a marvel and an effort than a natural and full result. Despotism and overgrown military govern-



ment in such countries cannot secure this. They may profess Christianity, but they do not proclaim equality and freedom. And although their armies devour the riches of the husbandman with more regularity and organization than do the Pashas and the Spahis, it is still in the end just the same sacrifice of the peasant to the soldier and the policeman, and of national prosperity to state debts, forced loans, and inexorable taxmen.

The security and freedom requisite to industry are not so easily obtained. If poor countries, like Greece, fail of self-development for want of the materials to be found in the fertility of the soil, rich countries fail from an opposite cause—the temptation which they offer to rulers and authorities and conquerors to mulct and plunder them. This may be doubly inflicted by the powerful neighbour who raises tribute, or by the aristocratic and feudal chief, who monopolizes the soil, reduces the peasant to serfage, and by so doing cheats himself as well as the peasant, as he gets from the earth not a twentieth part of the produce and the wealth it might be made to yield.

There exists no country whose history exemplifies in so striking and exemplary a manner the struggle between the lords of the soil and its cultivators, as Wallachia and Moldavia. There is no country of which the peasantry deserved more or obtained less. The merit of the Rouman peasant of the Principalities is the courage and the constancy with which for centuries he resisted and flung off every foreign yoke, submitting to the Sultan indeed, but under capitulations which secured him liberty and independence. Nevertheless, the Boyards and clergy reduced the Rouman peasantry to the state of serfs, against which the latter rebelled in vain. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were marked by a series of agrarian insurrections and violence.

Another and a new element then showed itself, peculiar to these provinces, one to be taken into account by whoever would undertake to regenerate the Christian provinces long subject to Turkey. This was the Fanariote element. In most countries, however rude, poor, or oppressed, a portion of the lower or middle class will be found, despite all obstructions, to rise to the surface, and there to enter into rivalry with the dominant aristocracy. This is accomplished through the ranks of the church in some periods and countries, or through the hierarchy of the law as in France, or through commerce, or the *bourgeoisie*. In Constantinople the Greeks, who acquired wealth from trade, or from money dealings, or from skilful management of certain offices of the state—called Fanariotes from the quarter they inhabit—sought in the quasi-independent Principalities of the Danube that position and security which Constantinople denied them. They became powerful at Jassy and at Bucharest. They obtained from the Porte

the administrative authority in the provinces, and commenced a struggle with the Boyards, or territorial aristocracy, which gave the peasantry labour and chances of emancipation. This struggle of class lasted during the eighteenth century, in the mid years of which was accomplished a law of complete agrarian reform, called the Mavrocordato Reform. But later, Boyards and Fanariotes combined to nullify by mutual understanding the rights which their rivalry had given to the people. Such injustice and deceit produced the natural effects. The peasantry of the Principalities did not rebel indeed, but they emigrated. The Porte could obtain no tribute—the Boyards could not procure the cultivation of their lands. Prince Gregory Ghika in Moldavia, took the part of the peasantry, but his life became a forfeit to the resentment of the Boyards.

The last years of the century brought the terrible catastrophe of the French Revolution, with the subsequent advance of its armies and its principles. The aristocratic classes all over the world, alarmed, abated their demands as proprietors; but in the Danubian Principalities, as in other parts of Europe, they at the same time augmented their rapacity as public authorities and administrators. The peasant was vexed no longer so much by the *corvée* of the lord, as by the extravagant contribution which the state demanded and enforced. And in this fiscal, substituted for seigniorial, pressure, the Fanariotes took the lead. They exercised their princely authority under the favour of the Porte, with such extravagance of extortion and fiscal abuse, that the peasants of the Principalities began to look to Russia as their future saviour. The insurrection of 1821 took place—a part of it agrarian under Vladimiresco, a part political under Ypsilanti, directed against the Turks, as then upholding the oppressive government of the country.

The faithlessness of France to the great cause of European independence, the supineness of England, and the timidity of Austria, allowed Russia to assume incontestably the highest influence in the countries on the Danube. And Russian ascendancy having first absorbed Bessarabia, originally an integral portion of Moldavia, proceeded to make rules of government, and even of law and order, for the rest. At first, it was arranged that an assembly of the Roumans should partake in this work of organization; but war ensuing, the Russian armies occupied the Principalities. General Kisselef became their governor, and the Russian Consul, Minziaky, sending the Rouman archbishop as a prisoner to the interior of Russia, took his place as President of the Assembly, and dictated its resolutions. Under such auspices was formed the constitution, or *Organic Rule* of 1831, which limited electoral rights to the nobles, 3000 in number, but

caused the majority of the assembly to be elected by the great Boyards, whose number did not exceed seventy. By this constitution Russia, or its agents, holding in her hand the votes of the majority of the assembly, and secure of the attachment of the great Boyards, was always able to control the Hospodar in any patriotic or independent project. In the same manner, the power of the Hospodars was made use of against any recalcitrant Boyards. And, in fact, under this *Rule* Russia became absolute mistress of the country. With respect to its rural rights or organization, the Boyards or proprietors retained the power of fixing by law or proclamation the amount of rent to be paid by the peasant, which was of itself a full system of serfage and extortion. The Porte, during these years, instead of showing the least inclination, or making the smallest effort, to support the independent men of the Principalities against Russia, issued a firman so late as 1838, propounding that the assemblies of Wallachia and Moldavia, even when in accord with the princes, were not to pass any law, or make any innovation, without having first received the assent and authorization of the Court of St. Petersburg and the Divan of Constantinople. In fine, we may consider that from 1829 to 1848, Russia was completely mistress of the Principalities. And if we are so shocked at her last seizure of them, we ought to have begun to show at an earlier period our solicitude for their independence. What was the aim of Russia during these years of domination may be judged from the fact, that the Roumanian tongue was banished from the colleges, primary education suppressed, and every advantage proffered to the youth of the Principalities to proceed to Russia for the purposes of education.

The natural consequence of this mingled *régime* of Russia and the Boyards ensued in 1848, when a revolution freed the hands of the Hospodars, broke the packed assembly by which the Russian consul governed the state, restored freedom of election, loosed the bonds of serfage, and proceeded, without violence, or anarchy, or disturbance of any kind, to regenerate the institutions of the country. We wish sincerely, that we could recount that in the putting down of this most righteous and beneficent revolution, none but Russian bayonets were instrumental. But the unfortunate fact is, that it was the Turcs and Omer Pacha who first arrived to stifle it. And yet the last chance for the Turks to create a party, and find strength in the Principalities, was to have supported the revolution, which was achieved as much for independence of Russia as for internal freedom. Omer Pacha, however, not only entered Bucharest to put down the revolution, but he accompanied this by a gross act of treachery, perpetrated on the national party. He insinuated at Bucharest, that

a deputation of 200 of the principal liberals, coming to welcome his army, would have a good effect both on the Turkish and Wallachian cause. Two hundred patriots fell into the snare. They proceeded to the Turkish camp, where they were soon surrounded and made prisoners. Deprived of their chiefs, the patriots of Bucharest could make little or no resistance. And to crown his treachery, Omer Pacha selected the most eminent of the 200, and sent them off as prisoners, to be kept on board the pontoons of the Danube, without roof or covering, even at night, in the month of November, and at the very same time gave his word of honour to M. Colquhoun, that the prisoners were *well* treated, and would be allowed to go to Austria. We regret to have to tell this tale of Omer Pacha; but it is requisite to be known, in order to explain the feelings of the Wallachians towards the Porte, and the sentiments of the patriots of that country personally towards the Turkish commander.

The Porte, in fact, was as much the humble servant of the Russians as the Wallachian and Moldavian Boyards had been. And the Porte signed the *Sened* of Balta Liman, by which all constitutional governance and independence were destroyed in the Principalities, and all authority vested in the prince, with a senate of some twenty members nominated *ad hoc*, of course, by Russia. By the same treaty, Russia established a right to occupy the Principalities with her armies upon the most trivial grounds, and, as usual, under the pretence of maintaining order. We reluctantly confess, that by Europe's silent acquiescence in the arrangement of Balta Liman, Russia had some right to consider that the Porte and the other great powers had virtually abandoned the Principalities to her. Decidedly it was the stipulations of Balta Liman that led to the Russian advance of last year, as well as to all the complications and to the war which has ensued.

An important part of the political history of the Principalities is an account of their monasteries and their conventual property; the more important, as here is to be found the key of some of the extraordinary demands of Menschikoff. When the Fanariotes became masters and rulers of the Principalities in the eighteenth century, one of their manœuvres was to oust the monks of Rouman origin from the convents, in order to people them with Greek monks from the fraternities of Mount Athos; as it is from these monks that the upper clergy and prelates are taken, the Rouman ecclesiastics were disinherited, and Greek put in their stead. The Wallachs considered these monks as intruders, and the circumstance increased the natural desire of the age for secularizing the convents. This was effected. The first act of Russia was to restore the convents to the Greek monks, and the landed

property to the convents, so as to establish this large clerical colony in the Principalities as so many agents and instruments of Russia. There are seventy-nine Greek monasteries in Wallachia, and twenty-two in Moldavia, all of great wealth; many of them having the greater part of their revenues devoted to the Holy Places at Jerusalem. The wish of every patriot in the Principalities would be to sweep away these Greek convents; the Rouman population of the country looking upon the Greek and Greco-Russian church as schismatic. One part of the Menschikoff demands went to establish the permanence of such monasteries and churches, kept and peopled for purely Russian uses, and inhabited by monks who are strangers to even the language of the country.

Had the Porte, or the allies of the Porte, had for their aim, in their treatment of the Principalities, the removal, or destruction in them, of the Russian agents and faction, their first measure should have been to do what has been done in Greece—to restore to power the liberal and constitutional party, to give them a free assembly, and to abolish the Organic Rule, along with all other Russian institutions. If instead of Stir Bey, the Hospodar whom Lord Stratford recommended had been appointed, the administrative as well as the monastic agents of Russia would have been cleared from the soil. The Principalities, as the seat of war, or its granary, abounding both in soldiers and resources, would by this time have been a garrison, a fortress, or a *place d'armes*, not merely against the future encroachments of Russia, but would have rendered it impossible for that power to have left Bessarabia without armies and without defence.

There were 10,000 soldiers of the Wallachian and Moldavian army, disciplined and armed. What their spirit was, is sufficiently shown by their positive refusal to join or march with the Russians, even when surrounded and coerced by Russian armies. To these 10,000, add 15,000 men who had already served, but who wanted arms. Thus, besides the frontier corps and the irregular cavalry, the Principalities could have put in line, armed and supported, a body of men as numerous as the British army in those regions, and animated with a spirit as decidedly anti-Russian as we are ourselves. If the Greek race was opposed to our views, and the Slavonic tribes doubtful, we could have at least depended upon the Roumans. But with a culpable ignorance, or negligence, we confounded the Rouman with the Slavon, and handed over to the Austrian commandants and police officers, five millions of the only population in the east of Europe, which was prepared to welcome us as liberators, and to vow to us eternal gratitude and defence for the recovery of their rights.

Such allies as these, possessed of the most fertile country in the east, and making no demand other than to be ruled by a native

prince, under their old capitulations with the Porte, we refused even to know or recognise. Austria had cast upon them a look of greed. Austria, which counts five millions of Roumans within her own territories, could not tolerate the idea of the original Roumans in their hereditary provinces being independent and free. French statesmen entertain the foolish, superficial opinion, that Austria might be allowed to extend her empire over the Principalities, as an inducement to the future cession of certain provinces in the west. Marshal St. Arnaud was all for making war in concert with Austria, and saw not how it was to be waged without. England, yielding to these views, abandoned the Wallachs. Austria was not only allowed but aided to conclude a treaty with the Porte for military occupation of the Principalities.

As the court of Vienna concluded this treaty with a great flourish of trumpets against Russia, it was universally considered, just as the treaty concluded the other day now is, as a first step towards actual hostilities. However, the Austrians took care not to advance, until assured that the Russians had withdrawn. And when an onslaught of the Turks across the Danube compelled the Russians to turn round and pause in their retreat, the Austrian Court instantly suspended its general's advance. The result was, that the Turks first forced their way into Bucharest, and installed their commissary, before an Austrian corps was in motion. The Turks and Lord Stratford, now aware of the necessity of supporting the patriotic party in Wallachia, sent liberal and congenial men to replace the old Russian agents. But the Austrian Consul was too powerful, and he re-installed the old *senators ad hoc*, and insisted on bringing back Stir Bey, the old Hospodar, nominated originally by Russia, to resume the government.

Austria's determination to restore Stir Bey to the principedom of Wallachia, ought to have opened the eyes of France and England to the fact, that Austria meditated no hostility to Russia. In fact, Stir Bey was nothing but a Russian. Stir Bey, Hospodar of Wallachia, was fully and officially informed as early as November, 1852, of the intention of the Russians to occupy the Principalities. M. Poujade, the French consul at Bucharest, has proof that the Prince Stir Bey was so informed: but he made no communication either to the Porte, or to the representatives of the Western Powers. Early in June, 1853, the Prince received the same intelligence from the Russian consul, but he preserved the same silence. When the Russians crossed the Pruth, Prince Stir Bey was warned by the consuls to put himself at the head of the armed force of his provinces, and retire with it to the camp of Omer Pacha. He preferred delivering up his little army to

the Russians, to be subsequently disarmed by them.\* The Porte ordered Stir Bey to withdraw. He refused, and when he did finally, and for form's sake withdraw, it was to Vienna he went, not to Constantinople. In order to mark beyond mistake what masters he served, Prince Stir Bey demanded and received from the Russians a sum of money quarterly, to enable him to live creditably at Vienna.

Such was the Prince, whose re-introduction by the Austrians, with the sanction of the Divan, raised a tumult in Bucharest. The Turkish commandant, an Englishman, declared he would not be answerable for the peace of the town, if the Russian agents at Bucharest persisted in their intention of making a public demonstration in Stir Bey's honour. Mussar Pacha (Sir Stephen Lakeman) declared that this would infallibly lead to a counter-demonstration, and consequent disturbance. For this he has been denounced by the Austrian commandant, Coronini, as a Cromwell, and his letter impugning Stir Bey was styled a regicide act by the learned Count.

No sooner had the Austrians succeeded in re-enthroning their prince, than they set to work to disgust Omer Pacha and get rid of his troops. He was first enjoined to dismiss all his foreign officers, even his aides-de-camp. He was then told that he could keep but a limited number of men in Bucharest, and when he met this by an offer to march them to the Bessarabian frontier, the Austrians represented that he would obstruct every chance of peace, and probably lead to Russian reprisals which the Austrians were not in force to resist. Twice did the Turkish commander obtain the sanction of the Divan to advance. Twice General Coronini obtained at Constantinople the rescinding of that sanction, until Omer Pacha, perceiving that he was trifled with, that the Austrians were determined that he should not prosecute the war; and that the Allied Powers were neither strenuous nor serious in preserving even fair play and open ground for the advance of his army, gave up all effort in despair, removed his chief force to Kalarash, and, with the resignation of a genuine Turk, left the gallant 50,000 or 60,000 allied soldiers to oppose unaided the whole force of the Russian Empire in the Crimea. Omer Pacha complained of the neglect of the Allies, and foretold that, before the end of this very campaign, they would need him. But the French pointed to the advance of the Austrian armies, and declared them sufficient not only to protect the Principalities, but to keep the large Russian divisions occupied upon the Pruth.

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\* A letter from Sebastopol in *The Illustrated London News*, whose correspondent knows Rouman and Wallachian, says, that he was addressed by many of the wounded Russian soldiers in Wallachian, which proves the use that has been made of at least some of Stir Bey's troops.

Whilst the Allies were steaming to Eupatoria, and the Turks compelled to remain tranquil at Kalarasch, the Austrians were making themselves comfortable in the Principalities. The Russians in their occupation levied the usual taxes, and increased them by one-fifth. In the last occupation, however, they pretended that the army, being on a war-footing, must have the increased pay allotted to them, and the Principalities were called to pay this, in the proportion of 30 millions of piastres for Wallachia, and 12 for Moldavia. The Austrians have not yet demanded money, but they have treated the Principalities as they do their own provinces—that is, quartered their soldiers on the inhabitants, giving their soldiers merely a ration of bread and a little meat, and obliging the inhabitants to furnish all other wants, vegetables and fire included. Each Austrian soldier, for example, must have his bed and blankets, although the Wallachians themselves seldom or never indulge in such luxuries; thus the very outlay for lodging an Austrian soldier was a serious tax. Moreover it has been ordered, that whenever the Austrian commissaries shall fail in supplying bread and meat, the inhabitants are bound to make up the deficiency. In other words, when winter renders the roads impassable and supplies scant, the Wallachians must lodge, feed, and pay the Austrian army, the soldiers of which are stretched on their beds, while Russians, French, and English are fighting and starving together in the Crimea.

Thus has our miserable policy sacrificed four millions of our most natural and sincere adherents on the very frontier of Russia, and at the seat of war,—sacrificed them for the sake of an Austrian alliance, which, far from bringing us aid, has, on the contrary, by its attitude and its known intentions, given every facility to the enemy, and has been worth to it in fact the aid of several *corps d'armée*. The Slavonic race, especially of Servia, seeing this—they who abhor Austrian invasion and supremacy far more than even Russian—necessarily conclude that, far from aiding any people subject or semi-subject to the Turks to obtain independence, or fling off the Russian yoke, we have on the contrary come to strengthen and extend the subjugation of the Christians in Turkey to the Christian despots of the north. The name of France, England, or of their alliance, has become a by-word for deception, and is as much detested in Bulgaria and Roumelia as it is in Greece and as it is beginning to be in the Principalities. Whilst throwing away these friends and these chances, whilst alienating and destroying every native aid and native element for the regeneration of Turkey in Europe, whilst at the same time we are allowing the Turks to be nullified, to disgrace themselves by cowardice in the Crimea and by supineness on the Danube, as well as by incapacity at Constantinople, we keep demanding gua-



rautes for the future defence and independence of these regions. Guarantees! where are they to be found? Is it in making over the Principalities to Austria, and adding four millions more of discontented and oppressed subjects to the already disloyal, mutinous, impoverished, and anarchized millions previously beneath its sway? Austria, from its very instinct, adopts the Russian party and agents in Wallachia, as the only instruments of its own rule. And what can this point to but a future compromise between Austria and Russia, between whom the Principalities must thus be shared, to the exclusive profit finally of Russia, which is at least a stable and progressive empire, whilst that of Austria can never be other than what it is—a temporary piece of patchwork? Seeking guarantees in Austria, is building on the quicksand or sowing the whirlwind.

We imagine, at least good folks on the Exchange imagine, that we have at last obviated all the shortcomings, and put an end to all the tergiversations, of Austria by a new treaty. What, however, is it but the reproduction and repetition of a treaty signed last autumn? In that treaty Austria bound herself to assume the offensive, unless Russia evacuated the Principalities. Austria, said Lord John Russell, stipulated to drive the Russians out of Wallachia and Moldavia. And a cheer responded to the vaunt of a credulous minister in behalf of a treacherous ally. But the convention was only signed because Austria well knew the Russians were evacuating the Principalities. And now we have another treaty signifying that if Russia does not offer acceptable terms, the three Powers will join council together in order to take steps to arrive at the old conclusion. What is this but a repetition of the old deception, a reassertion with dates and circumstances of what has been asserted and pretended all along? Austria is to defend the Principalities, and to allow the Turks to carry on their military operations through them. What was the need of such a treaty in December, unless to prove that Austria did up to that period counteract and utterly prevent the active operations of the Turks? We know not what has become of Omer Pacha's army in that time. There being apparently no demand for that army, supplies have of course been provided to it sparingly, if at all. It might have fed on the Principalities, or consumed the tribute due to Turkey on the spot. But no—this favour was reserved for Austria. The Arnauts have no doubt long since returned home; the Bashi Bazouks have been dismissed; and with what force Omer Pacha can now take the field, may be judged from the fact that Austria permits it.

We do not want to cast any reflection upon the gallant measure of invading the Crimea. Although, if what Lord Clarendon said in the House of Lords on the 15th of December be correct, and

that we rejected Austrian co-operation on the Pruth, to act independently of it in the Crimea, the hardships and losses of that expedition are to be charged upon our generals and ministers, more than upon the Austrian. The destruction of the fleet and great arsenal of Russia was an object well worthy of at first employing our arms. But we should at the same time bear in mind, that the Crimea, even if conquered, opens no way to the vulnerable parts of Russia. Its loss would no doubt be a mortification to the Czar; but beyond Perekop extends the vast region of the steppes, where there is nothing to attain, to conquer, or to hold. All must recollect Haxthausen's division of Russia into the northern, the central, and the southern regions. The central region he represents as concentrating the life, wealth, and strength of the empire. This can be only menaced through Moldavia; or, in other words, by a war for which the Principalities present the sole basis of operations. But they should be the basis of operation for Turks, French, and English, not for Austrians, who have the Bukowin and Galicia to operate from, and who are devouring by anticipation the resources of the Principalities, which might have been left available for the next campaign.

But such a war, it may be urged, is impossible, if Austria prove adverse. No doubt. But there is no fear of Austria being adverse. The fear is—her timidity, her backwardness, her neutrality, her promises to advance, and her reluctance to assume the offensive. But she has everything to gain from Russia being driven back from the Danube. Austria gains not only her increased chances for mastering the Principalities, but Russia being once shut out from the Danube, the supremacy and influence over the north-west of Turkey, Bosnia, and Servia can no longer be contested by Russia, and falls undisputed to Austria. We have no need, therefore, of silently bribing the court of Vienna with the Principalities in order to make her a party to the war. Let us show her that we are desirous and able to crush Russia, and we shall assuredly have Austrian aid in accomplishing it.

The war-party seems to have gained ground in Austria, notwithstanding all the proof we have of obstinate timidity on the part of M. Buol. It is not merely the disciples of Metternich who now exclaim against the arrogance and ambition of Russia, but even such men as Count Fiquelmont have discovered that war itself is preferable to a possession of the Principalities by Russia. Transylvania, according to the Count, is the great fortress of the Danubian countries; whoever possesses it, must possess them; so that for Russia to pretend to seize and occupy Wallachia, is for her to announce in plain terms that she must have Transylvania one day or other. We may admit the reasoning of Count Fiquelmont, as far as it denounces Russian conquest as menacing

and intolerant; but we cannot admit purely strategic reasons for grasping a country, completely independent in history, in race, and in position. The Principalities are formed by nature to supply distant countries with grain. They may be made the emporium for supplying the granaries of the West. The mere development of the trade with them would virtually open the Black Sea, and secure its independence; and we can no more admit the Austrian than the Russian claim, nor allow the right to dominate from strategic motives more than the right to protect and to absorb from religious ones.

There is one portion of Count Fiquelmont's book which strongly commands the attention of the peace-party in this country. The Count, a very competent authority, declares, that if the war continues, one of its effects will be to emancipate the serfs in that angle of Europe. All those boons, destructive of serfage, which were given to the Hungarians by the revolution, and which the Austrian government did not dare to abrogate, will be irrevocably secured by the continuance of the war. Moreover, adds Count Fiquelmont, the serfs of Russia will be equally benefited. For the law of Russia declares, that every man who has served as a soldier ceases to be a serf. Should the war continue several campaigns, the Czar will be obliged to call to arms all the rising generation of serfs; and all the survivors will be able to return to their native valleys to demand lands—not as serfs, but as freemen. War, no doubt, has its horrors; but, for all that, war is not without its civilizing influences. War gives great value to man; above all, to the agricultural peasant. It was found impossible, even in the middle ages, to summon him to war, and to put arms into his hands, without at the same time raising him from a degraded state. The gradual abolition of serfage in the West was due, centuries ago, in a great measure to the operation of war; and we now see the same cause producing the same effects in the East. We by no means wish to come forward as partisans of war; but still we would recommend the assertions of M. de Fiquelmont, as to the probable influence of the present war, to the attention of such philanthropists as Mr. Sturge.

It is too late however now to impugn or to defend the commencement of the war, its follies, or its imprudence. We have undertaken it, and must look to the securing of some results compensatory of its bloodshed, its suffering, and its waste. To humble Russia, and reduce its ambition within such proportions as are compatible with the balance of power and the freedom of Europe, is no doubt the great aim. But it would be dearly purchased by the aggrandisement of Austria, or by finally trusting to Austria to guarantee the independence of the south-east of Europe. That independence

can only be obtained by the establishment of the countries and the races, which are now unfortunately so divided and intermingled, that to render them a compact state is a problem difficult to be solved. To make them over to absolute power, and to either an old or a new master, would merely adjourn the question. The Turkish sway in Europe cannot be eternal. Whatever, therefore, is done, let at least the seeds be sown over these countries self-sufficing to their existence, their tranquillity, and their government. Rouman, Serb, and Greek people these regions; and the great characteristic of each is, not to tolerate the domination of the other. Italian and Swiss are in the same predicament; and this is the reason why they are enslaved to one of the retrograde or barbarian powers of Europe, such as Turkey or Russia, when the most enlightened are there present by their armies and representatives, ready to watch and advise, to guard and guarantee. A federation is alone possible in these regions. But independent states must first be formed as the elements of the future federation. The two Rouman Principalities are well fitted to form or to furnish two great foundations, and Servia is already constituted as a third; but Austrian prejudice and tyranny will be even more opposed to such a scheme than Russian ambition. France, we fear, would be indifferent in the matter. All, therefore, depends upon English statesmen, and upon the force and determination with which they urge a free and liberal settlement; not because it is liberal, but because such alone can have permanence and force.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

[*The Articles on British and Foreign Contemporary Literature, which have formed a new feature in "The Westminster Review" since the commencement of the New Series, having met with general commendation, it has been resolved to give still greater value to this department of the work by adopting a smaller-sized type, so as to comprehend a larger amount of matter, and by fusing together the several articles on the Contemporary Literature of England, America, Germany, and France, for the purpose of reclassifying the books reviewed ACCORDING TO THE SUBJECTS WHICH THEY TREAT. In future, therefore, the Sections will be headed somewhat as follows:—Theology and Philosophy; Sociology and Politics; Science; Classics and Philology; History, Biography, Voyages and Travels; Belles Lettres; Art. By this method a much larger continuous space will be obtained for reviewing in each department a selection of the new works as they appear in Great Britain, America, and on the Continent; and ample scope being thus afforded, it is now intended by a careful analysis and grouping of each quarter's productions at once to exhibit the characteristics of the individual works reviewed, and to supply a connected and comparative History of Contemporary Literature.*]

### THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE diversity of religious thought in our age has been often remarked. In this *sæculum multiforme* not only are all the old types of all the former epochs being reproduced, but they co-exist side by side in an uncomfortably negative state of impotent antipathy. There is much dissolution of opinion, no fruitful fermentation of thought. A feeble polemic is incessant; no party has the resources for a strenuous campaign, or a pitched battle. This is not the consequence of isolation, but of the reverse. Each of these religious and philosophical creeds is so far affected by mutual proximity as to deaden each other's force. Each weakens its neighbour without strengthening itself. The press and the spread of education act just enough on our traditional opinions to shake our faith in them, without leading us on to try to substitute anything better for them. General cultivation thus operates on inherited or imbibed faiths, without destroying them. It goes far enough to check much of the mischief of exclusive sects anathematizing each other; it has not advanced so far as to purge the sects of their historical peculiarities, and to base religion on ideas purely spiritual. Such an age may develop a great political system of toleration, but must be barren of philosophical systems. All the denominations occupy at this moment a peculiarly critical position. They cannot go back except by a general relapse of Europe into barbarism. The one step forward is to self-annihilation, as sects. Sectarian literature is the expression of this situation. It is bound to reassert the old formulæ, but it would fain do so in the undertoned and apolo-

getic way of men who do not wish to awaken emphatic contradiction. Such a situation is one to which a philosophical temper, of course, will not submit. But the minds of sufficient strength and leisure to force their own unassisted way into the higher regions of living faith, which conceives its object in a mode consistent with its other knowledge, are, of necessity, rare. From this class, however, in their various stages of struggle for light, proceed the most noticeable books on religious subjects. The remainder of the theology of the day comes from the sects, and is either the mere talk of men of no insight, and who attach no particular meaning to the words they use, or the attempts of better men, intelligent, but not philosophical, to expound the stereotyped view in what they imagine to be the dialect of philosophy.

Of this last class we have a favourable specimen in Mr. Foote's "Aspects of Christianity."<sup>1</sup> This is his opening paragraph:—

"It is of great importance to entertain wide and comprehensive views of Christianity. Almost all errors have arisen from taking partial views of it; and perhaps the best way of counteracting these partial views, is not by attacking them directly and separately, but by bringing them into harmonious combination, and showing that there is really no contradiction between them. There is a greater or less amount of truth in each of them, but not the whole truth. They are but half-truths, at best; some of them only mere fractions of the truth, which have seized hold of the mind, to the exclusion of other portions and aspects of it; and it appears to me, that he would confer the greatest benefit on our cumbrous Christianity who, gathering these scattered and fragmentary conceptions together into one grand whole, would present it to the contemplation of men in all its dimensions and proportions."

From such an opening, from one who can speak (p. 74) of "each new unfolding of Christianity, each new development which the piety or the genius of man, or the history of the church and the world may bring to view,"—who defines sanctification "a moral culture,"—"we might have expected much more freedom than we find. We find this

come to ask the place in religion which belongs to the understanding, we are told that (p. 12), "a religion devoid of intellectualism is wanting in depth and permanence. It is a flickering light that often leads astray, and in an age such as this, when error in every form is abroad, it seems especially necessary that we should aim at being intelligent Christians," &c. After this naïve avowal, we prepare ourselves for being told to get up Paley, that we may be "able to give a reason," &c.

In passing from Mr. Foote to Henry W. Crosskey,<sup>2</sup> we pass from a pulpit "intellectualism" to the regions of philosophy. Not that the

<sup>1</sup> "Christianity viewed in some of its Leading Aspects." By the Rev. A. L. R. Foote. Author of "Incidents in the Life of our Saviour." Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1854.

<sup>2</sup> "A Defence of Religion." By Henry W. Crosskey. London: John Chapman. 1854.

"Defence of Religion" is a philosophical argument; it is an oration, a pleading in rather impassioned language. When it argues, it fails; e.g., the attempt to argue the objective existence of God from the "inward experience" of man. The rhetoric of this appeal is true—it tells; the logic is bad. It will require a much stronger hand than Mr. Crosskey's to build the bridge over the gulf between thought and existence, which has yawned before us ever since Locke overthrew Descartes' celebrated *a priori* argument for the being of a God. But that fundamental truth once established or accepted by the soul, Mr. Crosskey's exhortations are rightly aimed towards assisting its grasp and assimilation. He realizes, though he cannot prove. Indeed, this warmth of sentiment is characteristic of the best writers of the school to which Mr. Crosskey belongs. It is the element we so much desiderate in the best school of German theology. Even the school of Schleiermacher rather spoke of piety than had unction. Even in the historical and critical writers, where we have no right to require the subject, we are conscious of a want of the sentiment, and are reminded that the relations of man to God have been a subject of study to the writer, but not of personal experience. It is a theology, but not a religion. Pure theism, a belief in God unencumbered by a miscellaneous accumulation of dogmatical and historical credenda, is set before us by Mr. Crosskey, as a faith by which man may rejoicingly live and hopefully die.

"The religious man recognises the moral law as the will of a Father he lives with and loves. He feels a joy beyond all joys, in the fact that it is not an abstract law, but a living Father, his moral nature calls on him to serve and obey." (p. 9.) "The believer in immortality can, with hope and confidence of ultimate success, widen the ground plan of existence. With eternity before him, the loftiest character is joyfully aspired to, and the divinest virtues are hopefully sought." (p. 22.) "There is a stage in the history of every deeply devotional spirit when it rises from the faith in hearsay and tradition into living communion with the living God. In a thousand religious biographies is the day noted,—often as the day of the 'new birth,' the day of justification, the day of 'receiving assurance,'—when the spirit is freed from bondage, and difficulty, and doubt, by the full apprehension of the glorious words, 'I will arise and go to my Father.'" (p. 9.)

From the practical employment of this faith in the inward experiences to the use of them as an evidence of external truth, the step is a natural, but a very great one. We must remark a growing tendency to take up this ground. Exegesis, and the exercise of a sound historical criticism, cannot exist in this country in the presence of a forbidding dogma which denies them access to the Christian literature of the first age. There are rather more signs of life on the side of the philosophy of religion. There is in this direction an increasing recurrence to psychology,—a very popular and ill-studied psychology indeed, but still indicating a disposition to look towards the facts of human nature, rather than to the letter of the book. We hear less and less of "the historical evidence" and the "argument from design," of Paley and the Bridgewater Treatises. And it so happens that this inner direction is just the one direction in which opinion in this country is

most easily moved. There is an impenetrable barrier of Protestant orthodoxy which prohibits historical criticism as soon as it essays to pass the schoolboy limits of the "confirmation from heathen authors." But the "inward witness" has, from the Reformation downwards, been always more or less accredited among us. Some sects have ever exalted it to a level with Scripture, and though the more rational sects, as, *e. g.*, the evangelical party in the Church of England, have subordinated it to "Scripture," they have at least kept open this book of human nature. They have indeed tortured, misread, and disguised it in every way, but they have saved it from being overlaid by the superstition of The Book. If not a favoured, it is, at least, a recognised province of religion. And now, from the most opposite quarters, we see attention turned to the soul and its experiences. Not only a direct disciple of Schleiermacher, like J. D. Morell, but Mr. Crosskey and F. W. Newman meet here. And now, from the heart of that party which has been distinguished as putting forward the creeds as pre-eminently the standard of divine truth, comes an appeal from dogma to conscience. "The Teaching of the Types,"<sup>3</sup> by Mr. Aitken, a clergyman of the Establishment, is the only written evidence we have fallen in with of a movement which has excited some attention. Here the doctrine of conversion to God is associated, in a way which has not been very usual, with the system of sacramental grace. The writer professes to adopt "the church's teaching," but "to give its own place and prominence to the spiritual life" in it. Baptism is all that church authorities have taught that it is; but not only regeneration, but "conversion, renewal, forgiveness, acceptance, or the possession of the spiritual life—all these may be enjoyed, and yet there may be no regenerative work done. These are only the powers and necessary preparations for doing it. To be born of the Spirit is one thing,—it is always an instantaneous and complete work,—but the regeneration, or formation of Christ in us, is quite a different matter, and requires both labour and sacrifice and persevering devotedness." (No. II., p. 58.) All this has, of course, been said before. Mr. Aitken is no metaphysician, and is unable, from want of this elementary knowledge, to grapple really with the subject of the spiritual life. But he is an earnest man, and has real experiences, though he fails to convey their reality from want of any better terminology than the meaningless platitudes of the baptismal controversy. He can only witness to the existing tendency to explore the hidden depths of the inner life.

It is not only as one who combined the ideas of ecclesiastical order and outward system with those of the inner experience, that we mention Edward Irving in this juxtaposition, but as one whose whole movement and tendency was *vital*, as opposed to the scriptural and the dogmatic schools. Irving is one who, in this age of biography, has sunk below the horizon from lack of the *Vates sacer*. The perpetuation of his memory has been naturally left by others to the care of the sect he originated. The sect having acquired a wider scope and aim,

<sup>3</sup> "The Teaching of the Types. Tracts for the Clergy and Earnest-minded." Nos. I. and II. Oxford: Shrimpton. 1864.



repudiate at once the name and the paternity. Hence the name of Irving has become to most of us little more than a tradition. But those who think of Edward Irving only as the popular preacher of the church in Regent's Square, or as an apostle of a fanatical delusion, have a very inadequate idea of the man. Earnest men are rare; great men still more so. Irving was both. He was by far the most likely man the last generation saw, to have breathed new life into the withering skeleton of Church institutions. But an unfortunate flaw of character, not unlike that which neutralized the powers of his revered teacher, S. T. Coleridge, "unshipped" Irving, to use Chalmers' word. Mr. Wilks has written a readable little volume on the subject.<sup>4</sup> But it is not a history of Irvingism, still less a biography of the man Irving. For this latter, "to tell the whole story of a life which appeared the more wonderful the more it was contemplated, I knew that the time was not come, or that I was certainly not the man." (Pref., p. ii.) Indeed, the brief entries in Chalmers' Diary, published by Hanna, give more that is characteristic of Irving than all the rest of the book. It is chiefly filled with extracts (well-selected, however,) from Irving's forgotten books. Those to whom these are new, may admire here the ideal wealth of a conception rather capacious than well-stored; now a power of observation hitting off some trait of the age to the very life; now a freakish fancy, wandering into some bye-path, far away from either good sense or good taste. Irving was quite incapable of discriminating between the true and solid and the frivolous and fanciful, and is ready to build a theology on the merest whimsical analogies. His mind dwelt by choice in the regions of twilight, and disports itself in the gorgeous colours and fantastic shapes of sunset. He told Chalmers himself that he "loved to see an idea looming through a mist." The history of the manifestations or "utterances" of 1829-33, is one which, if the materials for it exist, of which we are uncertain, is well worth being examined and written in a spirit of calm inquiry; and this, not merely for its own sake as a curious phenomenon of the day, but for the light which that modern Montanism reflects on the similar manifestations of the second century. The "gift of tongues," as it appeared in Newman-street, is capable, we imagine, of being reduced to a few definite facts, and of being satisfactorily accounted for from known causes.

Mr. Maurice is here again with a volume of lectures, which have all his merits and all his defects.<sup>5</sup> There is no falling off in vigour and originality; there is no accession of distinctness and intelligibility. He is, however, one from whom we can learn, even when we do not understand him. He is always edifying, even when not instructive. His moral energy, his earnestness, communicate themselves through his style, even when his ideas do not. Such a man is invaluable as a

<sup>4</sup> "Edward Irving. An Ecclesiastical and Literary Biography." By Washington Wilks. London: W. Freeman. 1854.

<sup>5</sup> "The Doctrine of Sacrifice deduced from the Scriptures." A series of Sermons. By F. D. Maurice, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1854.

Christian pastor, as a friend and monitor of the young—the witness to the importance of spiritual things. As a theologian it is otherwise; though even in scientific theology Mr. Maurice has his value. He has seized the leading truth which we have already remarked; the craving, namely, after an object of faith on which the soul may repose. And he is quite aware that creeds can never be such objects. Without controverting dogma, nay, even with an apparent acceptance of it, he does really scatter to the winds all the formal and traditional growth which we have come by habit to mistake for the object of religious faith. He brings us to the Bible as the living word of God, and would have us with warm affection and free conscience embrace it at once—not as a book, but as a friend. Our needs and cravings are our “*apparatus criticus*.” What we want, is the only measure of what we shall find. Setting to work in this spirit, on the subject of sacrifice, he contrasts the heathen with the Bible view of it. The heathen sacrifice was an oblation of some costly object, intended to obtain the favour or avert the anger of the Deity. In the same way the sacrifice of Christ has been usually regarded as a propitiation—a vicarious punishment, by which the innocent suffers for the guilty, and so the justice of God is reconciled with his mercy. Against this doctrine of atonement Mr. Maurice writes. First, he finds that the Old Testament sacrifices, patriarchal and Levitical alike, were one in principle with the sacrifice of Christ, and were a continued protest against the heathen idea. With his usual endeavour to force unity of design on all persons, ages, and countries which are signalized in the canonical books, he identifies the Jewish and the Christian doctrine. This doctrine is that the sacrifice, instead of being devised to influence the mind of God, and to satisfy his justice, is made by God himself: not offered to Him, but originated and prepared by Him. The spirit of man is bound by the chain of its own sins and fears, from which the announcement that God has given his own Son for him, emancipates him. “God is Himself the deliverer, the redeemer of spirit out of the fetters which it has forged for itself. It could not know God; it could not be released from the self-will which is contrary to God, if He did not meet it in sacrifice—if He did not Himself make the sacrifice which it can accept, as the fullest revelation both of His righteousness and His forgiveness.” (p. 151.) If this is indistinct, we cannot help it. We find it impossible to approach Mr. Maurice’s meaning nearer. We cannot get an idea out of the statements; we can get no further than impressions. We have not even Irving’s favourite “idea looming through a mist.” It is all nebular, diffused matter. But though we are at a loss to ascertain the doctrine here taught, we cannot be mistaken as to the *methodus doctrinizandi*. The experience of the human heart is erected into the authorised interpreter of revelation. Here is a book, or series of books, beginning with Genesis and ending with Revelations, which contains an account of the Divine economy in its moral relations to mankind. What is this economy? The diverse answers given to this question prove that it is, to say the least, not unmistakably declared in the book. Instead of taking a tradition, Catholic or Protestant, and finding its dicta in the Book, which is the

usual mode of proceeding, Mr. Maurice appeals to experience; experience, not of the senses, but of the soul. Once let the soul be roused into a certain state of self-consciousness, and then, and not before, the understanding becomes capable of tracing the web of relation between man and God, of which the book contains the record or intimation. This method, of course, like the other, encounters its difficulties in the expressions and language of the document. Such are, in the special subject of this volume of sermons, the terms *ἀντίλετρον*, *ἱλαστήριον*, &c. It is curious to see how Mr. M. gets out of such embarrassments. There is in his explanations none of the legal quibbling by which many of the commentators chicane away the meaning of an adverse phrase. He never tampers with truth in the unconscientious way in which much exegetical criticism is fain to proceed. We never feel in his comments that he is saying to us, "It does not mean this, but it must be made to do so." We see that he really thinks his own meaning of the word the true one. Or, rather, his own power of holding to a definition of a term is so feeble, and his faith in a "general view" so powerful, that there really is no difficulty in his mind, and he anticipates as little in his hearers.

The "Certainty of Christianity"<sup>6</sup> reminds us of that class of arguers of whom Lessing said, "The more triumphantly one proves Christianity to me, the more uncertain of its truth do I become." The author, however, "A Layman," anticipates a very different effect from his own reasonings. "We have written for patient thinkers, men so earnest that they will thank us for assured grounds of faith, and yet so honest that they will accept no less. We trust that feeling strong in those which we have offered, they will rest from their doubting now," (p. 32.) Those whom he fails to satisfy must "have an evil heart of unbelief." They want the moral sense that fits them for the reception of truth. "Things that engross, whether they be riches or learning, or oftener, merely '*rerum mediocriter utilium spes*,' not only shut out other things, but dull the eye that should see them." The truth of which doctrine is undeniable. But those who employ it as an indiscriminate solution of all the shades of doubt and scepticism, should be asked to explain how it is that such doubts do *not* prevail among the classes "who have their God already in the market-place," (p. 34.) The respectable classes are not great consumers of the best critical theology. The ordinary road to inquiry and doubt is, to cherish the moral perceptions, honesty of mind, love of truth, sincerity of purpose. "We should not be tempted into noticing another work on the long-pending cause Geology v. Moses, for any value the arguments in such a matter could have, but only as evidence of progress towards a critical manner of treating the subject. It is, perhaps, taking too favourable a view to regard as such this writer's statement of the issue.<sup>7</sup> This he states as lying between written memorials on the one hand, and animal

<sup>6</sup> "The Certainty of Christianity. A Sketch." By a Layman. Edinburgh: Constable. 1854.

<sup>7</sup> "The Mosaic Record in Harmony with the Geological." Edinburgh: Constable. 1854.

memorials on the other. He does not attempt to cast a doubt on the general conclusions drawn from the latter by the geologist, and wishes the same authority to be accorded to the conclusions established from the former by the philologist. So far, good. But, as might be expected, the philology at the command of the author is quite insufficient to warrant his drawing any conclusions at all from the record. The "days" of creation are successive visions, during which "Moses" saw in prophetic trance the process of creation; "day" meaning the period in which there is light, and light meaning the divinely-enlightened imagination; as anything may mean anything with this sort of critics. "The deluge" was not universal, as the "universality of a term does not imply the universality of the thing." It was confined to a district in the neighbourhood of Eden, in which were gathered the whole population of the earth, which at this period was small.

A second part of Dr. Ludwig Noack's "*Freidenker in der Religion*" is before us, containing the French Deists. A first contained the English Deists; and a third, which is in the press, is to treat the German Illuminism. This work is not designed for the comparatively small philosophical public, but is addressed to the wider circle of intelligent and educated readers. It has been composed in the interest of religious progress, and its object is to represent the reasonings of the writers who form its subject, in a manner free at once from the hostile tone of the ordinary hand-books of ecclesiastical and philosophical history, and from fanatical party advocacy. Its plan is to abridge the substance of the writings of the deists, declining all comment, interpretation, or rendering into the modern equivalents. The list of writers thus analysed begins with Bayle, and ends with the "*Système de la Nature*," Bodin being treated in an introduction as a prophet and forerunner. It appears to us that for these objects, this plan is not a happy one. None of the 18th century freethinkers, and the French least of any (unless an exception be made in favour of Diderot,) have any doctrinal importance. They have only a historical interest. In the history of opinion their significance is very great, and deserved treatment. But this treatment should have been interpretative. The critic in such cases should be a historian, not a short-hand reporter. Defining his point of view, he should have given us in its connexion and consistency the development of freethinking during the 18th century. The individual freethinkers should only have appeared as units in the total amount. A history of philosophy, where it is more than mere literary biography, should present opinion in its totality, not the opinions of individual writers. It is a fault common to most such histories, to load their march with long quotations from the original writers, thinking that in so doing they give authenticity to their own synopsis. In truth, when they do so, they are declining the duty they have undertaken. We say to such critics, either undertake the task of intermediary, or let it alone. If I come to you at all, I come to you for *your* survey, and *your* judgment. When I want to

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• "Die Freidenker in der Religion." 2<sup>ter</sup> Theil. Die Französischen Freidenker, Von Dr. Ludwig Noack." Bern. 1854.

enter on the further and very different task of judging the originals myself, I shall go to the originals, and not to your extracts from them. And nothing less than this is of much use in the case of the great masters of scientific thought. No hand-book-maker can introduce us to the thoughts of Plato or Aristotle. But it is different in the case of writers of the class of which Noack treats. Nothing can be more tedious and uninteresting than abridgments or condensations of Rousseau, Helvetius, or Voltaire. Voltaire in German! We must add that, as far as the abridgments go, they are made with great skill, and that Noack's lucidity of style and arrangement make him—what his countrymen of more learning and research are not—readable. On the other hand, he does not profess fresh research, and accordingly falls into the error, not common with his careful countrymen, of retailing the mistakes which still linger in the biographical dictionaries of France and England, though they have been corrected by the special writers. For example, he repeats the assertion that public lectures on the "*De Re Publica*" of Bodin were read in the University of Cambridge during the author's lifetime, though M. Baudrillart in his copious monograph on Bodin had explained that fact in its true sense.

The most important, indeed the only important work on Biblical criticism of the quarter comes from Tübingen. A republication,\* with many additions and improvements, of Dr. Zeller's elaborate dissertation on the Acts of the Apostles, contained in several consecutive articles of the "*Tübingen Theological Magazine*," (1848—1851,) comprises a full account of the important controversy, already noticed in our last July Number, as to the historical reliableness of this portion of Scripture, and as to the progressive character of Christian opinion generally during the two first centuries. The Acts purports to be a history of Christianity in its advance from Jerusalem to Rome; or of the process through which what appeared to be merely a national idea became a world-wide religion. It happens, however, that of this process we possess two very different accounts; one, representing it as only the wider diffusion of an acknowledged and uniform faith, contained in the book in question; the other exhibiting a long probationary interval of struggle and controversy, from which it gradually emerged in an expanded form more universally applicable than that it first appeared in. Most of the data supporting the latter view are to be found in the genuine epistles of the great apostle by whom, chiefly, the revolution was effected; and it might have been presumed, that under any circumstances his evidence would at once have been accepted as incomparably the weightier. Yet for many reasons the Acts has maintained its credit even against St. Paul; it is the more obvious, and, to a superficial view, the more intelligible narrative; it flatters the self-complacency of the Christian reader by representing his religion as having been from the first an unmistakable and generally unquestioned faith, professed by men acting invariably upon its true principles of love and concord; and the presumption of a

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\* "*Die Apostelgeschichte nach ihrem Inhalt und Ursprung kritisch untersucht*," von Dr. E. Zeller. Stuttgart, 1854.

necessary agreement between books alike inspired and infallible, has even led the majority of theologians to slur over the points of difference, and to deny the existence of any inconsistency whatever. Those who see the matter in this light will find ample scope for reflection in Zeller's work. Among other difficulties they have to reconcile Paul's departure for Arabia, "immediately" after his conversion, with his continued residence and preaching at Damascus; they must determine which of the many expedients resorted to by different critics in order to harmonize the chronology of this journey, should have the preference. They must explain how, in opposition to his own statement, (Gal. i. 23,) the apostles could have remained for three years entirely ignorant of his conversion and public preaching in a populous commercial city in regular communication with Jerusalem; how he could have familiarly associated with the general body of the apostles—"coming in and going out with them"—while, according to his own asseveration, (Gal. i. 20,) his interviews were strictly confined to Peter and James; or why he, or his predecessor Stephen, should have met with intolerance and persecution from the very persons who must be presumed to have been most interested in his success. (See Acts vi. 9, ix. 29.) Dr. Zeller shows that the apostolic interview in 2nd Galatians can neither have preceded nor followed the apostolic conclave in 15th of Acts; that the two accounts, though irreconcilable, refer to the same event. The narrative declaring that St. Paul preached, in the first instance, at "Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea," (Acts xxvi. 20,) is contradicted not only by Galatians, but by itself; and, indeed, the 22nd chapter confirms the discrepancy, alleging the express command of God to abstain from doing what we are notwithstanding told that St. Paul perversely did. The apologists of the book are obliged to be equally inconsistent; for instance, Neander, in order to explain the omission of the Arabian journey, at one time makes it only a short episode in the residence at Damascus; at another, extends it over the whole period of three years, when finding it necessary to account for the ignorance respecting St. Paul's doings supposed (in chap. ix. 26) to have prevailed at Jerusalem. Pleaders for the literal accuracy and strict harmony of revelation, in their eagerness to avoid confessing the contrarieties and animosities related in "Galatians," but carefully suppressed in Acts, unwittingly impugn the character of St. Paul, ascribing to him an inconsistency and obsequious servility utterly unworthy of an honourable man holding his known opinions. For how are we to suppose that he who in "Galatians" so loudly proclaims the abrogation of Jewish law, and, moreover, his own personal independence of external authority, should have consented to the weak compliances, and to accept the delegated office attributed to him in Acts; or how could he have had the temerity to blame Peter (Gal. ii. 11) for conduct certainly not more reprehensible than that imputed to himself? To defend the character of St. Paul is, therefore, tantamount to questioning the credibility of the book which accuses him; and the larger part of Zeller's work is a minute examination of the internal evidences of its incompatibility, not only with St. Paul's statements, but with those of other Scripture writers, and even its own.

For instance, the speech in the first chapter, describing Peter's own mother-tongue as a strange dialect, could not have been uttered by Peter. The interval of "forty days," inserted inconsistently with the writer's own intimation in his gospel between the Resurrection and Ascension, has a suspicious reference to the grand event of "Pentecost," occurring "not many days" afterwards. In regard to this latter occurrence, Dr. Zeller, after dwelling on the difficulties of the naturalist and supernaturalist explanations, shows how, independently of any actual event, the story may have naturally arisen out of a desire to date the new theocracy from a solemn act of inauguration, exactly corresponding to the pomp and circumstance which attended the establishment of the old. Of two discrepant statements, it is reasonable to presume in favour of the accuracy of that which appears to be least under the influence of prepossession; and though it would be going too far to infer falsification of fact from a seeming dogmatical motive, yet the existence of motive may confirm and account for such falsification when otherwise established. Schneckenburger ably pointed out the indications of purpose visible throughout the book. The minutely sustained parallelism between the two leading apostles; the suppression of Paul's anti-Judaical characteristics, the contrast of his repeatedly asseverated Mosaical conformity with Peter's disclaimer of the law (chap. xv. 10), and initiative in preaching to Gentiles; the implied vindication of his disputed apostleship in Peter's own deference for visionary communications, &c., would seem to show the writer's chief object to have been a vindication of the Gentile apostle, combined with historical evidence that the differences between the Christian leaders were imaginary or unimportant. Hence the repeated assurances as to the unanimity of the first Christians, (chap. i. 4; ii. 1, 46; iv. 24; v. 12; xii. 20; xv. 25,) and the obvious distortion of the known character of St. Paul, omitting in his addresses all mention of his peculiar doctrines, or, at least, only distantly alluding to them, in terms even less explicit than those employed by Peter. Schneckenburger, however, strenuously asserted the historical character of the book; yet he was forced to confess that the writer's aim was rather to give a commendatory than a complete view of St. Paul's character, which, as here stated, must be admitted to be one-sided and improbable, not such as a perfectly impartial person would have furnished. Zeller, on the other hand, does not deny that traditional and documentary evidence may have been used in the composition; he contends only that its principal aim is not historical, but didactic; that the purpose is not subordinate to the history, but the history modified to serve the purpose. It has been urged that we have no right to assume any other motive than that given out by the writer, who professes to be particularly anxious as to historical accuracy in the prologue to the gospel. But then, every writer of apologue or romance claims the credit of veracity. History is the form in which he clothes his address; and if in the present instance performance does not correspond with profession, it is neither the first nor the last time that histories have been written to support a theory. If Peter is made to share the persecutions of Paul, and Paul to rival the miraculous powers attributed in legend to

Peter, if the characters of the two apostles are to a certain extent interchanged, and the very man whose grand object was to replace the law with the Gospel, and whose personal sufferings proved his unflinching hostility to Judaism, (Gal. v. 11,) here unblushingly declares that he had done nothing whatever against the Jewish customs, the "*οὐκ ἤρπασα*," (Acts xxviii. 17,) it follows that to the writer all considerations were secondary to that of promoting Christian toleration and unanimity, and it cannot be expected that he would deliberately spoil the intended effect by proclaiming, like the boorish actor in the comedy, that the seeming lion is not a lion, that the Paul he depicts is not the true Paul. The "Acts," however, in Zeller's view is not so much an apology for St. Paul as a defence of the liberal ideas generally represented by his name; a proposal of terms of compromise with a Judaically inclined party in the interest of catholicity or universalism, addressed especially to the Christians of Rome. The scheme of Christian progress is stated in chapter i. 8, (comp. ii. 39,) as consisting of three successive stages. First announced in Jerusalem and Judæa, it is then to go to Samaria, and finally to spread through "the uttermost parts of the earth." The descent of the many-tongued Spirit, and the fate of Stephen, prepare the way for its ulterior propagation; Stephen's vindication anticipates that of St. Paul, whose addresses at Pisidian Antioch and Athens repeat the exculpatory argument of the proto-martyr. The extension to Samaria commences in the 8th chapter, which proceeds to relate the discomfiture of heathenism, or spurious Paulinism, in the person of Simon Magus, and the typical baptism of the Ethiopian, followed by the conversion of the Gentile apostle, and the first precedent of the admission of a Gentile in the story of Cornelius. The writer now ventures to allude to a general Gentile mission (11, 19), yet still hesitates to ascribe a direct missionary character in this sense to St. Paul, who preaches at first "to Jews only," and always with the sanction and authority of the other apostles. After the 15th chapter, this authorisation is less prominent, while instances of that Jewish stubbornness which made the excuse for Gentile admission become more frequent: the scene ends in Rome, when the policy laid down in ch. xiii. 46 is solemnly ratified, the Gentile call consummated, and St. Paul, effectually vindicated from every charge of sedition and irreligion, acknowledged to be the legitimate teacher of the metropolitan church. There are many indications that the audience contemplated by the writer was Roman. St. Paul's qualification for his Roman office is derived not only from the divine decree, but from the privileges of his birth. That the Christian community at Rome, which, according to St. Paul (Rom. i. 8), enjoyed an enviable and universal notoriety, and which, only two years afterwards, furnished a public excuse for the persecution of Nero, should have been so little known to the Roman Jews as here intimated (Acts xxviii. 22), seems historically incredible. Dr. Zeller refers the seeming paradox to the author's wish to make St. Paul appear as the principal, if not original founder of the Roman church; a church, however, of which the cotemporary feeling was probably Judaical, since otherwise he would have had no sufficient motive for suppressing the



case of Titus and the dispute at Antioch, the very circumstances which would have had the greatest interest for merely Pauline converts.

Apart from internal evidence, our information as to the so-called writings of Luke is scanty and unimportant. All that can be affirmed with certainty, is that the gospel was in use A.D. 140, or A.D. 130, at the earliest, in certain circles: but whether this was the case anywhere except in Rome, we know not; and the blank cannot be filled up by a surmise that the use of the gospel by Marcion and Justin sufficiently proves its authenticity; since the ancient Christian writers were wholly deficient in critical discernment, and used documents now deemed apocryphal with as much confidence as canonical ones. Of the existence of the Acts there seems to be no clear evidence before A.D. 170. Yet there is no sufficient ground for disputing the received tradition that the Acts, and the gospel, *in its present form*, came from the same hand. The discrepancies as to Christ's resurrection, and as to the doctrine of the resurrection generally (comp. Luke xiv. 14—20, 25, with Acts xxiv. 15) are not sufficient, says Zeller (p. 442), to raise a doubt upon. This person can neither have been Silas nor Timothy; and it must be presumed, agreeably to tradition, that the author indicated in the gospel prologue, and the "we" passages at the close of "Acts," refer to Luke. The reference, however, is by no means conclusive as to the fact; and to any one familiar with the habitual adoption of borrowed names by ancient writers, both Jewish and Christian (see Köstlin on the Pseudonymous Literature of the Ancient Church, Tübingen Jahrbücher, 1851), it will be rather a ground of suspicion than otherwise. A whole century intervenes between the real age of Luke and the first indisputable proof of the existence of his presumed work; a far less interval would have sufficed for the circulation of apocryphal writings in his name. Of Luke personally we know nothing except that he was a companion of Paul; and it is impossible to believe that a companion of Paul would have misrepresented not only circumstances, but characters, as this writer has. It may be conceived that Luke might be inaccurate as to facts which happened when he was not present; and that, not contemplating the composition of a history, he may have omitted to supply the want of personal information by timely inquiries. But many parts of the narrative are entirely irreconcilable with the personal presence of the narrator; and on the whole, it is far more likely that the unhistorical licence which Zeller traces throughout the work should have proceeded from a later controversialist, than from one whose memory must have often contradicted his statements.

The same great movement now proceeding in Germany has been introduced, though scarcely naturalized, in France. The great heart and centre of French society shows scarce any signs of life or speculative motion. That which now comes under our notice issues from a very circumscribed department of French mind. While Catholic theology in France is struck with an absolute paralysis, the position of the Protestant congregations has been little better. Narrow in intellect, thoroughly sectarian in spirit, they are so entirely isolated from the great mass of their countrymen, as to produce no effect whatever on the

general current of thought in France. Cut off from community of life at home, however, they have extended their sympathies in one foreign direction, and through Geneva the French Calvinists have not remained without an impulse from the general movement. This movement is represented in France by the "*Revue de Théologie*," established in 1850, at Strasburg. It is in connexion with the controversies, chiefly excited by this review, that the pamphlet, "*M. Scherer et ses Amis*,"<sup>10</sup> appears to have originated. The pamphlet is anonymous, but it would seem to emanate from the school of theology in which Vinet is the best-known name, and which, for want of a better, we may designate by the term by which it is here spoken of—Mystics. The Pietist reaction at Geneva and Lausanne, appears to have reared within itself this new tendency. The new mysticism may be described as a compromise between pietism and rationalism. With the latter, it boldly trusts itself to the science of historical criticism; with the former, it leans much on the human and spiritual life. The Roman Catholic hierarchical and dogmatic system of the middle ages had suppressed the inner life of the soul. The Reformation threw off that yoke, but, by aid of the dogma of the sufficiency of Scripture, which, like the man in *Æsop's Fable*, has in its turn imposed itself on the conscience of the Protestant world, and exerts the same baneful influence. The letter is killing the spirit. The mystics compose religion of these two parts, one of which is progressive and perfectible, the other fixed and immovable. Christ, who includes the whole of Christianity, appeared and took his place in history at a fixed date. The Gospel was given once for all. A fact remains always what it is. But this fact is in contact with the human nature of sinful man, to regenerate, transform whom, is its purpose. This effect accomplishes itself not once for all, but day by day. The conception of the truth, then, varies with the individual's degree of development, intellectual culture, advancement in holiness. Dogma is the attempt to express this conception; and it has, therefore, three factors, the Christian mind, the historic record, and science. It is the business of science to arrange the other elements in their proper order, and to assign to each its due proportion. The history of dogmatic theology is the successive preponderance of one of these elements or factors over the others. What is chiefly observable in this case, is the form which the theological controversy takes in French treatment. Deficient in the breadth, the patient interweaving of all the cases, which the German treatment offers, the French discussion shows a much greater logical ability in shaping the issue. It concentrates on a positive point the subtle spirit of life, which animates diffusively the whole body of the subject, as that subject heaves and works in the German mind. "*C'est possible, mais c'est ce qu'il faut démontrer. Qu'on démontre, c'est tout ce que nous demandons*," is the impatient and imperative demand which French intellect addresses to the Teutonic.

The French adopt, and improve by recasting, the results of Germany.

<sup>10</sup> M. Scherer, ses disciples et ses adversaires, par quelqu'un qui n'est ni l'un ni l'autre. Paris. 1854.

Scanty and thin are the streams which find their way into English biblical criticisms from the same source. "Sharpe's Historic Notes,"<sup>11</sup> however, is an attempt deserving commendation, especially as it is better than what it appears to be. The same author's "New Testament, translated from Griesbach's Text" has reached a second edition. The present volume is intended to give results of criticism, not criticisms. Hence we have no means of judging on what ground some portions of the old traditional rubbish which such manuals usually copy from each other, are here discarded, while others are still retained. If compared with the deplorably uncritical tone of English commentary in general, these notes may be considered as an improvement, though by the side of such manuals as De Wette's, for instance, their inferiority is humiliating. The writer would appear to have picked up some good information about his subject, but what are we to think, e.g., of such reasoning as the following, which forms the whole of what is said on the composition of the Acts: "This history clearly declares itself to be the work of Luke, the writer of the third Gospel; by its dedication to the same person, by its calling itself the continuation of the former history, and by its style." (p. 221.)

"Schaff's History of the Apostolic Church,"<sup>12</sup> is again before us in the second German edition. The book is well known in this country in Clark's English translation of the first edition. The history of the book is curious. The first German edition was printed and published at the small town of Mercersburg (Pennsylvania, U.S.), the population of which is almost entirely English. This was soon exhausted by the American sale, where there is a growing demand for German books. Besides this, a translation, by Scribner, was published at New York. The author then paid a visit to his native country, and during a prolonged sojourn at Coire, in the Grisons, occupied himself in preparing this much enlarged and improved edition. In a typographical point of view, thanks to the exertions of the young and spirited publisher (Holtze), this Leipzig edition is not only the greatest possible contrast to the original Pennsylvanian, but quite eclipses the New York or the Edinburgh translations. A pupil of Neander, at the University of Berlin, the writer is also his follower as an historian, though he does not precisely represent the theological school of Neander. On some points he makes greater concessions than Neander to the historical critics. On others he seems, from his American residence, to have relapsed into the dogmatic trammels of some of the orthodox Protestant confessions. His arrangement of his matter is better than Neander's, and his language much less cumbrous and obscure.

Two of the reprints of the quarter come from the University Press, Oxford. The works of Sanderson,<sup>13</sup> indeed, must rank higher than a

<sup>11</sup> "Historic Notes on the Books of the Old and New Testaments." By Samuel Sharpe. London: Moxon. 1854.

<sup>12</sup> "Geschichte der Apostolischen Kirche, nebst einer allgemeinen Einleitung in die K. Geschichte. V. Philipp Schaff, Doctor d. Theologie, u. Professor aus Prediger-seminarie zu Mercersburg." 2<sup>te</sup> Ed. Leipzig. 1854.

<sup>13</sup> "The Works of Robert Sanderson, D.D., sometime Bishop of Lincoln." Now

reprint, as it is the first attempt at collection of a variety of miscellaneous treatises; while some of the contents of these six volumes, letters, notes of sermons, &c., are now printed for the first time. Out of the whole, only the treatises "*De Obligatione Conscientiæ*" and "*De Juramenti Obligatione*" can have any permanent value. The former of these is, in some respects, a very remarkable production. It marks and terminates an era in the literature of moral philosophy in England. It is the latest and best attempt of the scholastic ethics, after their emergence from an imprisonment of centuries in the cloister, to hold intercourse with the general understanding, and to apply themselves to the actual affairs of mankind. The transition from the verbal formulæ of the scholastic philosophy to the new treatment, where morals and metaphysics become a part of general literature, was a gradual, not a sudden, revolution. Appearances here deceive. The contrast between the moderns—Hobbes, Descartes, Locke—and the school-writers, looks at first sight total. Sanderson and Hobbes seem to be separated by an entire age. But between Sanderson, the last of the old world, and Hobbes, the first of the new, there is yet this in common—that they are both dealing with real problems, with the facts of human nature. That which characterizes the later Aristotelians down to the sixteenth century is that they consider themselves only dealing with statements. Their method consists in a logical arrangement of a number of propositions extant in Aristotle, and a harmonizing them with a number of others extant in the Bible. Sanderson, on the other hand, well-instructed in the texts of Aristotle as he is, endeavours to use the old forms as instruments of thought, and to arrange human nature by their aid. Wholly belonging to the old world by his language and terminology, he applies that terminology to the realities of the new. The scholastic technicalities revive, in his hands, in all their pristine power. They become again a key to unlock the secret chambers of thought. It took more than a century for modern ethics to work up again to the old ground. For though Hobbes and Butler moved incidentally some of the most fundamental questions of morals, it was not till Kant that the new movement, which started *de novo* with Descartes, undertook on its own basis to explain the acts of will and the laws of its obligation, through their whole extent. This Sanderson attempts in the *Praelections* ("*De Obligatione Conscientiæ*"), from the scholastic point of view. He presents the Aristotelian analysis of action as explained by the Latin commentators. Where he deviates it is for the worse. The deviations are partly involuntary, and caused by insufficient apprehension of that profound scheme; partly intentional, and for the sake of bringing it into harmony with the doctrine of the reformed moralists, that the will of God is the external law of morality. His ethics, indeed, are corrupted throughout by his theology. If we wish to judge impartially of the merit of his moral doctrine, we must view it apart from the intrusive element with which it is so largely adulterated. It would be

easy to confound Sanderson with the mere divines, by putting forward the innumerable errors into which he was led by this confusion of two distinct provinces of thought. Conscience, *e. g.*, he explains as meaning that the knowledge lies between God and the man (*con scire*). Or again, he maintains (Præl. i. 23) that we are under a moral obligation to believe the mysteries of the Christian faith. Something of the imperfect development may be attributed to the hurried preparation of the lectures delivered at Oxford in the agitating year 1647, amid "the pressure of other duties and of ill-health." But with all these imperfections, it is convincing proof of the slight and careless way in which the history of moral science has been treated in England, that the author of the "*De Obligatione Conscientiæ*" is not even mentioned by Mackintosh, is treated as a "casuist" by Hallam, and is dismissed in a few superficial sentences by Whewell ("*History of Moral Philosophy*"), who had himself edited him. The other volumes have only a very inferior interest. We cannot join in the editor's regret that "a larger number of sermons has not come down to us." The reprint might well have been confined to the two moral treatises, and the powers of the Clarendon press turned into a more useful channel than reproductions of the divinity of the 16th and 17th centuries. The editor has done his work in a scholar-like and painstaking style. We observe a misapprehension on his part of an allusion by Dr. Johnson. Of a certain letter in which Sir J. Hawkins ingeniously defended an act of questionable propriety, Johnson (*ap. Boswell*) observed, "Bishop Sanderson could not have dictated a better letter." This does not imply, as the editor takes it, that Johnson had read Sanderson's letters. It means nothing more than that "the greatest casuist that ever lived could not have argued a bad case better."

We meet with pleasure a new edition (the third) of Brown's "*History of Missions*,"<sup>14</sup> enlarged to three volumes. To have winnowed the reliable facts from the chaff of folly or cant which forms the staple of current missionary reports, and to present without exaggeration the impression which the Christian part of the world is making on the non-Christian, is a useful work, and it is here partially performed. The philosophy of rational conversion is yet to come, but the first step is to get the facts; for there is scarce any class of facts so untrustworthily reported. Probably it has been the character of the evidence and the witnesses which has repelled men of enlarged views from taking up the subject. There is no other part of philosophical history more obscure than the laws according to which a religion is propagated. Their ascertainment would shed a flood of light both on the future prospects and past history of the race. The history of missions has usually been looked to only by the philanthropist speculating on the former, and not sufficiently by the historian philosophizing on the latter. Two views of missionary influence appear to prevail alternately among Protestant sects. In a period of

<sup>14</sup> "*History of the Propagation of Christianity among the Heathen.*" By the Rev. W. Brown, M.D. Third edition, brought down to the Present Time. In three volumes. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1854.

zeal it seems expected that the Scriptures translated into something resembling the language of the savage tribe addressed, and backed by "preaching Christ," should effect conversion on the spot. As soon as experience has proved the unreasonableness of this expectation, the civilization theory is brought into play, schools are built, and reading and writing taught, as a foundation for "the Gospel." This view is true, but inadequate. It assumes that Christianity is a set of truths capable of being taught, instead of a form of divine life propagated by moral contact and example. A successful mission implies two chief conditions—a superiority not only in the acts of life, but in the broad and intelligible features of moral character on the part of the teacher; secondly, a means of bringing this moral influence to bear on the taught, of which means language is but a part, and a very small part. Mr. Brown inclines to the civilization theory. His good sense supplies the place of philosophical view. He regrets the imposition by a missionary at Constantinople of a confession of faith as a preliminary to baptism. He deprecates the ordinary missionary language in speaking of their converts as being "born again," having "passed from death to life," or of their being "gone to glory," and "assuming the presence and agency of the Holy Spirit in their assemblies as unhesitatingly as they would do of things subjected to their senses," of the "leadings of providence," of the testimonies of "divine approbation." Though he does not view the whole Protestant missionary effort of the last fifty years as one entire failure, he is quite aware that the actual results of each mission in detail have fallen very short of the anticipations. He sets aside altogether as any test of success the statements of numbers. He is aware that the influence of Christianity on the civilization of Europe has been much less than is commonly imagined. He rules the question of the tolerance of polygamy among savages on the sensible side. Among the inferences he draws from the facts before him, one is worth notice. This is, that there is no material difference in the original intellectual capacity of tribes and nations so far as the learning faculties are concerned, but that the difference or deficiency lies in their thinking faculties, though this again is less in the power than in the habit of thinking. But this must surely be overstated.

"Philosophy is nowhere a body of intellectual light, a scheme of demonstrated truth, from the beginning to the end." Such is the assertion by which Ferrier's "Institute of Metaphysic,"<sup>15</sup> the most important work of the class philosophy of the quarter, is *motivé*. Since Mill's "Logic," no English treatise of a metaphysical nature has appeared which will compare with this in point of interest. It comes forward advancing high claims on attention; however it may be thought to sustain those claims in respect of what it has to teach, it bears them out amply in its method of putting them. That Mr.

<sup>15</sup> "Institutes of Metaphysic. The Theory of Knowing and Being." By James P. Ferrier, A.B., Oxon. Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, St. Andrews. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1854.

Ferrier will be widely read we entertain no doubt whatever. In saying this, we declare at once a merit and a defect. A book should be readable, and this is so. But this power to *interest* is purchased, as might be expected, by a proportionate sacrifice of precision. The style is popular, by being vague, scattered, reviewy. One great point with the author is that philosophy should be "reasoned." But nothing is further from his own pages than severity of syllogism. All there is rhetoric, not logic; figure, and trope, and allusion, and all out of that well-worn vocabulary which is in daily use in newspaper, review, and lecture-room. In short, Mr. Ferrier is eminently "the professor." He is the very man to interest a class in metaphysics, and to bring down abstract studies to the level of common-sense apprehension. He makes things plain. We should imagine that, with a tolerably intelligent class to follow him, he would make a capital teacher. But it is obvious that this very quality disables a man for the higher functions of a writer on philosophy. The writer who aspires, as Professor Ferrier aspires, to reform or remould his subject, must write, not for students, but for practised ears. He should be able to teach the teachers; he should have a full command of philosophical language; his ideas should clothe themselves in the commensurate terms. It is one thing to be lucid, another to be popular. A metaphysician cannot be popular with impunity. He seems to have conveyed, when really he has only spoiled, the idea. The untaught reader, who is delighted at being helped by his illustration, has really mistaken the illustration for the thought.

Another feature of this treatise is its being written with little reference to previous systems. This again recommends, while it lowers. It recommends by the air of freshness and originality with which it leaves the thoughts to flow, as they evidently do, from the author's own mind. But what is gained in originality of term and expression is more than lost by the repetition which is thus occasioned. The writer elaborates a familiar thought with the proud march of a traveller who is disclosing an undiscovered region. We are glad to be rid of that erudite, polyglot style of the book-learned metaphysicians, but then we find ourselves carefully instructed in that which, with all deference to Professor Ferrier, we knew quite well already. In short, whatever might have been the case in the days of Lamech and Methuselah, it is vain to attempt to write now independent of extant philosophies. It is not in our power, either in philosophy or poetry, to begin the world anew. Every word we use has a history, and its history modifies its signification.

From the north, again, comes the second most important contribution to metaphysics.<sup>16</sup> If we recollect that in 1829 Sir W. Hamilton could speak of "the total neglect of these speculations in Britain," and contrast that apathy with the excited interest with which such topics were discussed in France, even in the daily journals, under the stimu-

<sup>16</sup> "The Philosophy of the Infinite, with Special Reference to the Theories of Sir W. Hamilton and M. Cousin. By Henry Calderwood. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1854.

lus communicated by Royer Collard, Jouffroy, and V. Cousin, we might, when we notice how nearly the position of things in the two countries is now reversed, think it matter of triumph and exultation. The school of writers coming forward in this arena in the north, the deliberate treatment of such topics in the pages of "*The North British Review*," as symptoms of awakening attention to philosophy, should be greeted by us most cordially. Such a sympathy, however, with the subject of speculation, must not forbid our remarking an inherent weakness in the style of treatment. All the writers, even if not pupils of the distinguished man to whom the revival is due, are his disciples. Now Sir W. Hamilton's whole mind is essentially logical. It is so, so eminently, that its adaptation for distinction proportionally disqualifies it for other, specially dissimilar, operations. Now, however vulgar notions and ordinary language may confound the two things, no two directions of thought can be more unlike than the logical and the metaphysical. Our present space will not permit our showing the grounds of this assertion; it must be enough to point to the analogous facts, that lawyers, subtle in the interpretation of statutes, commonly fail in making them—that the diplomatist makes a bad statesman—in illustration of the fact that the logician makes a bad metaphysician. For the truth that logic and metaphysics are distinct, and that he who succeeds in the one will not be likely to have in any high degree the faculties required for the other, is far from being the whole of the case. The subjects are distinct, and yet they have that superficial resemblance which easily leads to the result of one being mistaken for the ultimate data of the other. No one can state this more pitifully than Sir W. Hamilton himself. "The capacity of thought is not to be constituted into the measure of existence." But no Latin logician of the middle ages ever more completely mistook in his practice the substantiated rational forms of the logical understanding for the presentations of the pure reason. Mr. Calderwood is, to a degree almost laughable, a repetition of Sir W. Hamilton. His book is, indeed, one of warm controversy against the Edinburgh philosopher; but it is entirely with his own weapons that he controverts him. Nay, not only with his own weapons, but apparently with his own learning. Mr. Calderwood does not appear to possess any ideas on the subject he writes of, beyond those drawn from his teacher. He borrows not one wing-feather only, but bow, arrows, quiver and all. The same words and propositions only want shaking up in a bag, and bringing out in another concatenation, and the thing is done. Nothing now said will be understood as depreciating the real question at issue. It is the supreme problem of speculative theology. It is to the method only that these remarks apply. Verbal, formal, inconclusive, it can yield *any* result desired. Indeed, it is curious to note that these logical fencing-matches often end with the honest confession, that, after all, the difference was not so great. We find Sir W. Hamilton closing his argument by so stating his opponent's (Cousin) doctrine, as to enable him to ask, "Am I wrong in supposing that M. Cousin would not repudiate this doctrine?" And Mr. Calderwood's wholly controversial volume terminates with the same conclusion—"that it would not be difficult to show, that, apart



from these extreme points, these philosophers (Hamilton and Cousin) are one." The truth is, that there has never been any firm grasp of the *ideas*, and the words which stand for them have then been easily forced into a kind of spurious approximation. It is not inconsistent with this charge, to say that Mr. Calderwood shows great clearness of understanding, and that his statement is eminently vigorous. Now and then he trips, even logically, but this may be ascribed to haste in composition. An instance of this is in pp. 41, 42, where we can only suppose that he has confounded "correality" with "correlativity." We cannot leave the book without noticing the rather pompous magniloquence with which the author delivers his dicta. The master is here not merely copied, but travestied, by the disciple. Sir W. Hamilton, publishing originally in a Review, used the received "we" of journalism. This could not be blamed. But it is a different thing when "Henry Calderwood" comes before the world for the first time in an independent volume, with "the doctrine we now announce;" "the position we occupy in relation to Sir William;" "such we conceive to be the truth," &c. These blemishes of taste, it is to be hoped, may be removed in a future edition.

The handsome style in which the publishers are getting up these volumes,<sup>17</sup> and the celebrity of the editor employed, raise this edition to the rank of a monument to the memory of Dugald Stewart. And none of our native philosophers deserve such a monument better. He may not compare with Locke or Hume in originality; but he is the systematizer of the whole British school of metaphysics, collecting into a harmonious whole the speculations which had been successful in standing the test of time, and excluding the paradoxical outthrow. Yet was he not a mere harmonizer, *ab extra*, of other men's thoughts. He was himself a thinker, and genuine representative of a school. The so-called Scotch school, of which Stewart was the last, was only Scotch, because its principal members happened to be natives of Scotland. It was European in blood, and in the right line of descent from the fountain-head of modern thought opened by Bacon and Descartes. Of this school Stewart was the last in this country. Pitt's policy severed the mind of this country from that of the Continent; and since then France and Germany have continued the development, while we have contentedly dropt behind in the race. In returning to Stewart, we take up the thread of thought at the point where its connexion with the general European movement was severed. The use of Stewart as a text-book in teaching may smooth our return into the circle of European thought. For in the great quality of the philosophical spirit—freedom from the national peculiarities which are so offensive in Reid, and which peep out even in Locke, Stewart had no equal, perhaps, since Descartes and Bacon. We feel his sympathy with the *spirit* of the French philosophers, even while he is combating their conclusions. And a return to Stewart cannot but be beneficial in this respect, whatever may be his shortcomings in positive science,

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<sup>17</sup> "The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.E." Edited by Sir W. Hamilton. Vols. 2, 3, and 4. Edinburgh: Constable.

and they are not a few; besides the two great blots of his "Elements," the chapters on Kant, and on Aristotle. The editor, pushing, as it seems to us, editorial power beyond constitutional limits, incorporates the "Outlines of Moral Philosophy" in separate parcels, with the Elements. This may make the treatinent more systematic, but it damages the authenticity of the edition, as an edition of "The Works of Dugald Stewart." An editor's paramount duty is to his author, and not to his author's subject. We also see that (vol. iii., p. 417), we are only to have extracts from the pamphlet, "A Short Statement of some important Facts relative to a late Election of a Mathematical Professor." This pamphlet ought certainly to have been included, *in extenso*, in the "Collected Works."

From Halle<sup>18</sup> we receive two academical monographs in that thorough style which appears to unite the so often severed qualities—laborious industry and philosophical view. The latter, *Kirchner's Philosophie des Plotin*,<sup>19</sup> which was originated by a prize proposed by the Berlin Academy, throws a really original light on the Neoplatonist school, besides being a very full and useful analysis of a very unreadable and inaccessible book, "The Enneads" of Plotinus. The points on which the author corrects the received view are the following. Neoplatonism, instead of being a tacit succumbing of the Western mind to the spreading spirit of Orientalism, was the last reaction of pure Greek thought against the prevailing mysticism of the East. And so far from its characteristic being that of a philosophy of enthusiasm and imagination, its genius is that of method and system, the surprising art with which it combines into a whole the scattered parts and fragments of earlier thought. But though it has no claims to be considered an original creation, it is not a mere selection from other philosophies. It comes not, indeed, from an actual observation of things; it is only a resurrection of older ideas. But it is not, on the other hand, a mere capricious admixture of foreign elements. Plato and Aristotle are the sole sources from which it draws, and they are organically combined into a whole in it, not merely harmonized in an eclectic spirit. To the extant religions Neoplatonism stands in no intimate relation. It has not borrowed a single idea from any one of the mythologies of the world. The chapter on "Ammonius and his Predecessors," is a clear statement of the relation of the Alexandrian Platonists to the New Pythagoreans, on one side; on the other, to the Platonists and Aristotelians of the two first centuries—two distinct lines of thought, representing the somewhat conflicting parties of mathematicians and philologists, between whom the Greek educated world was divided.

<sup>18</sup> "Gregorii Nysseni Doctrinam de Hominis Natura, illustravit Ernest Gul. Möller, Lic. Theol." Halle, 1854.

<sup>19</sup> "Die Philosophie des Plotin," v. C. K. Kirchner, Dr. Ph." Halle, 1854.

## POLITICS AND EDUCATION.

**A**MONGST the variety of books which Germany sends us, those on Political Economy form but a very small proportion; nor can Count Reichenbach's "Beiträge,"<sup>1</sup> be regarded as purely German. The author, on the title-page, designates his domicile "in London;" and the principles expounded in his book are those commonly accepted as "orthodox" in this country, sublimated into German thought.

Political Economy in Germany has always been one of the studies required of candidates for the civil service, and is taught at all the universities, under the two divisions of *Staatswirthschaft* and *Volkswirthschaft*—or Economy of the State, and Economy of the People; but it has never yet become there, as with us, a prominent branch of popular knowledge, of which every Christian is bound to possess a smattering. In England, as many must know by *bored* experience, this unlimited popularity of the science is not free from nuisance; every harber whose intellect has mastered the sublime mysteries of "cheapest and dearest market" and of "supply and demand," with its standing miracle of feeding London by competition, imagines himself to have solved the ultimate problem of the universe, and that nothing remains now for mankind but to carry out "the principle" in all directions, and thus speedily to establish "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." In Germany, on the contrary, the inconvenience lies the other way. There, the only *popular* writer on political economy, Friedrich List, an energetic, original, and patriotic man, with many resemblances to the English Cobbet, invented the system of *national economy*, which began with "protection to native industry." The professorial teachers, on the other hand, were one and all followers of Adam Smith; and the consequence is, that the university-educated statemen and officials, particularly in Prussia, are all more or less free-traders; while the "popular opinion" generally goes for protection. To an English observer of the proceedings of the Parliament of St. Paul's Church, in 1848, it must have been a curious phenomenon to hear the fiery democrats of the "Left" argue for protection as the "national" principle, while the grey-headed aristocrats and statesmen of the unpopular "Right," had to defend what we call the liberal doctrines of the matter. We still have in our ear the shrill voice of a little democratical straw-bonnet manufacturer from Offenbach, who, at one of the many private parliaments held at Frankfort during that lively period, laid it down, amidst universal cheers, that dear to the heart of every German patriot must be the interests of every German worker, and which are identified with high protective duties: "*Wer wollte die Arbeit nicht schützen?*"

Under such circumstances, a moderate transfer of popular information on the subject from the overcharged English into the vacuous German mind, would, be of some practical use. The book before us,

<sup>1</sup> "Beiträge zur Kritik der Staatswirthschaft." Von Oskar Reichenbach in London. Erste Reihe. Oldenburg. Gerhard Stalling. 1854.

however, makes no pretensions to popularity; it is addressed to the highest, rarest class of readers, and, indeed, if the author counts upon a very numerous audience, he has paid a great compliment to his reading public, and must have supposed in them an amount of philosophic culture, and a ready practice in intellectual gymnastics, not to be met with elsewhere. For it is the author's method to mount a higher platform than is generally occupied by political economists, commanding a horizon of much wider, nay, of quite boundless extent. He takes his subject up into most elevated spheres of thought and speculation, illustrates it with such high matter as can be handled in so rarified an atmosphere; points to distant, though not always distinct regions observable from there; and then leaves it to his reader, if he has been able to follow him into those high places, to take the result down to his ordinary dwelling-place upon the habitable earth, and make the best he can of it. With an author of so refined and cultivated a mind as the present evidently is, this method has the one advantage of introducing us to views and reflections, often very beautifully expressed, which we are not accustomed to meet with in the trodden paths of economic science. As, for instance, of the natural inequality of men:—

"In the ideal world of the philosopher men may be equal, in reality they are never so;  $a$  is not  $b$ , nor  $b$   $c$ , although  $a+x$  may be  $=b$ , and although after adding  $y$  with all its properties,  $b+y$  may become  $=c$ . Place two equal men beside each other, all their thoughts and actions the same, and they abrogate each other: equality of all men is death of mankind; which only lives by inequality aspiring after equalization."—p. 4.

Or concerning our present enemy:—

"Russia, too, has a civilizing vocation in the progress of culture. Peter the Great, himself a civilizing man, broke, himself an oppressor, the power of numerous small oppressors. Assisted by his adventurers out of all nations, he forced upon his Bojars the civilization of the West, and imbuing Tartarism with civilization, he prepared its decease. Russia, civilizing towards the East, reactionary towards the West, becomes enfeebled; it must civilize itself altogether, or else, subdued in its inevitable combat with the West, disappear."—p. 19.

Notwithstanding this latter allusion, however, so cheering to the enterprise of the "West" just now, it appears to us that, for its ostensible purpose, this book ought to have appeared several years earlier. The most successful portion of the book is a spirited criticism of Proudhon and his socialistic sophistries; but how utterly forgotten are these now already, collapsed by their inanity, silenced by the advent of any, the least reality. Nor are we aware that those Gallic doctrines, born of hunger and vanity, ever found the least notable acceptance in Germany, except from *Schneider Weitling*, and his score or two of not very influential *Gesellen*. Communism has nothing permanently tempting or attractive to Teutonic people, the basis of whose nature is individualism and self-help; and as to the German branch of the family, it has long since been predicated of them, that when five meet, there are more likely to be six opinions than one unanimity! But whatever the immediate practical uses of Count Reichenbach's book may be, one thing

strikes us; its author, till recently a resident in London, and known by several amongst us as the very type of a dignified, high-minded gentleman, is a Prussian refugee, drifted from his native land with the revolutionary shoal of political emigrants, and left stranded at the subsiding of the flood, in 1849. "Whatever his participations in the impracticabilities of the "Gentlemen of the Left," at Frankfort, or of the Rump Parliament at Stuttgart may have been during that excited period, surely so earnest and thoughtful a defender of the basis of social stability and continuity, the gallant champion of the rights of family and property—perhaps against his own ranks and for the benefit of those arrayed against him—cannot be a politically dangerous man, and ought not, for the honour and profit of Prussia, to be doomed to consume the years of his strength in forced exile. Prussia cannot spare any of its brave men.

The author himself, if any voice of ours should happen to reach him, we would respectfully advise to discard, in his next "series," those Hegelian abstractions which we have found it our duty to speak of more at large in another part of this *Review*,\* and which are greatly detrimental to his otherwise so compact and choice writing. We should think that one of the chief duties of a liberal German writer, at this time, ought to be that of eschewing abstractions, and holding fast by the concrete in all ways.

In two volumes, on the "Influence of the Prevailing Ideas of the Nineteenth Century upon the State,"<sup>2</sup> originally composed in Hungarian, and ably translated by their author, Baron J. Eötvös gives us the fruits of much thought and careful investigation. In the first of these volumes he endeavours to characterize such attempts as have yet been made to realize the prevailing ideas of Liberty, Equality, and Nationality, and to estimate their actual and probable issues. In the second he proceeds to consider if the method of these endeavours to realize such ideas is consistent with their natural order of development; in what way the majority of men are influenced by them; if their fuller realization comes within the range of possibility; and, if so, by what means is it to be effected? The author seems a warm admirer of Bacon, and insists on the strict application of the rule of experience, or on a thoroughly scientific treatment of politics, instead of rearing governmental structures *à priori*. He displays extensive reading, and is a careful and unprejudiced observer; his reasoning is consistent, and his style concise and clear. We would remark, however, that he seems to us to overrate the influence of French ideas of Socialism and Communism, in the changes of European society; or rather, he is not sufficiently alive to the manifestations of such as are diametrically opposed to them, viz., those which he himself entertains, and which (though the common property of all civilized nations since the infusion of a new life into Europe by the destruction of

\* See Section on Art.

<sup>2</sup> Der Einfluss der herrschenden Ideen des XIX. Jahrhunderts auf den Staat. Von Baron Joseph Eötvös. Von dem Verfasser selbst aus dem Ungarischen übersetzt. II. Bde, Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1854.

the classic world through Christianity and the invasion of the Teutonic nations,) are yet chiefly embodied in the present state and society of England. Baron Kōtvös's book may justly claim the attention of the thoughtful reader, and especially on account of the earnest and impartial spirit which it exhibits.

An unpretending but worthy little history of the genesis of revolution is the "Nemesis of Power."<sup>3</sup> "*Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht*," said Schiller; and the words might have furnished a motto to the thoughtful volume which reads the sentence of abused power in national disaffection, and tracks the blood-stained feet of the avenger to the scaffold of Charles and the Guillotine of 1793. Man nowhere fulfils his destiny, is the argument enforced by Mr. St. John;

His grief is but his grandeur in disguise,  
And discontent is immortality;—

the obstacles to his happiness he is ever seeking to thrust aside; if unsuccessful, his efforts are stigmatized as criminal acts of rebellion; if they burgeon into revolutions, they are the theme of endless glory. Those who sow the wind reap the whirlwind; revolution is always preceded by profligate degeneracy and corruption in the world's rulers; it is the fleet-winged Nemesis of abused power. Revolution is therefore always justifiable; for it is the necessary, self-invoked retribution of perverted trust; it is the heavy balance of a long catalogue of neglected reforms; it is the desperate, but, in the state of things, natural, gasping for relief of the social frame that is sick unto death. Mr. St. John follows out this argument through the various cycles of European history, picturing faithfully the excesses of royal, oligarchic, and priestly power, and showing the inevitable *πῦμα θνητοῖσι βροτοῖσι*, which awaited them in the armed indignation of an awakened people. Of the present he speaks much—of the germs of good and evil we are uplying for the future; and is especially ominous on the systematized military power which, according to his belief, now holds the destinies of Europe in the hollow of its hand. But the soldier of the lower empire is a creature, who by the force of things is daily becoming less necessary and less possible in the world. It was but the other day that a Boston superintendent of police refused to lay his hands upon a fugitive slave; and can the army remain, in the heart of civilization, the only caste uninfluenced by its concomitant sentiments of right and justice?

We have three vigorous sermons this quarter from Mr. Theodore Parker. In the first of these,<sup>4</sup> he balances between the authority of the statutes of men and the unwritten laws of the divine conscience; and endeavours to establish (with, we believe, an understood practical reference) the freedom of thought and conscientious action on the

<sup>3</sup> "The Nemesis of Power; Causes and Forms of Revolution." By James Augustus St. John. London: Chapman and Hall. 1884.

<sup>4</sup> "The Laws of God, and the Statutes of Men." A Sermon preached at the Music Hall, in Boston, June, 1854. By Theodore Parker. Boston: B. B. Mussey and Co.

broadest possible basis. In his two other sermons,<sup>5 6</sup> Mr. Parker has given a voice to the recently outraged moral sense of the Abolitionists in Boston; and well it is that that city has so fearless and able a spokesman to utter its indignant protest. The events show us that the virus of an unnatural institution only finds food for feverous growth in the increasing material welfare of America, and that the deep-seated evil may yet imperil the crisis of her national manhood. Still, with such sterling assertion of the "higher laws of God," we do not fear but that justice will eventually triumph over cupidity, and the pen and the tongue over the slaveholder's purse and the policeman's baton.

On the subject of free trade and its history, we have before us two excellent books, the comparison of which affords additional interest: "Cobden and the League; or, the English Agitation for Free Trade,"<sup>7</sup> by Bastiat; and "The Charter of the Nations,"<sup>8</sup> by H. Dunckley, contain a full account of what has been accomplished in this country, together with its causes and consequences, and a collection of the most irrefragable proofs of the wisdom of the Free Trade policy, not only under the peculiar circumstances which led to its adoption in England, but as a step toward the union of the civilised world, and the extension of the advantages of civilization by means of commercial activity.

In the former, its highly-gifted author, who was not spared to see the fulfilment of the scheme he had so much at heart, relates and explains to, perhaps, a listless multitude of compatriots, fettered and blinded by protectional prejudices, the history of the movement, as far as he witnessed it himself. In a masterly introduction, he unites the theory to the facts, and predicts its realization in that prophetic spirit which rests its recognition of the future on an exact knowledge of the past and present, and a careful observation of events, tendencies, and probabilities. And yet there is an air of melancholy about Bastiat's book. The English volume, on the contrary, paints in glowing colours the picture of a great commercial revolution; its author is standing in the midst of a nation which triumphantly carried it by an aggregate of individual efforts, and is sufficiently elevated above the past, to enable him to survey the rise and progress of the movement from an embryo warfare to a conquest, attended by consequences the most happy, though at the same time only the earnest of others. As our last number contained a notice of the first portions of the reprint of Bastiat, we have only to add that the volume before us well supports the fame of its distinguished author.

<sup>5</sup> "The New Crime Against Humanity." A Sermon preached at the Music Hall, in Boston, on Sunday, June 4, 1854. By Theodore Parker. With the Lesson of the Day for the previous Sunday. Boston: B. B. Mussey and Co.

<sup>6</sup> "A Sermon of the Dangers which Threaten the Rights of Man in America." Preached at the Music Hall, on Sunday, July 2, 1854. By Theodore Parker. Boston: B. B. Mussey and Co.

<sup>8</sup> "The Charter of the Nations; or, Free-trade and its Results." An Essay on the Recent Commercial Policy of the United Kingdom. By H. Dunckley, M.A. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1854.

The production of Mr. Dunekley carries with it no small authority. The Committee of the League have judged it a faithful exposition of what was chiefly promoted by their agency; for it was awarded the prize when that society, in opposition to the last ministry, resumed for a while its activity, and proposed an essay, "showing the Results of the Repeal of the Corn Law and the Free Trade Policy upon the Moral, the Social, the Commercial, and the Political Interests of the United Kingdom."

The "Prudent Man"<sup>9</sup> is a little book on further social applications of the principles of life assurance, and gives some useful hints on organizations for colonial investments. Written by a secretary to two Insurance and Friendly Societies, we had much the same uneasy scruple while reading it, as that with which we would approach a pushing watchmaker's "Treatise on the Watch;" but in the main, we find it an honest exposition of a system on which our people eminently need information. Much more needed, however, and therefore welcome, is the reprint of an article, with which most of our readers are already familiar, on the Reform of the Law of Partnership.<sup>10</sup> The common-law principle of unlimited liability is shown by the writer to be wholly unjust in theory, and utterly pernicious in results; while the opposite system of limitation is enforced by a copiousness of argument, and a clearness and vigour of style, which bespeak a perfect mastery of this important subject.

The increasing importance deservedly recognised in statistical science, despite the sneers of those who see in it only "*l'art de s'égayer avec méthode*," has suggested a valuable abridgement of the general results of the recent Census,<sup>11</sup> similar to those of the simultaneous returns of Education and Religion, which we have already had occasion to notice in these pages. We can scarcely exaggerate the interest which attaches to this digest—to the philosopher, the legislator, the philanthropist—furnishing, as it does, such sufficient and reliable data on the state of trade and progress of manufactures, the demand and supply of food, the births, deaths, and marriages of our people, their dwellings, avocations, and sanitary condition, their general culture and happiness, and all the agencies for better or worse, which the state or the individual has set at work among them. However suspicious the employment of official machinery for the purpose of collecting such facts, there is enough of intrinsic evidence to show that the returns

<sup>9</sup> "The Prudent Man; or, How to Acquire Land, and Bequeath Money, by Means of Co-operation." By William Bridges, Secretary to the Mitre Life Office, and the Friendly Societies Institute. With a Draft Set of Rules for an Emigration and Land Society. By Arthur Scratchley, M.A. London: H. Baillière. 1854.

<sup>10</sup> "Partnership, with Limited Liability." Reprinted, with Additions, from the "Westminster Review," New Series. No. VIII. October, 1853. London: John Chapman. 1854.

<sup>11</sup> "The Census of Great Britain in 1851." (By Authority of the Registrar General.) Comprising an Account of the Numbers and Distribution of the People; their Ages, Conjugal Condition, Occupations, and Birth-place; with Returns of the Blind, the Deaf-and-Dumb, and the Inmates of Public Institutions. And an Analytical Index. Reprinted in a condensed form, from the official Reports and Tables. London: Longmans. 1854.



have been impartially taken, and classified in a broad and becoming spirit. The Bishop of Oxford's attempt to throw discredit on the returns is best answered by a careful scrutiny of the Report itself, in which facts are revealed, with respect to the social and spiritual condition of our people, which must well alarm the Bishop for the character of his Church's activity. But to those who would follow out this especial question, under intelligent guidance, we recommend the perusal of an excellent tract,<sup>12</sup> in which, under the head of "Voluntaryism," the writer has animated the valley of dry bones of the mere Governmental Tables with a living significance that cannot be mistaken.

Dr. Klemm has given us the first volume of a work "On the History and Culture of Woman,"<sup>13</sup> a subject which must have tempted the indefatigable German to adopt a more spirited and tasteful treatment than we have hitherto noted in his lucubrations; but, beyond extremely elegant printing, we see nothing of the influence of the theme. It is true the author reserves for the succeeding volumes the History of Woman in Europe—at home and in society, in her civil and religious relations, in her influence on Literature and the Arts—or that portion of his task which borrows the most varied interest from civilized associations; but we tremble to anticipate his niggardly criticism in these, the most important, chapters of the history, if the phlegmatic Doctor do not catch more glowing vitality over his labour. Hitherto, attention is directed only to the condition of woman *out of* Europe, and this, almost wholly in Asia. The author, moreover, seems to suppose his subject exhausted by a dreary register of marriage ceremonies and other curious customs relating to the domestic and social life of the daughters of Asia; and, in his Introduction, conceived in the very spirit of dulness, he repeats a few commonplaces on the difference of the sexes, but, with a precaution which borders on infatuation, avoids all reference to the growing question of woman's legal rights and social position. We cannot deny one merit however to Dr. Klemm, but on the score of depth or honesty it is somewhat questionable praise; we mean that, despite its matrimonial minutiae, his book contains nothing to offend the most delicate taste; *La mère en permettra la lecture à sa fille*; but if the damsel consult her own pleasure, she will not be eager to avail herself of the permission, but will look elsewhere for her sex's history. It is one of the unhappy effects of the modern Bibliomania to call into existence a spurious class of writers who, with a success which we cannot but regard as unfortunate, hunt up every nook and corner of intelligent research, and disenchant the field of its proper freshness and novelty. The author of "Die Frauen" is clearly one of these; indeed Germany is a fertile mother of such; and if our excessive literary productiveness do not "trammel up" its own pernicious "consequence," we may have soon to deplore the perverted energy of

<sup>12</sup> "Voluntaryism in England and Wales; or, The Census of 1851." London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1854.

<sup>13</sup> "Die Frauen. Culturgeschichtliche Schilderungen des Zustandes und Einflusses der Frauen in den verschiedenen Zonen und Zeitaltern." Von Dr. Gustav Klemm. Erster Band. Dresden. 1854.

our own nation. Turning from Dr. Klemm's laborious trifling on the culture of woman in the past, we acknowledge a more practical effort in a little pamphlet<sup>14</sup> designed to point out some of those grave legal wrongs under which the European wife (in this respect hardly more favoured than her Asiatic sister) suffers in the present. Under their appropriate heads, we have here a careful little digest of the most important laws relating to the life of woman in England; and a few suggestive comments (which we would fain have seen extended) are added at the close, in illustration of that grand legal fiction by which, losing all rights of property, and denied the power of divorce, the English maiden merges in widowhood her rational liberty and identity. This admirable compilation shows us, what we knew too well, that in virtue of these laws,—which we are daily coming to regard as a degrading remnant of the imperfect institutions of barbarism—woman, in marriage, is brought to stake the jewel of her happiness, her freedom, her individual aims and duties, on the hazard of a single throw. She pledges her liberty for a wider and more beautiful liberty, it is true, but if she loses this, she falls on slavery all the more terrible—the slavery of constrained illegality, or the more sinful bondage of passive obedience. Many shrink from so critical a venture: more live to wish such wisdom had been theirs. There is something falsely beautiful in the law which blends the legal existence of the wife in that of her husband; there is no fairer picture than that of all-trusting tenderness in the sheltering clasp of manly fortitude and all-sufficiency; but there is no more frequent or fearful obverse than the actual issues which are daily revealed to us of English married life in all grades of society. The bells ring in a poem and a theory, which run on to the broken-hearted woes of tragedy, or lapse into that dead prose of reality which Milton calls the chaining of a living soul to a dead body. As if in keeping with a comprehensive spirit of despotism, women have been so systematically educated to their false position that they have hitherto slumbered under their indignity. But the tide of opinion is surely setting towards enlightened convictions on their rights and wrongs; and we regard this little pamphlet not only as a straw which shows the current, but as an influence, which, with its simple but significant teaching, may haply serve to direct it. That this important subject is being approached on all sides, the appearance of another pamphlet<sup>15</sup> on the education of girls serves happily to assure us. Under the subject of bodily training, the writer argues for a fuller development of the feminine *physique* than can be satisfied by the gentle calisthenics of boarding-schools, and the false notions of decorous restraint so prevalent in our middle-class; and passing on to mental education, concludes, justly enough, that through the flimsy and artificial culture allowed to girls, “half the nation,” on peril of their “distinctive womanhood,” are forbidden to inquire.

<sup>14</sup> “A Brief Summary, in Plain Language, of the Most Important Laws concerning Women: together with a Few Observations thereon.” London: John Chapman. 1854.

<sup>15</sup> “Remarks on the Education of Girls.” London, John Chapman. 1854.

We would not be slow to concede both these positions, even though they were less forcibly and ingeniously recommended. In the mould which modern fashion sets up, we look in vain for the free, unconscious grace, the elevated beauty, the full, majestic proportions which rivet our wonder in the classic types of matured and blooming womanhood. And with respect to the other, the immemorial prejudices still lingers which excited Voltaire's dreary witticism: "Ideas are like beards—women and young men have none;" and Lessing's more graceful pleasantry, "that a young lady who thinks is like a man who rouges." It is not yet fully admitted that there is no sex in great thoughts, or that woman has any legitimate position outside the narrow but lovely circle of domestic routine. But time falsifies even the wittiest of philosophers, and woman is beginning at length to wake, and wonder whether the vows of a false gallantry have not been made, and the soft incense of poesy been burned at the altar, only to lull the goddess into obliviousness of her rightful and grander attributes. And in those influences which are now busy with the warp and woof of the future, we recognize no slight assurances that, as the writer says—"With the leisure and experience of life which our changing institutions will bring, it is probable that the different point of view which their sex must ever occupy, from its maternal relations, and the peculiar susceptibility always attributed to women, will cause them to strike out new paths of thought, and to contribute fresh and vital truths to the stock which we already possess." There is a happy propriety in the simultaneous appearance of these two thoughtful little tracts: give wiser laws, and education will borrow their larger wisdom; educate to a theoretical standard, and the actual shape of institutions will, by the "*force des choses*," accommodate itself to the theory.

We are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Routledge for an interesting volume of Lectures,<sup>16</sup> selected from those delivered at St. Martin's Hall, in connexion with the Educational Exhibition recently held there under the auspices of the Society of Arts. We are the more disposed to regard with favour this little memorial of that abortive attempt to *exhibit* education, because it does somewhat to redeem, in our eyes, the grave error in which that attempt originated. Were it not for the excellent series of lectures which accompanied it, the galleries of St. Martin's Hall might have seemed to base successful teaching on a facile arrangement of scholastic machinery, to reduce the process of eliciting virtue and implanting knowledge to a dexterous use of a few mechanical helps, to make us look for its improvement to the cheapening of wood and paper, or the construction of a new globe. In its design to secure the aid of efficient lecturers, the preface to this volume informs us that the Council of the Society did not confine itself to one particular sect or party, but desired that all should have an opportunity of explaining their views; and we are fully assured of its catholicity of intention when we find such men as Mr. Robert Hunt and Mr. Marriott of Ox-

<sup>16</sup> "Lectures in Connection with the Educational Exhibition of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. Delivered at St. Martin's Hall." London: G. Routledge and Co. 1854.

ford associated together, and Government Inspectors claiming audience with Cardinal Wiseman. Prismatic rays of opinion, put side by side, will often purely merge in the larger truth; and we are certainly not disposed to quarrel with any scheme which brings the differing thoughts and experiences of able men to bear upon a subject of such deep and general interest. Of the lectures, those of Mr. Marriott on "The Digestion of Knowledge," Mr. Jelinger Symons on "Industrial Education," and Cardinal Wiseman on "The Home Education of the Poor," seem the most intrinsically notable. The latter, to judge from the prefixed advertisement, seems to have been thus carefully published to refute certain animadversions of the daily papers, accusing the Cardinal of advocating, indirectly, a kind of tentative censorship of the press. But we are not sure that such is not the devout consummation to which the fair abstractions of the lecturer would practically tend. He suggests the formation of some body—"call it a committee, society, whatever you please"—to superintend the production of a model home-literature for the working man. We are wickedly reminded of Mr. Thomas Gradgrind's worthy inspector of schools who, in his full-blown official enthusiasm, looked prophetically to the "time when commissioners should reign upon earth." From a committee for the dissemination of good books to an organized control of the newspaper press, the step is natural and easy in the political Avernus of China or Italy; but the upper day has been too dearly and worthily won in England for us to forget the simple lesson of the journey.

Hegel has left no book on education, but out of the twenty-two volumes of his collected works, and by means of some letters to his friends, Dr. Gustav Thaulow has compiled an extremely interesting book, called "Hegel's Views on Education and Instruction."<sup>17</sup> We have before us only the second part of the second volume, but as far as we can judge of the whole from the part, we should say that the book is by no means the fulfilment of what the title promises; and though replete with interest, has no more peculiar claims to the attention of persons engaged in education, than of those who are devoted to other pursuits. It is a sketch of the history of civilization, traced to the results of its development in our own times. This volume contains a survey of Roman and modern ("Christian-Germanic") history, while the former one treated of the progress of civilization among Oriental nations and the Greeks. We certainly agree with the editor when he says that "the compilations of what Cicero, Horace, and Quintilian have written on education is not sufficient without a clear comprehension of the spirit of the Roman people, and that this cannot be obtained without perfectly understanding their laws, constitution, and, in short, the philosophy of their history." But no less certain is it that the results of a most comprehensive course of study should be applied to that particular subject of which a book undertakes to treat. In the present instance this has not been done. Out of 415 pages there are

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<sup>17</sup> "Hegel's Ansichten über Erziehung und Unterricht." In 3 Theilen. Von Dr. Gustav Thaulow, Professor der Universität zu Kiel. Kiel. Academische Buchhandlung. 1854.

scarcely two or three that bear at all on the subject of education, and these are filled with unimportant anecdotes of men engaged in that pursuit, which seem to have been admitted merely from conscientious scruples in the editor's mind that he should, in some measure, correspond to his professions. However this may be, no reader of historical or philosophical works should omit the perusal of the book before us; the richness of its matter, the depth of thought which it everywhere manifests, and the muscular vigour of its style, far more than compensate for the obscurity of expression which occasionally occurs.

Among other educational contributions of the quarter, we observe Professor Mulligan has consulted the interests of schools, as before of colleges, in preparing a careful abridgment of his larger treatise on the "Grammatical Structure of the English Language;"<sup>18</sup> but more, perhaps, in reminding us how unaccountably our schools ignore the scientific teaching of English than in, himself, supplying the sufficient means and inducements. Indeed, it is questionable whether larger manuals, even of confessed ability, can ever furnish the best system of treatment for school-books on similar subjects, or preserve a proportionate value when thus clipped and dwindled by the Educational Procrustes. To proceed rigorously from first principles is, in many things, to disenchant the young, who had been safely and pleasantly led to the study of them by concrete examples. On the whole, however, we regard Professor Mulligan's treatise as a great step in a direction which since Lily and Ascham has remained untrodden. There is one feature of the volume, however, whose infinite service to the instructor is ostentatiously paraded, but which we are inclined to regard as its greatest blemish; we mean the catechetical apparatus drawn up in inposing phalanx at the foot of each page. "If we examine attentively," says the writer, "any assemblage of words which conveys a complete thought to the human mind, we shall soon discover that the services performed by the several words are not of the same kind." At the bottom of the page we are startled by the question: "What shall we find, when we examine attentively any assemblage of words which conveys a complete thought?" Such interrogation as this reminds us, that after his lesson on Electricity one day, a worthy pedagogue of Germany posed his scholars with the like somewhat general inquiry: "What had the ancient Greeks no notion of?" The boys were fairly at sea in their negative information respecting that great people, who knew at once so much and so little. They were therefore referred to their class-books, and read that "the ancient Greeks had no notion that there were other substances, besides amber, which gave forth the electric fluid when excited by friction."

<sup>18</sup> "Exposition of the Grammatical Structure of the English Language." Being an Attempt to Furnish an Improved Method of Teaching Grammar (abridged by the Author). For the use of Schools. By John Mulligan, A.M. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1854.

## SCIENCE.

**M**EMILE MARTIN, of Vervins,<sup>1</sup> *Pharmacien*, tells us that the Chemistry of the present day, as it is taught by its most eminent professors, has no firm foundation, no general theory; that for the last ten years his own labours have been devoted to the supplying of this want, and that he considers the present an opportune moment to bring forward his general reform of the body of chemical doctrine. This reform is bound upon what he declares to be his own peculiar and capital discovery—the nature of the true ponderable and imponderable elementary bodies.

At the head of the list of these new elementary bodies, M. Martin places the two electricities, positive and negative, or—as he prefers to term them—*etherile* and *electrile*; for these electricities, he assures us, have hitherto been quite wrongly regarded as mere forces. They are in reality bodies, which, notwithstanding their imponderability, possess powerful chemical affinities, unite chemically with one another, and with the simple ponderable bodies, in definite proportions, with the ordinary phenomena of saturation and change of state. What chemists commonly understand by elementary bodies, such as oxygen, hydrogen, sulphur, potassium, lead, &c., are in reality compounds of the true elementary oxygen, hydrogen, &c., with *electrile* or *etherile*, as the case may be. The affinities of these true elementary bodies one with another are always mathematically the same; and given the elements present, the resulting composition and decomposition would be always accurately calculable, if it were not that what we call elements are in reality compounds, containing different proportions of *electrile* and *etherile*.

To render M. Martin's theory more comprehensible, we may cite his explanation of the manner in which water is decomposed by the voltaic current:—

“In the decomposition of water, we find these four bodies co-existing; in the water, the oxygen and hydrogen are united, so that their reciprocal affinities are completely saturated; the two electricities are free, and are poured into the liquid, by means of the metallic circuit, as fast as they are generated by the chemical pile. If the circuit were entirely closed by the contact of the metallic wires, the *electrile* and *etherile* would combine, with the evolution of caloric, in the midst of the liquid; but the two platinum wires are separated by a short space, and the interposed particles of water are exposed to their influence. Under these circumstances, the *electrile* of the negative pole attracts the hydrogen, the *etherile* of the positive pole, the oxygen, and these two elements of the water separate at the moment when their mutual affinity is overcome by those of the two electricities: they appear then at the two poles to enter into new combinations. At the negative pole, the hydrogen combines with the *electrile*, and forms hydrogen gas; at the positive pole, the oxygen combines with the *etherile*, and forms oxygen gas. These two combinations result in the perfect saturation of all affinities, since the gases which are evolved are each disengaged in a state of complete neutrality, and, moreover, in a state of indifference for the pole at which they are developed.”—p. 13.

<sup>1</sup> “Nouvelle École Electro-Chimique,” par E. Martin, de Vervins. 1<sup>re</sup> Livraison. Meguinon Marvis. Paris: 1864.

Caloric is, according to our author, a compound body, formed by the union of *electrile* and *etherile*, and may, under certain circumstances, become decomposed into these its primary elements.

We can offer no opinion upon these novelties, which, however, seem to have a sort of familiar sound, as if they were repetition, in a new shape, of old and familiar theories; and we merely call the attention of competent judges to them. We may remark, however, that there seem to be a good many myths involved in the language of Chemistry as it stands, and that it would be well if some qualified person would revise and define them. What is the atomic theory, so universally admitted, but a vast myth? What the theory that the elements of compound bodies exist in them *as such*, and its logical consequence, the discrimination of compounds into binary, ternary, quaternary, &c., but a pure hypothesis? How do we know, for instance, that urea is a quaternary compound, and cyanate of ammonia a binary one? Doubtless all these are very convenient hypotheses, but convenient hypotheses whose hypothetical nature is forgotten are myths, and often become stumbling-blocks. It is a convenient hypothesis, for instance, to draw a distinction between matter and force, and M. Martin is especially anxious to prove that electricity is a body and not a force—a conclusion which has been arrived at in a different form by the most eminent physicist of our own country; and yet what do we know of matter, except as a bundle of forces, of which gravitation is one? And if it be admitted that heat, light, and electricity do not gravitate, in what sense can they be said to be material? Or, on the other hand, if they be material, what is force?

Truly there is a period, or, perhaps we might more properly say, a recurring cycle of periods, when every science tends to become embarrassed, like a child entangled in its own leading-strings. Is not this somewhat the case at present with Physics and Chemistry? We are glad, however, to escape from such dizzy heights as these, to the more safe if less attractive ground of the practical applications of science; and among works whose aim is to expound these, none will be found more clear and pleasing in their style, or more sound in substance, than Dr. Scoffern's collection of some of those "Lectures on Chemistry,"<sup>\*</sup> wherewith for so many years Professor Brande delighted the audiences of the Royal Institution. In this volume will be found lectures on the principles and practice of dyeing, bleaching, calico-printing, sugar-making, and fermentation; and on the chemistry of fatty bodies, of woody fibre, gelatine, &c. Those who have had the good fortune in past years to listen to Professor Brande, and remember his pleasing delivery, and always successful experimental illustrations of the matter under discussion, will regard these lectures as pleasant memorials; and those who have not, will find in them the best means of repairing their loss.

As a work of a similar and most useful aim, we have to call attention to the "Cyclopædia of Useful Arts; with an Introductory Essay on

<sup>\*</sup> "Organic Chemistry applied to Arts," &c. By W. T. Brande, F.R.S. Arranged by J. Scoffern, M.B. Longmans, 1854.

the Great Exhibition of 1851;"<sup>3</sup> a work which, notwithstanding the known omnivorous and insatiable capacities of reviewers, we really do not pretend to have read—a circumstance which will excite the less surprise when we mention that it consists of two large octavo volumes, closely printed, of about a thousand pages each, and dealing with almost every conceivable branch of the arts and manufactures, from the construction of abattoirs to that of hair-pencils, and from the wielding of hammers to the economical production of zinc. The *Cyclopædia* is very beautifully illustrated; numerous plans and sections are given of the machinery used in the processes described in the different articles; and it will unquestionably prove a most valuable addition to the libraries of those who are practically engaged in the useful arts, or who desire to have a general acquaintance with industrial processes and manufactures.

The most important contributions to Science proper during the last few months have unquestionably been made in the direction of Biology. In our own country more particularly, a physiological work has appeared—Dr. Carpenter's "*Comparative Physiology*,"<sup>4</sup> which will assuredly only increase its author's already deservedly high reputation, and will for a long time occupy a leading place among the most advanced works on the subject of which it treats. The incessant succession of editions of Dr. Carpenter's works shows pretty clearly in what estimation his labours are held by the general public, not only in this country but in America, (where we believe they are almost universally used as text-books,) and there is no need to recommend this volume to that section of the reading world; but we are strongly inclined to think that while receiving a full, and perhaps overflowing, meed of reputation from this quarter, Dr. Carpenter is somewhat stinted of his fair share by his scientific brethren, who are apt to regard his works as digests, and himself, to use a favourite phrase, as simply a "compiler." Now, although no one estimates the faculty for original investigation, and that rare power of seeing into fact for oneself, which is the basis of all science, and of all real knowledge of any kind, more highly than ourselves, yet we would observe, in Dean Swift's words, that there is a difference "between seeing and seeing:" and that observation, without compilation and digestion, is quite as valueless as compilation and digestion without observation. There is a kind of rational creature which looks at dead flies and shells, at bones and muscles; and having given names to all the different sorts it can pick out, and acquired the faculty of remembering and producing them on occasion, calls itself an original investigator and a man of science, and looks down upon every thing else as "mere compilation;" and we cannot but think that the unfortunate abundance of this sort of minute philosophy, among the followers of natural history and physiological science in England, has something to do with the cry to which we refer.

<sup>3</sup> "*Cyclopædia of Useful Arts, Mechanical and Chemical; Manufacture, Mining, and Engineering.* Edited by Charles Tomlinson. George Virtue and Co., London and New York. 1854.

<sup>4</sup> "*Principles of Comparative Physiology.*" By W. B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S. 4th Edition. London: Churchill, 1854.



The true philosopher is not only an observer, but also a compiler. He is the Blackstone of the laws of nature. All contributions to science are little partial codices and digests of these; and if we are ever to arrive at a complete code, it must be by the labours of those who, possessing a sufficient practical knowledge of the subject to guard them from error, will endeavour to compare together these partial attempts—seeking the clue among their resemblances, eliminating their differences, and fusing them into a harmonious body of statutes—the Institutes of Nature. This, however, is compilation, and thus carried out is one of the grandest and most dignified occupations of the human mind. And in this spirit it is our clear judgment that Dr. Carpenter's works have been written. We venture to assert that neither in France, nor in Germany, nor in America, does there exist, at the present day, any series of works to be compared to Dr. Carpenter's for the clear, concise, and fair view of the state of Physiology which they present; and again, that there is no work on the general facts and principles of Biology, from which the student can so readily furnish himself with a knowledge of the science, or by means of which the proficient is so well led to discern the direction in which its great problems lie, and the methods by which its progress may be assured, as that which is now before us. This is high praise, but, we would add, neither hasty, nor we believe undue, nor made in any partial spirit. We by no means assert that fault may not be found with these works; errors in detail *must* unavoidably creep in everywhere, and like all enviable faculties, that of generalization has its Nemesis, tending, as it does sometimes, to entice its fortunate possessor "beyond his last;"—but compare the "Comparative Physiology" with any work of a similar scope—e.g., that under the same title by Agassiz and Gould, and what we owe to Dr. Carpenter's sound judgment and careful execution will at once become sufficiently obvious.

But to pass to some particular illustrations of our meaning.

It is now seven-and-twenty years since Von Bär published his great work "On the Development of Animals," and laid down therein these laws, which are to Biology what Kepler's great generalizations were to Astronomy. During that time, by what English or French philosopher has the vast import of these laws been acknowledged and appreciated? Absolutely, by not one save Dr. Barry; and that he is the exception is a sounder claim to our gratitude than all his researches on "double spirals." In Dr. Carpenter's work, however, the reader will find a most admirable exposition of Von Bär's laws,—an exposition which shows that the writer not merely transplants the generalizations of others, but that he can in the highest sense make them his own. We strongly recommend the perusal of the first chapter of the "Comparative Physiology" to all who desire to apprehend upon what basis the Biological sciences rest—what are the methods and criteria of all sound Physiology and Biology.

The chapter on "Generation and Development," more especially where the author treats of the question of the so-called "alternation of generations," and that on the "Functions of the Nervous System," are no less excellent; nor do we know of any work in which the subtle

questions involved are discussed in so masterly a manner; indeed, we are acquainted with no general work in which many of these matters—a clear understanding with regard to which is of first-rate importance for the progress of Physiology—are discussed at all.

Thus much to show that we most fully appreciate the singular ability which Dr. Carpenter has displayed, and the great labour which he has devoted to his work; but we have already said that we do not always agree with him; and without being guilty of the ingratitude of small cavils, we do nevertheless feel bound to say that we have, in common parlance, “a crow to pick” with him, and that a bird of no small dimensions. More than once, in our quarterly survey of Science, have we had occasion to do battle with those who believe that we are, at present, in a position to discover a definite law and order in the appearance of living beings upon the surface of our globe. The hypothesis which we have hitherto combated, however, is not that which Dr. Carpenter puts forward. Like ourselves, he opposes the notion of our being able to discover evidence of a progressive development of living forms in time, but he proposes an idea of his own, to which we must confess we can as little assent:—

“So far as at present known, therefore, the general facts of Palæontology appear to sanction the belief, that *the same plan* may be traced out in what may be called *the general life of the globe*, as in the *individual life* of every one of the forms of organized being which now people it; and that in the successive introduction of the several groups composing the animal and vegetable kingdoms respectively, the progression was not so much from the lower to the higher forms, as from the more general to the more special,—from those which were in closest relationship with each other, to those that are most isolated as types of their respective groups. And thus it has happened, that, as every Palæontologist must be ready to admit, a large proportion of the extinct forms of animals and vegetables, must rank in any philosophical system of classification as *osculant* or *transitional* forms: connecting together the groups which seem naturally to assemble around existing types, and seldom standing as centres round which existing forms should be arranged.—It would be premature and presumptuous to assert that such *was* the plan on which the progressive evolution of the great scheme of Organic Creation has proceeded; but the foregoing indications may be thought sufficient to justify the assertion, that such *may have* been the plan. If this view have a foundation in truth, the development of the principle in all its completeness must be left for the time when Palæontology shall possess, as the result of the accumulated labours of many generations (it may be) of industrious explorers, a collection of information respecting the past distribution of Animal and Vegetable life upon our globe, in some degree comparable to that to which the Natural History of the present time is rapidly attaining.”—p. 117.

Now we must object, *in limine*, that if, as Dr. Carpenter asserts, extinct forms are “osculant” between existing groups and not “central,” or more nearly related to the types of these groups themselves (which is, in other words, more “general” than the special members of the groups), if this be true, then it does not appear how extinct forms can be said to be more general, i.e., nearer the type than existing ones. Again, there is this to be remembered, that if, as seems highly probable, the only true relation of all possible modification of any type to one another and to it, is such as the points on a

sphere have to one another and to their centre, then such forms as do *not* exist at present must necessarily have the position of osculant forms with respect to such as *do*; and the fact would have no further significance.

But from such abstract considerations as these we willingly pass to the concrete grounds on which Dr. Carpenter bases his generalization, the more important of which we will quote and criticize *seriatim*.

"Thus the Trilobites of the Palaeozoic formations are more nearly represented at the present time by the larval forms of certain Entomostracous crustacea, than by the adult forms of any: their resemblance being peculiarly close to larval forms of the *Limulus*, which, when it quits the egg, is destitute of the peculiar bayonet-shaped weapon proceeding from the post-abdominal division of the body in the adult, and also has the cephalo-thorax relatively smaller, and the abdomen longer and more trilobed."—p. 207.

True, but *Limulus* is the most aberrant of Entomostraca from the crustacean archetype, and however much the Trilobite resembles *its* larva, it does not resemble in the least the larva of ordinary crustaceans, and, assuredly, if we could conceive a typical crustacean, the Trilobite would depart far more widely from it than the brachyurous decapoda, which have hitherto been found only in more recent strata.

It is not a little remarkable, in fact, that the Trilobite is, of all crustaceans, that which is furthest removed from either the archetype of the crustacea or their early condition. For the first part of a crustacean which appears in the embryo, is the ventral half of the segments, with the rudimentary legs, the dorsal half being completed last; while, so far as we know, the Trilobite had no legs at all, and the only skeleton it presents is that of the dorsal half of the segments.

"Moreover, in nearly all the earlier fishes, as was first pointed out by Professor Agassiz, we find a conformation of the tail which differs from that prevailing amongst the existing fishes, but corresponds with that which presents itself in the embryonic state of the latter. For in most of the osseous fishes of the present epoch, the bodies of several of the terminal caudal vertebrae coalesce, so that the spinal column appears to end abruptly, whilst their neural and neural arches and spines are equally developed above and below, so as to form the *homocercal* tail represented in fig. 78A; in almost every fish anterior to the Liassic period, on the other hand, the tail was formed upon the heterocercal type, the vertebral column being continued onwards into its upper lobe, which is consequently the largest. Now it is obviously the heterocercal tail which departs least from the archetype, and we find that even those fishes which present the homocercal conformation in their mature condition, have their tails originally heterocercal. Thus as the heterocercal tail is the *most general* character of the class, being possessed by every fish at some period of its existence, whilst the homocercal conformation is specially limited to a section of the class, the all-but-universal prevalence of the former during the earlier periods of the life of the class in our seas, and the comparatively late appearance of the latter, constitute a very remarkable example of this form of the doctrine above stated."—p. 109.

We by no means find fault with Dr. Carpenter for assuming as true, statements which are repeated in every work on comparative anatomy and geology with which we are acquainted; but we nevertheless believe that these same doctrines with regard to the heterocercality and homocercality of fishes' tails, are totally incorrect. There is,

indeed, hardly a more curious piece of scientific history than the story of the origin of this now universally prevalent dogma.

When Agassiz published his celebrated work on fishes, it was accompanied by a most admirable memoir on the development of one of the salmon tribe, by M. Vogt, a very accomplished German physiologist. M. Vogt found that, at an early stage (not by any means the earliest, be it observed) of development, the spinal column in the tail of the young fish was bent up so as to present a certain resemblance (not very close, however) to that of a cartilaginous fish, and that, eventually—this turning-up becoming more and more complete—the apparently symmetrical and homocercal tail of the adult fish was, in fact, only an excessively heterocercal one disguised, a circumstance which can be readily enough made out by mere anatomical examination of a salmonoid fish. A severely accurate inquirer would now have turned to the other homocercal fishes, and would have ascertained, in the first place, whether the anatomical structure of their tails was identical with that observable in the salmonoid tribe; and secondly, whether they arrived at the structure which they possess by the same developmental steps. MM. Agassiz and Vogt did nothing of the kind: they assumed that the tail of the salmonoid fish is "homocercal," in the same sense as that of the perch, or the mackerel, for example; they also assumed that the steps in the development of the tails of the latter are the same as in the salmon; and having assumed these two essential *data*, they jumped to the conclusion that all homocercal fish are primarily heterocercal, and deduced all the consequences cited by Dr. Carpenter, which have since passed current and have been universally accepted, without further examination.

Now the truth is that, so far as we know, there is not a shadow of evidence for either of these assumptions. The anatomical structure of the tail of the truly homocercal fishes, such as the perch and mackerel, is *not* the same as that of the tail in the salmonoid tribes, and all the developmental evidence which we have at present, tends to show that they are *not* developed in the same way, but that they are homocercal from the first, and always remain so.

On the other hand, is it really true that, either in the salmonoid fishes, or in the cartilaginous fishes, the tail is *primarily* heterocercal? Assuredly not. In the young ray, and in the young salmon, as may be seen by the most cursory inspection of M. Vogt's own figures, the tail is primarily symmetrical above and below (*i. e.*, homocercal) heterocercal only at a subsequent period. Indeed, it would be a wonderful exception to all known laws of development to find the asymmetrical condition precede the symmetrical—the special, the general: for the heterocercal tail is obviously the result of the special development of a part of a homocercal one.

In fine, we hold that there is no proposition in comparative anatomy which can be more readily established than this—that the heterocercal tail is an advance in development as compared with the homocercal one; and that therefore the argument tells (for as much as it is worth) *against* both the progressionist doctrine and that advocated by Dr. Carpenter. All the confusion has arisen from the mistake by MM. Agassiz

and Vogt of a false homocercality (in the case of the salmon) for true homocercality, and from their having overlooked the fact their own researches establish, viz., that the heterocercal condition is preceded by a homocercal one.

Objections of a similar order might, we conceive, be taken to the other facts adduced by Dr. Carpenter in support of his theory. Thus, we do not see that the ancient *Palæotherium* (p. 110) is nearer the mammalian archetype than the modern pig; and we must differ with him as to the Cystideans and Crinoids being less aberrant modifications of the Echinoderm type than star-fishes and Echini; lingula, the first known brachiopod is also the most aberrant of its group; and we confess we do not see in what way the plan of structure of the tetrabranchiate Cephalopoda, the earliest of that group, is nearer the common plan of the Mollusca than that of the dibranchiata.

We cannot agree with Dr. Carpenter, that *Euomphalus* and *Bellerophon* present indications of close proximity to the Cephalopoda, inasmuch as the fabricators of these ancient shells appear to have been heteropod mollusks, which assuredly do not approximate the Cephalopoda in structure, but are, if we may use such a phrase, exaggerated Gasteropods.

And with regard to the Vertebrata, we must urge that we do not think Dr. Carpenter's premises, even if granted, quite bear out his conclusion. The facts he adduces only go to prove that extinct forms, such as the *Cephalaspis*, the *Labyrinthodon*, the *Rhynchosaurus*, &c., were osculant between great groups, which can by no means, even if we admit it, be taken as evidence that they departed less widely from the common plan.

In applying his theory to the vegetable world, Dr. Carpenter says:—

"In regard to the geological history of the vegetable kingdom, it must be admitted that our knowledge is still very imperfect; in consequence of the small number of cases in which the internal structure and fructification of the earlier plants have been preserved in a condition that allows of the exact determination of their characters and affinities. So far as our present information extends, however, it is fully in harmony with the above doctrine; the characteristic flora of the coal-formation appearing to have been chiefly composed of Coniferæ, which constitute a connecting link between the Phanerogamia and Cryptogamia; and of these Coniferæ, while some may have been nearly allied to existing forms, the great majority (*Sigillaria*, *Lepidodendra*, *Calamites*, &c.) appear to have presented such a combination of the characters of the Coniferæ with those of the higher Cryptogamia, as no existing group exhibits."—p. 117.

But here again we must repeat our objection, that an osculant position between two groups is not the same thing as an approximation to the plan common to two groups; and, indeed, it might be fairly urged that the cryptogamia of those times were more divergent from the common plan of cryptogamia, more specialized forms, just so far as they put on coniferous features. And it must be remembered that very eminent botanists do not agree in the humble position here assigned to the Coniferæ, urging, as they do, with no small appearance of reason, that the latter present a more completely differentiated structure than even the majority of dicotyledons and monocotyledons.

We have ventured to criticize this portion of Dr. Carpenter's work somewhat freely, because we know how wide a circulation his views will have, and how greedily all such generalizations are seized upon by those who will not acquire with them any portion of the philosophic spirit and fairness of their author; but we trust it need hardly be added that these differences do not one whit alter our already expressed opinion that the "*Principles of Comparative Physiology*" is incomparably the best work of its kind extant.

A new edition of a book which has long been recognised as one of the best of its class, "*Wagner's Elements of Special Physiology*,"<sup>5</sup> is a welcome addition to biological literature, more especially when brought out under the superintendence of so excellent a physiologist as Dr. Funke, whose notes and modifications bring the work up to the level of the present state of science. The veteran Rudolph Wagner himself presents us with a most interesting collection of his later essays, the fruits of the labours of the last seven years, under the title of "*Neurological Investigations*."<sup>6</sup> They may be said to be devoted to the demonstration of those propositions which, if true, must form the structural base for all future speculation upon the manner in which the functions of the nervous system are performed: the first, that the peripheral termination of the nerve fibres is not in loops, but in what Wagner terms "free" extremities—that is, that they become continuous with the elements of ordinary tissue; the second, that the old notion of nerve fibres never dividing throughout their whole course is incorrect, inasmuch as such divisions exist abundantly; the third, that every nerve fibre is continuous centrally, at any rate, with a ganglion globule, and, as a corollary, that the reflex function is effected by the latter. The first of these propositions may now be regarded as probably true, the second as unquestionable, the third as more than probable; and that they may be so considered is mainly due to Professor Wagner's assiduous researches.

A most admirable summary of what is at present known with regard to the physiology of the nervous system is to be found in Eckhard's "*Outlines*"<sup>7</sup> of that subject. Eckhard regards the matter more especially from its physical and purely physiological side, and we agree with him that the histologists have been too apt to forget that, after all, structure is a very imperfect clue to function. At the same time, we must remark that he lays himself open to the like reproach of absurd one-sidedness by such remarks as the following:—"Both views, however, are mere hypotheses, which are based upon no facts, but merely on microscopical images." Surely M. Eckhard ought to know that a microscope is nothing but a second eye interposed between oneself and the object, and that the objection that his physical observa-

<sup>5</sup> "*Rudolph Wagner's Lehrbuch der Speciellen Physiologie. Vierte durchgehends neu bearbeitete Auflage.*" Von Dr. Otto Funke. Erste Lieferung. Voss, Leipzig. 1854.

<sup>6</sup> "*Neurologische Untersuchungen von Dr. R. Wagner.*" Mit Zwei Kupfertafeln. G. H. Wigand. Göttingen. 1854.

<sup>7</sup> "*Grundzüge der Physiologie des Nervensystems.*" Von Dr. C. Eckhard. J. Ricker. Giessen. 1854.

tions were nothing but "ocular images," would be just as rational. It is enough to put one out of all patience to find men devoted to one line of inquiry ridiculing those who follow another, as if we did not want light and information from all sources, positive as well as negative. Eckhard's work, we should add, contains one of the most intelligible accounts we have met with of Du Bois Raymond's great discoveries.

Foerster's "Handbook of Special Pathological Anatomy"<sup>8</sup> appears to be a full and valuable summary of a subject which is somewhat out of our range in this place; and we can advert but very shortly to Carl Vogt's popular "Letters on Physiology,"<sup>9</sup> which evince that originality and ability which mark all his writings, and we should imagine would well repay translation.

An elaborate history of botany is commenced by Carl Meyer in his "Studies."<sup>10</sup> J. G. Beer furnishes a valuable practical manual to the cultivator of orchids,<sup>11</sup> and Schacht<sup>12</sup> has published a new series of his valuable contributions to physiological botany, containing essays on the development of leaves; on that of the cupuliferæ and betulaceæ; on the comparative development of the germen and placenta, and of roots; on parasitic plants; on the mode of thickening of the cell wall, and on the present condition of the microscope. The last-named paper refers entirely to German microscopes, and is instructive as showing how inferior these instruments are to our English ones. Schacht takes the trouble to insist that a microscope which gives no coloration to an object is better than one that does! In England an instrument which was so faulty as to give colour would not be owned by any respectable manufacturer.

Among systematic zoological works, we must draw attention to Burmeister's "Animals of Brazil,"<sup>13</sup> to Mr. Westwood's elegantly illustrated serial, the "Butterflies of Great Britain, with their Transformations,"<sup>14</sup> for whose scientific value his name is quite sufficient guarantee; to Dr. Kellart's "Contributions to the Zoology of Ceylon,"<sup>15</sup> and finally, to the very excellent little "Manual of the Mollusca,"<sup>16</sup>

<sup>8</sup> "Handbuch der Speciellen Pathologischen Anatomie" Von Dr. August Foerster. Voss, Leipzig. 1854.

<sup>9</sup> "Physiologische Briefe für Gebildete aller Stände" Von Carl Vogt. Ricker. Gießen. 1854.

<sup>10</sup> "Geschichte der Botanik: Studien" Von Ernst H. T. Meyer. Band I. Bornträger. Königsberg. 1854.

<sup>11</sup> "J. G. Beer. Praktische Studien an der Familie der Orchideen, nebst Kulturweisen und Beschreibung aller schönblühenden tropischen Orchideen." Gerold und Sohn. Wien. 1854.

<sup>12</sup> "Beiträge zur Anatomie und Physiologie der Gewächse" Von Dr. H. Schacht. Müller. Berlin. 1854.

<sup>13</sup> "Systematische Uebersicht der Thiere Brasiliens." Von Dr. H. Burmeister, Erster Theil, Säugethiere (Mammalia.) Reimer, Berlin. 1854.

<sup>14</sup> "The Butterflies of Great Britain, with their Transformations." Parts 1, 2. By J. O. Westwood, F.L.S. London: Orr and Co. 1854.

<sup>15</sup> "Prodromus Faunæ Zeylanicæ: being Contributions to the Zoology of Ceylon." By E. F. Kellart, M.D., &c. Vol. I. Vol. II. Part I. London: Van Voorst.

<sup>16</sup> "A Rudimentary Treatise of Recent and Fossil Shells." By G. P. Woodward. London: Weale, 1853-4.

by Mr. Woodward, a work which has been prepared with great care and attention by its author, whose valuable original researches are the best evidence of his qualifications for the task. As such a work should be, this manual is well and abundantly illustrated, and both absolutely, and considering the manner in which it is executed, it is one of the cheapest books ever published.

We must remind the palæontologist that Professor M'Coy's contribution to the *Annals of Natural History* have been collected and published in a separate form,<sup>17</sup> and the geologist will find in "The Soil of Germany, its Geological Structure and Influence on Human Life,"<sup>18</sup> a valuable body of details and references with regard to that portion of the "Deutsches Vaterland" which is beyond the reach of princes, and can only be degraded by atmospheric influences.

A little work which contains more substance than many with larger pretensions, and whose importance, should certain doctrines advocated in it prove to be true, must not be estimated by its size, has just proceeded from the untiring pen of Dr. Latham.<sup>19</sup> It furnishes all the reply which ethnology can make to the questions now not unfrequently addressed to her: Who and what are the Russians, whence sprung, with what races connected? Are they the irreclaimable savages some recent events would seem to indicate, capable of receiving civilization only as they might a coat of paint or a tattoo of a particular pattern; or is there anything in their antecedents or in the history of their near relatives to show that they are worthy of becoming creditable and well-conducted members of the human family?

Such information as is to be had bearing on these points may be discovered in Dr. Latham's pages; and if we find the responses to these practical questions to be at times somewhat Sibylline and more negative than otherwise, the fault must be ascribed not to our author, but to the imperfect state of Sociology as a science, and the impossibility at present of solving the problem: Given, a man, or a nation, and say what he or it may, or may not become.

As an ethnologist, however, Dr. Latham was obviously bound only to furnish us with the data, and this duty he has amply performed. Three distinct populations, he tells us, occupy that enormous area known as the Russian empire; and carry back our researches as far as we will, we find these same three peoples, Sarmatian, Ugrian, and Turk, occupying the same area in the same *relative* position as at present, though their *absolute* proportions one to another appear to have been very different at different times. Of old it would seem that the Ugrians in the middle occupied a very much larger geographical

<sup>17</sup> "Contributions to British Palæontology; or, First Descriptions of Three Hundred and Sixty Species and Several Genera of Fossil Radiata, Articulata, Mollusca, and Pisces." By F. M'Coy, F.G.S. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1854.

<sup>18</sup> "Deutschland's Boden: sein Geologischer Bau und dessen Einwirkungen auf das Leben der Menschen." Von Bernhard Cotta. Erste Abtheilung. Brockhaus. Leipzig: 1853.

<sup>19</sup> "The Native Races of the Russian Empire." By R. G. Latham, M.D., F.R.S. Baillière. London. 1854.



space than the Sarmatians on their western frontier, and extended over regions now occupied by Turks, on their eastern border; but they appear to have been the weakest of the three stocks, and, in modern times, have been encroached upon on each side, cut asunder, and in many places obliterated by their powerful neighbours, remaining now only as subject tribes of Samoeds, Laps, and Fins. They have been the anvil, and the Sarmatians and Turks the hammers, on either side, these again having themselves come into collision with varying fortune before now. Six centuries ago, the Turkish hammer had the best of it, and smote so hard that "nine sacks" were filled with Sarmatian cars on the shores of the Baltic. In the last two or three centuries, the Sarmatian blows have been the fiercer, and the trial of strength is now being finally decided on the shores of the Euxine, where, if only the Turks were concerned, we fear the Sarmatians would take back a good deal more than their fair "nine sacksful."

But many will not be content to be told of mere shifting boundaries, and will ask whence came these Ugrians and Turks and Sarmatians? Did they migrate hither, and if so, where from, or are they autochthones?

Ethnologists of the ordinary school reply at once, that whatever may have been the origin of Turks and Ugrians, the Sarmatians, at any rate, came from the East, the manifest affinity of the Lithuanian tongue with the Sanskrit being explicable, they tell us, on no other hypothesis. To this, however, Dr. Latham totally demurs, and supplies a new hypothesis of his own, of whose ethnological soundness we are not competent to judge, but whose striking originality and ingenuity are unquestionable.

This hypothesis, stated in a few words, is that instead of the Lithuano-Slavonic population having been derived by a westward migration from an Asiatic stock speaking Sanskrit, both Sanskrit and Lithuano-Slavonic tongues have had a common origin in a race whose site (whether primitive or not is an open question) was somewhere about the region of the present government of Podolia. This is, we believe, the essence of the "Podolian hypothesis," which, however, we subjoin in Dr. Latham's own words:—

"The sketch of the criticism which demurs to the doctrine of the Asiatic origin of the languages of Europe allied to the Sanskrit, is referred to. It has its place in the 14th Chapter, along with that on the word Goth. It prepares us for the necessity of pointing out some portion of Europe where such a language as that of the ancient literature of India, along with its cognate forms in Persia, is supposed to have originally developed itself. This must fulfil certain conditions. It must lie in contact with the Slavono-Lithuanic area, but it must lie beyond it. It must lie on the south and east thereof, rather than on the west and north. But it must not lie so far south as to infringe upon the area that the reconstruction of the original sites of the tongues allied to the Circassian and the other languages of Caucasus requires; nor yet so far east as to interfere with the western frontier of the Ugrian area. It must lie in a district in which a great amount of subsequent displacement has taken place. Lastly, it must lie where no other language can claim a priority of occupancy. The government of Podolia best satisfies these con-

ditions—the conditions (mark the phrase) of a *provisional* and *hypothetical* localization. It does not profess to be historical; it merely satisfies certain conditions. Given, that the probability of the Sanskrit, and its allied forms of speech, having originated in Europe, and having been propagated to Asia, is greater than that of the Slavono-Lithuanic, German, Latin, and Greek languages having originated in Asia, and extended to Europe. Given, also, the fact that the relations of the Sanskrit to the Sarmatian tongues are greater than to the German, Greek, and Latin—what is the likeliest spot for the Sanskrit to have originally occupied? *Podolia* seems a strange answer, but any other name would (I imagine) be equally so. It may be thought unnecessarily precise: perhaps it is. It is laid, however, before the reader on the principle that ‘truth comes easier out of error than confusion.’ I have no objection to any one substituting for it Volhynia, or Minsk, or Kiev. Such a refinement would be a mere matter of detail. Let him only commit himself to some possible *situs*, and consider it simply in relation to the facts of the case before him. This, however, is not what is done. For reasons too lengthy to exhibit, it has come to be a generally received rule amongst investigators, that as long as we bring our migration from east to west, we may let a very little evidence go a very long way; whereas, as soon as we reverse the process, and suppose a line from west to east, the converse becomes requisite, and a great deal of evidence is to go but a little way. The effect of this has been to create innumerable Asiatic hypotheses, and few or no European ones. Russia may have been peopled from Persia or Lithuania, from Hindostan or Greece, from Asia, or any place west of a given meridian, from any place east of it; but the converse never. No one asks for proofs in the former case, or if he do, he is satisfied with a very scanty modicum; whereas, in the latter, the best authenticated statements undergo rigid scrutiny. Inferences fare worse; they are hardly allowed at all. It is all ‘theory and hypothesis,’ if we revert to them in cases from west to east; but it is no theory, and no hypothesis, when we follow the sun, and move westwards.

“The result of putting the two lines of migration on a level, is the European origin of the Sanskrit language, and as a means of its introduction into Asia, a pre-historic Slavono-Lithuanian conquest of India—a *Russian* conquest, if we like to call it so, a Russian conquest any number of centuries B.C.”—pp. 246—8.

It would require much more special acquirement in ethnology than we can pretend to possess, to justify us in criticizing this theory, though many points present themselves for discussion. But every one must appreciate the justice of Dr. Latham’s remarks as to the manner in which the notion of an invariably Western migration has hardened into a myth, no less than the boldness and genius with which he cleaves through it, and shows that there is just as good a foundation for a sound “working hypothesis” of an opposite kind.

We have no space to advert to many other points of interest; to the Gothic hypothesis—to the question of the origin of the Circassians—to Panslavonism;—all of which are treated of briefly, indeed, perhaps too concisely for the mob of easy readers, but still with a philosophical tone and strength of grasp such as are rarely met with; and it remains only for us to advert with praise to the excellent ethnological map appended to the work. One remonstrance we have to offer to Dr. Latham. Revolutionary as are the times, we had hoped that one great human institution—the Spelling Book—would be left, even by the most sacrilegiously inclined, in the hands of the Conservatives;

and it is not without grief we find Dr. Latham sapping its foundations. We submit that ethnological terminology is quite difficult enough to remember, without having some atrociously cacophonous denomination spelt *two* (and occasionally *three*) ways in the same book. If Dr. Latham has scruples of conscience as to "Magyar," and prefers "Madzhiar," (p. 332), we submit with a sigh; but when we find him at p. 6 also writing "Majiar," we altogether recalcitrate and revolt. So, again, what plain man is to recognise a familiar acquaintance under the portentous-looking accumulation of letters, "Dzhindzhiz-khan!"

The "Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders"<sup>20</sup> is a contribution to ethnology of a lighter, but most excellent and instructive kind. Its author, Dr. Shortland, is a gentleman who resided in New Zealand for some years, in the capacity of aborigines protector, and who, therefore, had peculiar opportunities of confidential intercourse with the natives, and of understanding their moral and social condition.

Unlike most savage nations, the New Zealanders are by no means a merely impulsive people, but perform their most astounding atrocities upon clear theoretical grounds, from which the act is a logical enough practical deduction; cooking and eating an enemy more on principle than from passion. Dr. Shortland tells us, for instance:—

"There is a mode of retaliating, authorized by the customs of the New Zealanders, called *wakahu*, which means literally, putting your adversary in the wrong. It is adopted chiefly when the person who has done the first injustice is a near relation, or one of the same tribe, from whom the injured person could not or would not like to seek redress directly. He will then commit some act of violence on a neighbouring tribe, so as to involve his own tribe in a foreign quarrel, and thus punish the whole, in order to get at that part of it who did him wrong."

It appears that in a case of this kind (Dr. Shortland cites a remarkable instance), however severely the innocent may be visited, they do not blame the person who brought the evil upon them. The force of logic can no further go, one would think. The New Zealanders are not a little remarkable for eloquence, and for their readiness at citation and repartee. Our author tells the following story:—

I remember once hearing an elderly chief, named Paki, who was a Christian in little more than in name, introduce into a rather warlike speech the Lord's Prayer, the sense of which he took the liberty to alter in a remarkable manner; for after the words, "forgive us our trespasses," instead of saying, "as we forgive them that trespass against us," he substituted the words, "but we can't forgive them that trespass against us."—p. 170.

We heard many anecdotes to match this during a short stay in New Zealand; one from the lips of the excellent and hospitable missionary at Waimate, is worth repeating:—He was endeavouring to turn an obstinate old heathen from the error of his ways, by enlarging upon the many temporal benefits which Christianity had been the means of conferring on the New Zealanders. The old chief listened patiently till he

<sup>20</sup> "Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders, with Illustrations of their Manners and Customs." By Edward Shortland, M.A., Cantab., Extra-licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians. Longmans. 1854.

had done, and then with a sly grin replied—"You've forgotten the big rats;" a thrust there was no parrying, for the English ships had brought with them the English rat, which, as happens everywhere, had devoured and extinguished the comparatively harmless race of native rats, and was then making dreadful havoc among the stores of potatoes and *kumara*.

We regret we can devote no more space to Dr. Shortland's very interesting work, than will allow us to say, that it discusses very fairly the probable origin of the New Zealanders, gives a very excellent account of their cosmological theories, of their notions of the supernatural, and of the extraordinary institution of the Tapu; and finally, furnishes abundant means of judging of their literary powers. Some of their songs are very striking, with a strange dash of Ossianic sentiment about them. We recommend an incantation scene in the 4th chapter to the notice of the "Rappers."

#### CLASSICS AND PHILOLOGY.

THE "Geography of Herodotus," by Mr. Talboys Wheeler,<sup>1</sup> is a handsome portly octavo, containing much more than the title leads one to expect. Geography, usually defined a description of the earth, most immediately and naturally refers to physical facts, such as conformation and elevation of the land, direction of mountain ranges, course of rivers, climate, fauna and flora; and when the agency of man is brought upon the stage, its boundaries are naturally extended to include the grouping of provinces and races, the position and resources of cities, and the results of tillage. But Mr. Wheeler, with a vivid artistic conception of which he gives frequent evidence, intends by geography no mere science of enumeration and classification, but a true *picture* of the *life* of the world, including its *goings-on* as well as its momentary state. Topography is one of the lowest and least important parts of this extended geography, which comprises theology, mythology, antiquities, and accounts of men and manners. It may be doubted whether the varied subjects thus brought together are connected by ties close enough to give much philosophic unity to the geography which combines them all; but we cannot find fault with our author for adopting a conception which is so evidently that of Herodotus himself, whose speech runs on in one delightful, easy flow, and without any consciousness of a distinction of subjects, from history to geography, from geography to mythology, from mythology to legend. Only his title-page should have contained some hint of the extent of the subject he was treating, which renders the book rather a commentary than an account of Herodotus's geography. It would have been well if the frequent expositions of Herodotus's views, generally given in his own

<sup>1</sup> The Geography of Herodotus developed, explained, and illustrated from Modern Researches and Discoveries. By J. Talboys Wheeler, F.R.G.S. 8vo. London: Longmans. 1854.

words, had been distinguished by a different type from the criticisms upon them, and the accounts of later writers. Opening the book at random, one is frequently at a loss to know to whom to ascribe the words that meet the eye. We meet with few original views, but the work has the merit of completeness, and of combining to the illustration of Herodotus knowledge gained on various subjects, and scattered through multifarious works. Mr. Wheeler believes intensely in the reliability of his author, and will not hear of the curtailment of his travels assumed by Mr. Blakesley in his recent edition, which Mr. Wheeler rather too tartly regards as an assault upon the worth of the good old father of history. Mr. Wheeler's views upon this as upon some other matters are essentially those of Dahlmann in his well-known *Life of Herodotus*.

One is inclined to blush for the scholarship of one's country, if the mere translation of Wunder's *Latin* notes into English can be a profitable bookseller's speculation.<sup>2</sup> Who reads the Attic tragedians without Latin enough to penetrate the set phrases and easy style of a German commentator? Yet since the thing is done, one cannot but acknowledge this as a handsome re-issue of a good work; one only regrets that Wunder should be merely re-issued, and not corrected and improved upon by a competent scholar, using the labours of editors subsequent to Wunder, — Böckh especially, who understands the Greek lyric metres as no one had done before him, and assuredly not Wunder. The metrical tables of the latter will scarcely satisfy any who try to penetrate below the most obvious and superficial rules.

Tauchnitz's classical editions are popular at our colleges for their excessive cheapness; but assuredly not for beauty of form, paper, or typography. However, the age advances, and German printing and Tauchnitz must cease to be bywords. Tauchnitz has commenced a new series<sup>3</sup> as beautiful as the old one was mean, and at prices which almost distance competition, and would secure it an immense sale wherever the editors employed. The improvement however is no less remarkable in the editing; and instead of such as Weise, whom a distinguished professor described to us as "*ein rechter Ausgabenmacher*," we have the names of I. Bekker, Baiter, Stallbaum, Ritschl, Westermann, Bergk, Meineke, &c. We have now also introductions on the life and writings of each author, and indices, which though not adding many sheets to the size of the book, will essentially enhance its value as an edition, and pleasantly take off from the baldness and shabbiness that seemed characteristic of Tauchnitz's publications.

Mr. Bohn's classical translations seem to be improving in their style. The three volumes we have received<sup>4</sup> are carefully and readably

<sup>2</sup> *Sophocles*, with Annotations, Introductions, &c. By Edward Wunder. A new Edition, with the Notes literally translated into English, and a Collation of Dindorf's text. 2 vols, 8vo. London: Williams and Norgate; and D. Nutt. 1855.

<sup>3</sup> *Lysias Orationes*, ed. Ant. Westermann. Editio Stereotypa. 8vo; Lipsiz: Tauchnitz. 1854.

<sup>4</sup> *The Anabasis*, and the *Memorabilia of Socrates*. Translated from Xenophon, by Rev. J. S. Watson, M.A., with a Geographical Commentary by W. F. Ainsworth, Esq. London: Bohn. 1854. (Bohn's Classical Library.)

The *Geography of Strabo*, literally translated, with notes; the first six books

translated, the Xenophon and Strabo particularly so. Mr. W. F. Ainsworth's geographical commentary to the *Anabasis* forms a valuable and interesting addition from one who knows the country well.

We cannot express too strongly our sense of the utter absurdity of the composition of modern Latin poetry, and still more of the translation into Latin of the choice lyrics of modern tongues. We had thought that the genus was extinct: yet we amused ourselves with one specimen of it last quarter, and here is another.<sup>5</sup> Germany is industrious and learned enough at all times; but it is piteous to see her thus industriously idle. These poems are very excellently translated, yet in many cases their very excellence proves the folly of the undertaking. They are so Latin in metre, spirit, and expression, that the incompatibility between the modern thought and feeling of the original poet and the Latin approximation is frequently painfully felt; the rich fulness of sentiment, and the delicious dreaminess and ideality of description of the modern romantic school, being alike opposed to the intense and precise reality of the Roman mind. Consider the Harper's song in *Wilhelm Meister*:

*Ich singe wie der Vogel singt,  
Der in den Zweigen wohnt;  
Das Lied, das uns der Kehle dringt  
Ist Lohn der reichlich lohnet.*

*Nam cano ceu volucris, rami levis incolæ: cantus  
Gutturis et largum est ipse sibi pretium.*

And the following of Uhland:

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <i>Hast du das Schloss gesehen,<br/>Golden und rosig wehen<br/>Es möchte sich niederneigen<br/>Es möchte streben und steigen</i> | <i>Das hohe Schloss am Meer?<br/>Die Wolken drüber her.<br/>In die spiegelklare Fluth;<br/>In der Abendwolken Gluth.</i> |
|--|--|

*Vidistine freto vicina palatia? nubes*

*Aureolo fertur tineta colore super?*

*Sidera nunc cæli contingere, mergier ipsi*

*Nunc pellucidulis velle videntur aquis.*

In a translation from Sappho, on the contrary, one's sense of fitness is not offended; and although Catullus has attempted the same ode, the modern scholar has succeeded in producing a closer imitation of the Greek, if not a more elegant version.

We spoke a few months ago of Professor's Bopp's Comparative Grammar. The friends of Comparative Philology will know how to rate the importance of the learned and venerable professor's "Comparative System of Accentuation,"<sup>6</sup> which we regard as a most desirable

by H. C. Hamilton, Esq.; the remainder by W. Falconer, M.A. In 3 vols. Vol. I. London: Bohn. 1854. (Bohn's Class. Lib.)

The Works of Philo-Judeus, translated from the Greek, by C. D. Yonge, B.A. Vol. I. London: Bohn. 1854. (Bohn's Eccles. Lib.)

<sup>5</sup> *Varia Variorum Carmina Latinis Modis aptata, adjectis Archetypis offert Henricus Stadelmann. 12mo. Onoldi. 1854.*

<sup>6</sup> *Vergleichendes Accentuations-System, nebst einer gedrängten Darstellung der grammatischen Uebereinstimmungen des Sanskrit und Griechischen, von Franz Bopp." 8vo. Berlin. 1854.*

supplement to his great work. The comparison of the Indo-Germanic languages with regard to their principle of accentuation is restricted to a much narrower field than that of their forms, for in most of the derived classes of languages the original freedom of accent is lost, and a uniformity enforced upon all words, which leaves no trace of the earlier variety. So the Teutonic principle of accenting the root, the French of oxytonization, the Celtic of accenting the penultima, have all alike effaced the primitive accent-principle. Other languages, which seem freer as to the position of the accent, having lost that vigour of pronunciation which could maintain both quantity and accent without collision, either, with the Italian, observe the former alone, or, like the modern Greek, let quantity go and retain the ancient accents. In none of these does the propagation of the original accent-principle appear traceable. Accordingly, Professor Bopp is reduced to the Sanskrit and classical Greek, finding light occasionally shed by the Slavonic and Lithuanian languages. It appears that the original accent-principle, when acting in full vigour, allows the accent to fall upon any syllable of a word; however distant from the termination, and however many long syllables may follow it. A restriction like that of the Greek grammar, to the three last syllables, is the consequence of a weakening of accentual power; and a Celtic or French uniformity is the last stage of accentual impotence. The Sanskrit (at least in the age of the Vedas, which are our only accented texts) was at the first of these stages: and forms like *bhárēyātām* = *φεροίσθην*, *ábhārāmahi* = *ἐφερούμεθα*, will stagger those philosophers who like to fancy that the Greeks could not really have spoken as they wrote *ἀνθρωπος*, or that quantity and accent must ultimately be in harmony. There is indeed no greater fallacy than this latter notion, nor any which an extensive study of language more tends to subvert. The more highly inflected a language, the more sharply are its long and its short syllables discriminated, the former being slowly and carefully enunciated, and certainly not distinguished from the short by greater sharpness or shrillness of tone: under these circumstances, a short syllable may as naturally be endued with that sharpness we call accent, as a long. But when the language (like our own) has so far grown out of the inflecting spirit as to desire to pronounce all words nearly in the same space of time, and tries to monosyllabize *generāl* into *gen'r'l*, *police* into *p'lice*, then accent as distinct from quantity, or quantity as distinct from accent, is no longer possible. The language has therefore lost an organ; but he who at this stage shall deny to language the possibility of free accentuation, is like the blind man who denies the sense of sight in others.

As to the accentual relation between Sanskrit and Greek, Professor Bopp shows wonderful analogies in every part of the grammar, even in what appear in the Greek grammar as capricious irregularities; and the most beautiful thing is that many of these receive their solution and confirm a principle when brought together with their Sanskrit equivalent, especially under the delicate hands of Professor Bopp. It is more than we could have expected that the apparently capricious accentuation of words like *ναῦς*, *νής*, *νήτ*, *νήα*, *νεῖν*, *νήε*, *νεῶν*, *ναυοί*, *νήας*, should be a consequence of the Sanskrit distinction between

strong and weak cases. When the Sanskrit and Greek accentuation differs, and the difference is not produced by the Greek inability to maintain the accent further than three syllables from the end. Professor Bopp "has arrived at the conviction that the Sanskrit must in most instances bear the blame." It was not possible to discuss accentual without alluding to grammatical analogies between Sanskrit and Greek; the latter are given tolerably completely, and more mingled with other matter than in the Comparative Grammar. They are most striking and suggestive: and if they cause no modification of our system of Greek instruction, it will be that our boasted scholarship consists in an unwillingness to see, or to let our children see, with a newer and brighter light than what has "worked very well hitherto," and produced "scholars and gentlemen."

The handsome double-columned octavo issued by Dr. Jolowicz, under the title of "*Polyglott of Oriental Poetry*,"<sup>7</sup> is a rich store-house of what seers have thought and poets sung under the brilliant skies, and in the gorgeous scenery of the East. It introduces us as familiarly to the rose-gardens and nightingales of Persia, the pompous long-winded epics of India, the delicious lyrics of war, sentiment, and religion, and the inexhaustible anecdotes of Arabia, as Longfellow has done to the "*Poets and Poetry of Europe*." Even the immense epics of India and Persia, of which little more is currently known among us than that the *Mahâbhârata* contains 100,000 distichs, and the *Shahnameh* 60,000, need not remain a mystery to us any longer, now that we have at hand extensive extracts and analyses of the unextracted parts. We may read ourselves into the lyric creativeness of the Arab, moved to poetic expression by every event that touches his soul, or try to soften the starch that seems to conceal the Chinaman's inner life from all foreign gaze, by acquainting ourselves with the expression of his mind when left to itself. This is accordingly one of the most delightful books that has ever fallen in our way. However, thanks to whom thanks are due: Dr. Jolowicz is scarcely more than a compiler, and owes whatever success his work may have, to the labours of translators such as Rückert, Hammer, A. W. Schlegel, Bopp, Daumer, Bodenstedt, Schack, and a host besides,—and to his art of selection, which, though one might take exceptions in detail, at least is happy in presenting us the rich feast we have described. The editor has translated some pieces from Persian, and from modern Hebrew—a branch which most non-Jewish readers will think offends by excess rather than defect. Rückert's translations, perhaps the most wonderful from any one language into any other, imitating so faithfully, expression, metre, and all that makes the poem what it is, and even reproducing enigmas and quibbles which would seem the inalienable property of the language that invented them—would alone render the work cheap at double its price.

With the conclusion of the first volume of the brothers Grimm's

<sup>7</sup> *Polyglotte der Orientalischen Poesie, in metrischen Uebersetzungen deutscher Dichter. Mit Einleitungen und Anmerkungen, von Dr. H. Jolowicz.* 8vo. Leipzig: Wigand. 1853.



German Dictionary,<sup>8</sup> we have a preface by Jacob Grimm, explaining the entire plan and principles of the work. The steady progress of the first volume to completion within two years of its commencement affords some assurance that the book also will see completion; and possibly the already immense list of subscribers may be now swelled by many who at first felt a very reasonable fear of pledging themselves to a work so likely to be broken off in the middle. But we may perhaps hope soon for a more rapid rate of progress; for with the letter D, Wilhelm Grimm's part will begin, at which he must have been working at the same time that his brother was preparing the letters A, B, C. The aim of the dictionary is to give a complete thesaurus of the German language. In the preface the question is discussed what limits are consistent with this idea; and, the Gothic and Scandinavian languages, which belong to the Teutonic stock in its widest sense, being for obvious reasons excluded, the only question remaining concerns the admission or non-admission of words belonging to Low German dialects. The claims of these are prudently rejected; the High German dialects having passed through a second *Lautverschiebung* (displacement of consonants) which is unknown to the Low, and indeed gives them so clear a title to be treated separately, that the combination of the two in a dictionary would, even if practicable, be confusing. Then as regards the time-limit: the modern language is considered to have formed itself about the year 1450, in the age of the invention of printing and revival of literature. Luther's influence upon it was very great, but the transition of the Middle into the New High German must be placed a generation before him, since otherwise writers inspired by the new spirit of the times, and whose style decidedly belongs to the new language, would be excluded. But the primary force of a word or origin of a phrase must often be sought higher, in the Middle or Old High German period; and consequently there are frequent citations from these earlier stages of the language, especially from the Middle period, which no one will think superfluous or uninteresting. There are most copious and luxuriant citations from authors in prose and poetry, from 1450 to the present time; Luther and Goethe, the two writers whose influence upon the language has been incomparably the greatest, are, particularly, carefully and copiously quoted. The references are given to volume and page, sheet or verse, as the case may be; but when there are many editions of an author, these references can of course be verified only by those who happen to possess the edition employed by the Grimms. The explanations are generally quite short, in Latin; a feature which will strike many unfavourably, but to which the arguments of the preface have reconciled us. "When beside the word *tisch* I have placed the Latin *mensa*, I have done all that is required at the outset, and the article that follows shows what more has to be said about it. Instead of this, one might define it, 'a raised board, at which people stand or sit to do all kinds of things upon it;' or, 'a disk elevated or resting upon feet, seated at which

<sup>8</sup> Deutsches Wörterbuch: Von Jacob Grimm und Wilhelm Grimm. Vol I: A—Biermolke (appeared in 8 parts, 1852-4). 4to. Leipzig: Hirzel. 1854.

people perform various employments.'” Let it be understood that there is no Latin at all except simply the equivalent Latin word by way of explanation: the history of the word and discussions on its form and inflexion—all which are given very fully—are in German. It is generally known that the brothers Grimm were among the first to advocate a return to the simple and clear Roman characters, and the writing of the substantives with small letters. These innovations, which find favour, and will soon be universal in Germany, are adhered to in this work, and some orthographical reforms attempted, yet so temperately as neither to provoke opposition nor to render the reading of a single word puzzling. So much for the general arrangement: nothing but accurate acquaintance with the work, and with the rich and noble language that appears to grow nobler and richer under its hands, can cause the extreme copiousness and beauty of treatment to be appreciated. Certain it is that no similar labour has in modern times been performed for any modern language: it most resembles the giant labours of a Facciolati, which are often believed impossible in these days of compilation and authorship without trouble.

Miss Baker has produced a good provincial glossary,<sup>9</sup> to which, as the result of twenty years’ patient word-collecting, a gracious reception should be given. We cannot however help thinking that it would be more useful and convey a better idea of the peculiar speech of Northamptonshire if it were reduced to one quarter of its size. One really searches some time before one can find a peculiar Northamptonshire word at all; and we need no glossary to tell us that the people there say *bodily* for *all at once*, *crazy* of old buildings, *daddy* for *father*, and use phrases like “to come off with flying colours,” to “burn the candle at both ends.” The really curious words are quite buried under so many phrases of universal acceptance, which only an absurd purism could have kept out of regular dictionaries. The authoress’s justification of the insertion of many words not peculiar to her county can hardly be allowed—that, these words having been included in the vocabularies of other counties, their omission from her glossary would give rise to the supposition that they were unknown there. The Northamptonshire people need not be so very jealous for the honour of their dialect. We should never have dreamt of doubting that the words mentioned above, or hundreds like them, were current coin in their or any other county in England.

“The whole French Language comprised in a Series of Lessons”<sup>10</sup> shows itself by its title to be one of those manuals which are the “E. Moses and Son” of philology, with ‘cheap languages and nasty,’ for their motto. It has some method, and advances the learner by well-calculated steps; but inasmuch as it aims and professes to dispense with dictionary and trouble, it belongs to those pieces of jugglery with language which deserve no mercy at the hands of a true lover of language. Indeed to Mr. Robertson the learning of a foreign language

<sup>9</sup> Glossary of Northamptonshire Words and Phrases. By Anne El. Baker. 2 vols. 12mo. London: J. Russell Smith. 1854.

<sup>10</sup> The whole French Language comprised in a Series of Lessons, by J. Robertson. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Deroche. London: Dulau. 1853-4.

is avowedly merely a repulsive task to be got over, and no discipline for the mind at all; still less has he any idea that language affords the surest history of the human mind.

Concerning Mr. Riis's Grammar of the Oji language<sup>11</sup> we quote Prof. Pott's judgment.\* "In Mr. Riis we make the acquaintance of a zealous investigator and thinker, who does not content himself with a mere empirical display of obvious phenomena, but takes the greatest pains throughout to detect the *causæ* in the idiom examined by him, and to lay it down as a well thought-out system. He is, too, mostly very successful in this, only perhaps one might accuse him of bringing in rather too much of Becker's system, though always with an independent tact in the application. The insight and capacity of an observer naturally exert no small influence even upon the manner of seeing a given object. But, notwithstanding his leaning to Becker's abstract method, which, often contradicted by a moderately extended circle of linguistic experience, frequently prescribes for the many languages unknown to Becker, what is essential to them and what not, we cannot say that Mr. Riis has not kept his eyes free and open to the influence of fact, or that he has often distorted facts, by looking at them through the spectacles of prejudice." Let us add that M. Riis writes his book in very good English. The Oji language is spoken on the greater part of the Gold Coast, in various dialects, by the Asantes [*sic scribendum*] and neighbouring tribes. We find it a highly interesting study, and it will be more so to the few who have availed themselves of the increasing means for knowing the languages of Africa, and who will be glad to add so important a link to the chain. It is an inflecting language, using prefixed augments more than suffixes, and possessing considerable power of expression by tenses and moods, and also in the pronouns. The proverbs are amusing, and most carefully collected, with notes and a glossary.

#### HISTORY, TRAVELS, AND BIOGRAPHY.

**C**IRCULATING Libraries have much to answer for. Were it not for the support which they afford to any book with an attractive title, we should certainly be spared the floods of nonsense which now inundate us. If cheap publications ever supersede circulating libraries, we feel convinced that the effect upon the general tone of literature will be exceedingly salutary. No man will buy a book, however cheap, unless it has been recommended to him in some way, but it costs nothing to order one at random from a library. The consequence is, that the libraries are obliged to get the new books before anything is known of their character, and the bad ones get in fact very nearly

<sup>11</sup> Grammatical Outline and Vocabulary of the Oji Language, with especial reference to the Akwapim dialect; together with a Collection of Proverbs of the Natives. By Rev. H. N. Riis. 8vo. Basel. 1854.

\* Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenl. Ges. Vol. VIII., p. 428.

as much patronage as the good ones. But it is vain to cry out upon the sins of circulating libraries. We will submit to our fate, and console ourselves with the reflection that *Belles Lettres* suffer more under the system than even *History, Travels, and Biography*. Such being the case, we will endeavour to relieve our readers of some of the winnowing which modern literature requires, and that we may not affect singularity will begin with Russia and Turkey.

Two volumes of a history of Turkey by M. Lamartine<sup>1</sup> demand our first notice, both from their author's celebrity and their own imposing octavo form. This work is evidently called forth by the war, and is rather defective from this circumstance—an air of haste and something of an ephemeral character pervades it. It is perfectly true that such general impressions are very often deceptive, that it is perfectly possible to invest a worthless composition with an air of research, and to write a very accurate one in a negligent style, and possibly the author of the history before us would disclaim anything of an ephemeral character. But why, we may ask, if such is not its character, is the preface so completely occupied with questions of the day? Why is it not devoted rather to geographical or ethnographical questions of permanent interest, than to Vienna notes and Menschikof embassies? The races of central Asia; the similar origin and singular contrast presented by Turks and Tatars; the difference of oriental and occidental civilization and manners; the Mahometan and Christian religions; the great natural boundaries of empire;—surely these might have supplied a theme better suited to the dignity of history than declamations apparently culled from the daily papers, conversations in the style of Herodotus, and scenes which recall the stories of Haroun Al Raschid. Were, however, this all, we might forgive. No one is obliged, and perhaps few choose, to read a preface, nor was it unnatural that a historian of the Turkish empire should wish to deliver his opinion upon the present crisis; an opinion which, though conveyed with too much attempt at dramatic effect, is upon the whole justly conceived and eloquently delivered. Unfortunately, however, the head and front of M. Lamartine's offending<sup>2</sup> has a good deal more than this extent. For what conceivable reason is the reader condemned to wade through such a sea of nonsense about Mahomet and his ancestors? Some allusion to Arabia, some account of the Mahometan religion, was doubtless necessary, just as in a history of England, some allusion to the Popes and the Roman Catholic religion is necessary. But what should we think of a historian of England who occupied nearly a whole volume with stories about Roman Catholic Saints? Miraculous Arabian legends, if history at all, are assuredly not the history of the Turks, any more than miraculous Popish legends are the history of England. The history of the Turks does in fact begin at ch. 19, bk. ii, *i.e.* near the end of the first volume, and from this point we must admit that the faults of the book are less glaring. The narrative is pleasant, flowing, and free

<sup>1</sup> "*Histoire de la Turquie.*" Par M. A. de Lamartine. Paris: Pagnerre et V. Lecou, Libraires-Éditeurs. 1855.

from pedantry, the descriptions are good, and the language is eloquent. These very excellences are however connected with the defects of the work. We read with pleasure, it is true, but it is with the sort of pleasure which is produced by a novel. No impertinent reference to authorities, no intrusive dates, mar the illusion produced by brilliant writing and dramatic skill. The second volume brings us down to the death of Mohammed the First, which we may observe, for our author does not, took place in 1421 A.D., about 30 years before the fall of Constantinople. Two episodes are introduced in the course of the story: one consisting of a history of Timour and the inroads of the Tatars; the other of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John. Although these are undoubtedly far less irrelevant and fabulous than the tales about Mahomet, and though it must be confessed that the practice of historians quite bears out M. Lamartine in introducing them, still we cannot help thinking that they might with greater propriety have been introduced in an appendix. Why should not a work which professes to be a history of the Turks, be a history of the Turks and nothing more? The chances are, it is very true, that every one who wishes to hear about the Turks will also wish to hear about Timour and the Knights of St. John. But though extremely probable, it is by no means certain, nor has any author a right to assume it as certain. Did indeed the alternative lie between the insertion in the body of the work, and the entire omission of such digressions, we should say "insert them by all means." But this is not the alternative; and when there is such an obvious resource as the addition of an appendix, we certainly think that the convenience of the reader would be best consulted by the adoption of such a practice. These remarks, no doubt, as was observed above, apply to many writers just as much as to M. Lamartine, and he would perhaps content himself with replying "*malo errare cum—*" We may observe before leaving the subject, that "History of the Turks" would have been a better title than "History of Turkey," there being a slight ambiguity in the latter phrase.

It is, upon the whole, with a feeling of relief that we turn to a "History of Russia," published by Mr. Bohn. The editor, or as he might be called, the compiler, of the book, has executed his task with judgment. There are periods of history which dulness itself cannot divest of their interest; there are, on the other hand, some which nothing but the greatest skill can make tolerable; and of the latter kind is a considerable portion of the history of Russia. The early history of the Saxons, the Britons, and the Normans, affects us on account of our connexion with them. The development of the Greek and Roman character and policy has a deeper and more permanent interest. But in the events which occupy the early period of a people like the Russians, we find for the most part little of extrinsic or intrinsic significance. Still, however, it would not do to omit them altogether. In the first place, the reader would not be satisfied with

\* "Russia, by Karamain, Tooke, and Ségur." Edited by W. K. Kelly. Bohn's Standard Library. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1854.

an assurance that there is nothing worthy of narration, but would prefer naturally to judge for himself; and in the second place, even if the details are not worth remembering, it is nevertheless desirable to have a general impression of the state of things at each period, and this can never be conveyed so well by a vague description, as by the narration of particular occurrences. Our author has in the book before us surmounted this difficulty. He has avoided alike tedious prolixity and such extreme conciseness as leaves an unsatisfactory feeling upon the mind. He has, moreover, succeeded in inspiring himself with a real interest in his subject. One can indeed scarcely repress a smile at the extreme indignation which he expresses at the cautious, or, as he deems it, cowardly policy of Ivan the Third. The dullest part of the book (not from any fault of the writer, but simply from the character of the subject) is the period which intervenes between the reign of Ivan the Third and the reign of Peter the Great. The preceding period, and the extinction of the dawning civilization of Russia by the inroad of the Tatars, has real historical value, and not less so the romantic story of Peter the Great. We cannot, however, agree with Mr. Kelly, in denying Peter's claim to be called Great. Pitiless, sensual, unrefined, and ignorant, he was nevertheless distinguished by such energy and concentration of will in promoting the greatness of his empire, by such contempt for ease and for those external signs of rule which generally are so delightful to the semi-barbarous mind, by such genuine admiration for excellence of all kinds, mingled with such bitter regret for his own deficiencies, as must, if we take into consideration the education which he received, certainly entitle him to the appellation of Great. The volume ends with the tragical death of Peter III., and the commencement of the reign of Catherine II.

People seldom despair of anything that they much wish for. It took a long time to convince the world that lead could not be transmuted into gold, and that an elixir vitæ was a boon denied to mortals. It is true that we have given up such hopes as these, but it is no less true that mankind still cherish hopes little less chimerical. One grand arcanum of modern alchemy is the transmutation of ordinary persons into good and wise ones without giving them any trouble, and the great medium for this happy transformation is a—novel. Religion, history, philosophy—all are to be gradually infused without any exertion on our part. We are to read books which will teach us all that we can desire, and, by a sort of electro-biology, are to fancy all the time that we are amusing ourselves with a romance. Occasionally history does present itself in such a form that a good novel may be produced without doing any great violence to historical truth, either by silence or misrepresentation—the “*Last of the Barons*” being one of the few successful instances; but, as a general rule, any attempt at such a compromise is a failure. Sir Walter Scott saw this, and wisely sacrificed historical truth to the exigencies of art. In the “*Fall of the Crimea*,”<sup>3</sup> we have an attempt at this kind of combination. It is

<sup>3</sup> “*The Fall of the Crimea.*” By Captain Spencer, author of “*Turkey, Russia, the Black Sea, and Circassia,*” &c. With Illustrations. London and New York: G. Routledge and Co. 1854. •

a complete failure. Mediocre as a work of art, it is absolutely valueless as a history.

"A History of the Jesuits,"<sup>4</sup> is a good subject for illustration. It is a history which must be in a great measure biographical, and we always read biography with double interest when we are familiar with the faces and appearance of its subjects. Cromwell's speeches and Johnson's conversations would lose half their charm, if one could not call up those rugged, earnest faces which harmonize so well with them. In a history of the Jesuits, however, we turn to the portraits of such men as Ignatius Loyola with an interest of a peculiar kind. The founders of most religious societies, and above all, the founders of the Order of Jesus, have lived in such an atmosphere of exaggeration and misrepresentation, by their followers on the one hand and by their opponents on the other, that one almost despairs of getting at the truth about them. In such a case, we gladly turn to the assistance which a portrait may afford, and endeavour to analyze the lines stamped upon the face by the obscure but unerring hand of nature. Do these features bear the impress of selfish hypocrisy, or do they tell us of genuine, though perhaps mistaken fervour?—is the question which irresistibly occurs. Leaving this problem to exercise the ingenuity of the reader, we will proceed to discuss the merits of the book. There are eight portraits: seven of celebrated Jesuits, the eighth of Pope Clement XIV. The lives of these men, together with an account of the institution, and of the downfall of the Order, compose the greater part of the volume. We can by no means commend its execution. The tone of hostility and bitterness in which the narrative is conceived would be scarcely pardonable if it were intended to combat some popular prejudice. But there is no such excuse available. Protestants generally, as the writer must well know, look upon a Jesuit as the incarnation of all subtlety and wickedness; and if the Jesuits are such monsters as he tells us, he must be sanguine indeed if he hopes to convert them. The book will no doubt be well received. All (and there are many such) whose religion consists of hatred for Romanists, will welcome this kindred bitterness: but a liberal mind will turn with disgust from an attempt to add fuel to a fire which already burns so fiercely. We have no wish to defend the Jesuits. The immorality of their doctrine is established beyond dispute; but it is perfectly possible to hate sin without railing at the sinner. The author however, it should be observed, says that public good is the end which he has in view, and that it is highly important to warn the nations of the dangers which surround them. Even if we granted this, we should scarcely sympathize with him. Public executioners may be necessary for the well-being of a state, but one would nevertheless rather shrink from an amateur hangman. There is, in fact, only one apology for tirades and invective, and it is an apology which many great masters of invective may offer—viz., that it is the only weapon which can be wielded against Principalities and Powers, the

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<sup>4</sup> "Nicolini's History of the Jesuits." Bohn's Illustrated Library. London: Henry G. Bohn.

sword and the faggot. Whether our author, who attacks the Jesuits from Edinburgh, can shelter himself under this defence, we leave our readers to judge. After these remarks, it may seem somewhat surprising that the book should abound with professions of candour and impartiality. We have not space to quote passages in support of our assertion, but must be contented with observing, that the energy of Loyola is attributed entirely to a love of notoriety, and that the warmest expressions of admiration for Xavier end with an intimation that his Indian mission was the result of nothing but a restless taste for novelty.

The second volume of the history of the Greek Revolution by Tricoupe<sup>s</sup> brings us down to the end of the year 1822. A Greek history of a war of which the scene is laid in Greece irresistibly reminds us of Thucydides. The contrast is however greater than the resemblance. The war which Thucydides describes was one between two rival Greek states. This is war between Greece and a foreign race of oppressors. In the former we have simple annals of successive summer campaigns, in which the attention is fixed upon one spot at a time. In the account of the War of Independence, the struggle is ever continuing, the scene constantly changing. The Morea, Northern Greece, the islands of the Aegean, all flit before us in a succession of complex operations. The language, too, of which a Greek of the fifth century B.C. could scarcely have understood two consecutive sentences (for though tolerably intelligible to a modern scholar, it is intelligible only because it conforms to modern idioms where it departs from ancient), the barbarous names, the nations and creeds unborn in the days of Thucydides, all serve to remind that "though Greece, 'tis living Greece no more." And yet, in a certain severe simplicity of style and appearance of impartiality, the volume before us may recal not unfavourably that great writer whose impartiality till within the last few years has never been called in question.

Such a history can never be wholly uninteresting. Greece struggling for independence against a people whose ancestors were a savage tribe inhabiting the wilds of Central Asia when Socrates taught and Æschylus wrote, is a theme which must ever enlist the sympathies of an educated mind. Nor, indeed, is the narrative wholly unattractive when considered apart from such associations. We must, however, admit after all, that the details of a war, when once the result is known, appeal to curiosity alone, and have little or nothing which can be said truly to interest us. Occasionally, it is true, some deed of heroism or some tragic story awakens our sympathies, but these are the accidents, not the essentials, and, as a general rule, one feels that a perusal of the occurrences of war has given little pleasure and less instruction. They do, in fact, scarcely deserve the name of history. History treats of those great events which affect the character and condition of nations; events from which the politician and the moralist draw their principles; and though each war, taken as a whole, is undoubtedly one of such

<sup>s</sup> "Συγγραμματα Τρικουπη ιστορία τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς ἱπαναστασίως. Ἐν Αὐδίνῃ ἐκ τῆς τῇ αὐτῇ τοῦ Ἐρυθροῦ Λιόντος ὑπογραφίας Ταυλάρου καὶ Φραγκίσκου.



events, nevertheless the particular transactions of each day hold a far inferior position, and can at best afford an occasional lesson that temporizing is dangerous, or that honesty and courage are the best policy. At the time indeed, and while a war is still being waged, the case is far different. Then to all whom the result can affect, each success or reverse is a matter of the deepest moment. In the war between Greece and the Porte, there can be no doubt that such a feeling existed in its full intensity. There were many ardent spirits who dreamed that Greece might yet be free, and that she might recover all which true freedom implies. They trusted that the genius of Phidias and the virtues of Aristides might again find their home in Athens, and that a second Salamis or Marathon might eclipse the glories of the old ones. Such a feeling is now impossible for the reader. He feels that ages of degradation cannot be effaced in a day, and that if Greece were still the country which resisted the Persian, a Themistocles or Miltiades had not been wanting. The war succeeded; but the spectacle of a fallen nation recovering its ancient glories has never yet been witnessed. One incident which occurred in the course of the war was so memorable that we may be excused for briefly alluding to it. It is described at page 207 of the volume before us. It was a dark night in June when the Turks at anchor off the coast of Scios were celebrating the revels which end and compensate for the long fasts of Ramadan. No precautions were taken. They had lately repulsed an attempt of the Greeks, and had all abandoned themselves to the ease and security which the occasion and their position inspired. They were destined to a terrible interruption. At midnight two vessels filled with combustibles glided in unperceived, and making straight for the two principal ships, which were fatally conspicuous from the brilliancy of their illuminations, grappled with and fired them. The admiral's ship burned for some hours, and then exploded with a column of flame which lighted up the whole horizon, *ὑψώθη οὐρανομήκης πυρινὸς στόλος φωτίζων ἐν τῇ μέσῃ τῆς σκοτεινῆς ἐκείνης νυκτὸς πλατὺν καὶ μακρὸν ὀρίζοντα*. The other fire-ship breaking loose drifted away, and setting fire to another vessel in its course, created still greater consternation. The thirty-four brave men who composed the crews of the fire-ships had in the meantime escaped in a boat, and on their return proceeded barefoot amid the shouts of the spectators to return thanks to Heaven for the success of their enterprise.

We have received the first two volumes of a "Miscellany of Foreign Literature," from Messrs. Constable and Co., who, according to their own announcement, "propose to present to the British public a series of the most popular accessions which the literature of the globe is constantly receiving." The first volume of the series consists of Hungarian Tales, translated from Moritz Jokai,<sup>6</sup> a writer, it is said, of some reputation. They are partly comic, partly tragic, and though they contain some amusing passages and present probably a tolerable picture of Hungarian manners, have not much to recommend them. The second

<sup>6</sup> "Hungarian Sketches." By Moritz Jokai. Edinburgh: Thos. Constable and Co. 1854.

volume is an account of a tour in Greece, translated from the German of Hermann Hettner.<sup>7</sup> The author is apparently a learned though vain and pedantic man, too fond of talking about and quoting from himself, and too apt to fancy that his delights and disquits have something more profound than those of ordinary mortals. His best characteristic is a genuine love and admiration of antiquity, though this is apt to lead him into an unfair depreciation of whatever is modern, and frequently finds vent in antiquarian discussions of a more minute nature than are likely to be palatable to the general reader. There is however much suggestive, if not instructive, matter in the book, and many of the descriptions are vivid and eloquent. Athens was the first place visited, and its description occupies the first half of the journal. His first day appears to have been rather a failure—a fact which he is inclined to attribute to a mysterious sense of unsolved problems which haunted his imagination. As however all was happily different next day, we cannot help thinking that a sirocco which he mentions, and a little fatigue, were really in fault. The next day at any rate he rose a giant refreshed, and if his enjoyment was half as intense as his language is enthusiastic, must have appreciated Athens very thoroughly. These feelings he, after his manner, embodies in profound observations. At page 19 we are told that “the scenery round Athens presents a harmonious ensemble of the most distinct forms: it must necessarily have produced in the Athenians a clear and precise mode of thinking, and a keen sense for the well defined and complete.” If this theory is correct, we cannot help thinking that a longer stay at Athens would have led to the suppression of the passage which immediately follows:—

“Even to the most sceptical mind,” we are told, “it must become evident at last in what an intimate relation the Greek temple, Roman architecture, and the grand fulness in the forms of the Italian painters stand to the broad and calm forms of the Greek and Italian mountains; and now, on the other hand, the Gothic dome, and the whimsical obstinate faithfulness to nature in the works of the old German masters, descending almost to portrait, corresponds in a similar manner to the conspicuous zigzag so frequently characterizing German scenery.”

In what respect the Greek and Italian mountains are more broad and calm than the German mountains, we must confess ourselves unable to imagine. That we can trace a connexion, between the Greek and Italian character on the one hand, and the character of more northern races on the other, with their respective climates, we fully admit; and further, that the architecture of Greece as contrasted with the architecture of the north harmonizes with this distinction. But this has been said before, and consequently did not satisfy our author. As for the distinction between the painting of Italy and the painting of Germany, it is simply the distinction between a nascent and a highly advanced school of art, and has no more to do with the shape of the Apennines and Hartz mountains than with Chimborazo or Helvellyn.

<sup>7</sup> “Athens and the Peloponnese, with Sketches of Northern Greece.” From the German of Hermann Hettner. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. 1854.

We find however other theories about Gothic architecture, for instance at page 77. After a defence of the Greek temples from a charge of melancholy, we find that "it," viz., the character of melancholy and unsatisfied longing "is to be found rather in the feeble restlessly ascending pillars, roofs, and towers of the Gothic cathedral, which seem as if they would so willingly lose themselves in the infinite beyond, because they cannot find a home on earth." It is difficult enough to see the connexion between German mountains and Gothic buildings, but how the same characteristics can be both copied from the mountains and developed from national querulousness is quite unintelligible. After leaving Athens, the author travels round the Peloponnese, and pays a visit to Marathon and Boeotia. The translation is upon the whole well executed, but we may observe that by the word pine-apple at page 11, the cone of the fir-tree is meant; the passage, if this solution does not occur to the reader, being somewhat mysterious.

That a writer should content himself with editing some work of known value, instead of aspiring to the more alluring dignity of authorship, speaks favourably for his sense and modesty. It is still more creditable that he should resist the opportunity of a preface, and, contenting himself with simply saying what is necessary, spare his readers all moral and political disquisitions. We have an instance of such unpretending merit in a volume of a series called "Nelson's Modern Library."<sup>8</sup> Its execution does not belie its promise. Reversing a well-known criticism of Mr. Macaulay's, we may describe it as well compiled, well written, and well printed. As the preface is quite a model for such composition, we will allow it to tell its own story:—

"Among the tourists who have given us an account of the Regency of Algeria, the Bavarian naturalist, Dr. Moritz Wagner, has distinguished himself by the liveliness of his descriptions, the earnestness of his researches, and the frankness with which he has expressed his views. He remained for three years in the Regency, and published in 1841 an amusing and instructive account of his journey. A great portion of his work having become antiquated, I have condensed his first volume, translated his second, added an account of later events, from the capture of Constantine to the surrender of Abd-el-Kader, and given a general view of the present state of the French possessions on the north coast of Africa. I have made careful use of the most recent French works on Algeria, and principally of the official Blue Book, published by imperial authority in 1853, under the title '*Tableau de la Situation des Etablissements Français dans l'Algérie, 1850—52.*'"

The first part of the book contains an account of the natural features of the country, and a description of the races which inhabit the north of Africa. The account of the inhabitants is extremely well done, and although things are perhaps viewed rather too favourably, still the tendency to see good rather than evil is so much the characteristic of all enlightened minds, that it is, if anything, another testimony to the capacities of the author. The latter half of the volume comprises the

<sup>8</sup> "The Tricolour on the Atlas; or Algeria and the French Conquests." By Francis Pulsky. London, Edinburgh, and New York: Nelson and Sons.

history of Algeria subsequently to 1830, with a brief summary of previous events. It is written, so far as we can judge, with perfect fairness. On the one hand, we are assured that the presence of the French has been most beneficial to the cause of civilization, and that the antipathies of the Crescent and the Cross are fast disappearing; and on the other the conduct of the French on many occasions during the war—their cruelty, their treachery, their vacillation—are severely condemned. Had the book ended with the submission of Abd-el-Kader, our praise would have been unqualified, but we must complain of the little essay on French politics, which is introduced *à propos* of that event. It does not bear upon the history of Algeria, and is by no means free from the bitterness of personal feeling.

A "History of the Burmese War," by Lieutenant Laurie,<sup>9</sup> is not likely to be very generally read. The incidents are not of sufficient importance to attract any except the officers, or the friends of the officers, engaged in the expedition. In saying this, we do not mean to condemn the execution of the book, which does in fact make no higher pretensions. The fault, if fault it can be called, must be laid to the war and not to its narrator, who has executed his task quite as well as the materials would allow, and will no doubt be thanked by all who have any personal interest in the expedition. The soldier who has struggled through a Burmese jungle has as good a right to reflect with satisfaction upon his energy and endurance as the hero who has triumphed at Waterloo or the Alma.

"The Baltic; its Gates, Shores, and Cities,"<sup>10</sup> ought perhaps to have been noticed when we were occupied with the books called into being by the war. Though however it presents itself under this suspicious guise, it by no means deserves to be confounded with its more worthless brethren. If an author has anything to say, there is assuredly no reason for waiting till the world does not wish to listen; and in the book in question we find a good deal of information pleasantly conveyed. If it has a fault, indeed, it is that it tells too much. Geology, ethnology, history, biography; all the sciences and all the arts are laid under contribution. Nothing is rejected, which can in any conceivable way connect itself with the Baltic. An attempt of this kind, unless executed with considerable ability, judgment, and learning, would probably be a great failure. But the book before us is, we venture to think, successful. Too like a gazetteer, perhaps, for ordinary readers in ordinary times, its medley of statistics, anecdotes, and information, are not unwelcome in 1855.

An avowed gazetteer of a far more permanent and substantial character, is one which Mr. Thornton, the historian of India, has compiled.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>9</sup> "Pegu, being a Narrative of Events during the Second Burmese War, from August, 1852, to its Conclusion, in June, 1853. With a Succinct Continuation down to February, 1854." By William F. Laurie, Lieut. Madras Artillery. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

<sup>10</sup> "The Baltic, its Gates, Shores, and Cities. With a Notice of the White Sea." By the Rev. Thos. Milner, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: Longman and Co. 1854.

<sup>11</sup> "A Gazetteer of the Territories under the Government of the East India

Everyone has read Mr. Macaulay's complaints about English ignorance of Indian history. One great cause of this ignorance perhaps is the double battle which the mind has to fight. Everyone knows something of European geography. Some general notion of the position and character of Rome, of the Danube, of Athens, of, in short, the chief countries, rivers, and cities of Europe, is acquired almost as surely and imperceptibly as the use of language, by all except the utterly uneducated. To such persons a battle at Rome or a revolution at Paris presents a definite picture which the imagination can grasp. But in India this is not the case. With the exception of perhaps some six places, an Indian name conveys no association whatever to an English reader. He may, if he be of an industrious nature, turn to his map-book, and hunt for the latitude and longitude, but the knowledge of the latitude and longitude of a place does not invest it with that kind of individuality which the imagination craves. It is impossible, for instance, to feel much interest in an attack upon a town, unless one knows something of the nature of its buildings, its position, its previous fortunes, and of all those circumstances which cannot be well introduced into a history without the risk of making it tedious and obscure. To supply information of this kind is the object of a gazetteer, and, as we said before, no country stands more in need of such aid than India. The one before us, consisting of four substantial octavo volumes, appears to be well executed. There are copious articles upon all places of any celebrity; that on Delhi, for instance, occupying about fifteen pages.

Leaving the Old World for the New, we have to notice, firstly, the travels of Dr. Moritz Wagner, whose name has been mentioned above, and Dr. Carl Scherzer.<sup>12</sup> We are informed in the preface that Dr. Wagner contributed the sections on natural history and physical science, and his companion those on statistics and political economy: the general observations upon the people and country being their joint production. Part of their travels were performed in company, part separately, each visiting the districts most likely to gratify his peculiar tastes. We have at present only the firstfruits of their labours, the three volumes now published, professing to be descriptive rather than philosophical. They were compiled last winter that the vividness of first impressions might not be lost; a practice the wisdom of which Dr. Wagner tells us that he has learnt from experience. Another publication of a more scientific nature is to follow, containing the matured and digested results of their researches; for which purpose the authors are still collecting materials in America.

A "Tour in America," by Mr. Chambers,<sup>13</sup> is as much distinguished by the abundance of its minute observations, as Dr. Wagner's book is

Company, and of the Native States on the Continent of India. Compiled by the Authority of the Hon. Court of Directors, and chiefly from Documents in their Possession. By Edward Thornton, Esq. London: W. H. Allen and Co. 1854.

<sup>12</sup> "Reisen in Nordamerika in den Jahren 1852 und 1853." Von Dr. Moritz Wagner und Dr. Carl Scherzer. Leipzig: Arnoldische Buchhandlung. 1854.

<sup>13</sup> "Things as they are in America." By William Chambers. London and Edinburgh: William and Robert Chambers. 1854.

by the abundance of its generalizations. The tour was undertaken by Mr. Chambers, for the sake of his health, in the autumn of 1853. He visited first Nova Scotia, then Canada, and subsequently the United States. His narrative is distinguished by impartiality, good sense, and good taste. He came, as he tells us, in the beginning of his concluding chapter, with the broad fact impressed upon his mind, that the people of England know but little of America, whilst that little is disfigured by prejudice and misapprehension. This feeling is displayed in the title which he has chosen, and there are many traces of it in the book. He seldom dines without recording that the guests did not eat faster than Europeans, and mentions, as a remarkable incident, that he met with one man who corresponded to the popular notion of an inquisitive Yankee. There is, however, no attempt to flatter the Americans. Justice herself could not be more absolutely impartial. We turned with some curiosity to his account of the Slave States, and found the question of slavery treated as becomes a man of good sense and feeling. It describes simply and forcibly the scenes which he witnessed, and passes his condemnation upon them without any *ad captandum* declamation. "Every thing is described," he tells us, "precisely as it occurred, without passion and prejudice. It would not have been difficult to be sentimental on a subject which appeals so strongly to the feelings, but I have preferred telling the simple truth." Professions of this kind have been often made, but seldom so well acted up to. We fully concur in the severe sentence which Mr. Chambers passes upon the Emancipist who, furious with the slave-dealer, will not sit down by a man of colour, and who, shedding maudlin tears over the wrongs of the negro, denies to his descendant the rank of a human being. If we find any fault with the book, it is for being somewhat indiscriminately loaded with minute facts, but this is a fault upon the right side. An ordinary writer would have embellished his account of Cincinnati with exaggerated anecdotes of American peculiarities, or have bored us with his reflections and prophecies about the past and the future. The reader is quite capable of forming these over his own fire, and we are grateful to Mr. Chambers for preferring to inform us how the inhabitants kill their pigs.

English tourists are certainly not calculated to give a very favourable impression of the English character, and perhaps the same is the case with America. "*Rambles in Ireland*," by Pliny Miles,<sup>14</sup> do not at any rate tend to confirm Mr. Chambers' favourable view of the American character. Mrs. Trollope herself could scarcely have devised a more perfect compound of conceit, vulgarity, and stupid liveliness, than the picture which the author gives of himself. Every sentence is (if we may be pardoned such a harsh metaphor) redolent of the American twang.

To English history Mr. Bohn has contributed an edition of the *Chronicles of Florence of Worcester*,<sup>15</sup> a monk who lived at the

<sup>14</sup> "*Nordurfari; or, Rambles in Ireland.*" By Pliny Miles. London: Longman and Co. 1854.

<sup>15</sup> "*The Chronicle of Florence of Worcester, with the Two Continuations, com-*

beginning of the twelfth century. Florence appears to have been a rather hardly used man. He revised and continued the *Chronicles of Marianus Scotus*, in which task he was succeeded, at his death, by John of Worcester. Ordericus Vitalis however, who visited England soon after the death of Florence, seems to have misunderstood or forgotten what John of Worcester told him, for he completely ignores the existence of Florence, and attributes all his labours to John; a misstatement which John's own evidence enables us to correct. The performance is upon the whole well executed, but does not appear to have been very carefully revised. We find at page 9 of the preface that the year 1183 is far in the reign of the third Henry: at page 10 that Stephen was upon the throne in 1038: at page 11, that Henry the Second came to the throne in 1152. These are evidently clerical or typographical errors.

Coming down nearer to our own times, we have two volumes of Cambridge transactions of the Puritan period.<sup>16</sup> "The documents," we are informed in the Introduction, "contained in the present volumes belong to a period of great importance in the history of Cambridge University; and they relate to almost every part of its internal government and external privileges. They commence with the University statutes of 1570--intended to check the rising power of Puritanism, and they terminate with the Act of Uniformity of 1662, and the diary of the Revd. Dr. Worthington, who was ejected in 1660 from the mastership of Jesus College, Cambridge." The documents are arranged chronologically, and a catalogue of them is prefixed to each volume; but the years given at the top of pages 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and 31 of the table of contents of vol. 1, are apparently misprinted. We confess to feeling, upon the whole, rather disappointed. We had hoped for documents--or at any rate notes, or appendixes--throwing some light upon the development of Puritanism, but as the passage quoted from the Introduction proves, to elucidate the constitution of Cambridge rather than the history of Puritanism, is the end proposed by the publication. We have no right to quarrel with an author for not doing more than he undertakes, but we cannot help regretting that the period previous to 1570, the period during which the Puritan tendencies of Cambridge were quietly gathering strength, should be passed over in silence.

A modern publication similar in general character, but of greater value and wider scope, next demands our attention.<sup>17</sup> We cannot

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prising *Annals of English History, from the Departure of the Romans to the Reign of Edward I.* Translated from the Latin, with Notes and Illustrations." By Thomas Forester, A.M. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1854.

<sup>16</sup> "Cambridge University Transactions during the Puritan Controversies of the 16th and 17th Centuries." Collected by James Heywood, M.P., F.R.S., F.S.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., Hon. M.B.C.S.L., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1854.

<sup>17</sup> "Nouveau Recueil Général de Traités, Conventions et autres Transactions remarquables servant à la connaissance des relations des puissances et états dans leurs rapports mutuels. Rédigé sur des copies, collections et publications authentiques, faisant suite au recueil général de De Martens Saalfeld et Frédéric Mur-

better describe it than by giving a translation of part of the Introduction: "The late M. Frederick Murhard had from the year 1839 (when M. Saalfeld, who had continued the collection of treaties edited by Martens, died) continued in his turn the important collection commenced by that celebrated professor of international law: his additions, consisting firstly of supplements, and subsequently of the thirteenth and fourteenth volumes of the old series of the collection. In the year 1843 he began a new series, under the title of 'Nouveau Recueil-général, &c.,' of which he published eleven volumes, which contain part of the transactions resulting from the political storms of 1848. The troubles which followed that year appear to have interrupted his labours, and death prevented his resuming them." MM. Ch. Murhard and J. Pinhas proceed to say that they have undertaken the continuation of this collection, and observe very justly that it is one of the greatest value to politicians and historians. The volume now published accordingly, which we may describe either as the first of MM. Ch. Murhard's and J. Pinhas' series, or as the twelfth of M. F. Murhard's, contains a variety of transactions relating to the year 1848, which will be regularly continued. A chronological and an alphabetical index are appended.

We will conclude our historical criticisms with a history of Rome, by Theodore Mommsen.<sup>18</sup> The history of Rome can never receive the sort of interest which Mr. Grote has imparted to the history of Greece. Our scanty sources of information, no less than the inferiority of the Roman character, preclude such a possibility. On the other hand, a wider field is opened for investigation of a general character. There is greater scope for ethnological, geographical; and physical inquiry, and it is from such sources that such light as can still be thrown upon Roman history must be expected. It is with this feeling that our author has treated his subject; and though an Englishman might perhaps characterize his performance as a commentary upon Roman history, rather than a history of Rome, he has at any rate succeeded in relieving his subject from the dryness of mere antiquarian detail. The volume now published ends with the battle of Pydna.

The last quarter of the year has not been rich in biography. Prior's "Life of Burke,"<sup>19</sup> published in Mr. Bohn's Classic Library, deserves our notice, but requires nothing more. The work itself is too well known to demand criticism,

The "Autobiography of the Rev. William Jay"<sup>20</sup> is, we are assured by its editor, anxiously expected by all who knew its author. We have no wish to pain them, but are compelled by a regard for truth to affirm that inordinate vanity is its chief characteristic. It is a common

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hard, continué par Ch. Murhard et J. Pinhas. Gottingue, à la Librairie de Dieterich.

<sup>18</sup> "Römische Geschichte." Von Theod. Mommsen. Leipzig: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung.

<sup>19</sup> "Life of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke." By James Prior, Esq., F.S.A., author of the "Life of Goldsmith," &c. London: Henry G. Bohn.

<sup>20</sup> "Autobiography of the Rev. Wm. Jay." Edited by George Redford, D.D., LL.D., and John Angel James. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

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practice with leaders of the Evangelical party to talk of their own excellence and success, and to say that they are not actuated by vanity, because they regard these gifts as results of the special grace of God. It is astonishing that so flimsy a pretext should impose upon any rational being. That any man should habitually talk of himself as selected from all eternity for special spiritual excellence and a certainty of immortal happiness, is as an instance of egregious vanity remarkable enough; but that he should further persuade himself that by so doing he is proving his own extreme humility, is the most triumphant specimen of self-deceit which can well be imagined.

The "Memorials of an Earnest Student"<sup>21</sup> are in substance autobiographical, but differ from the life of Mr. Jay in not having been written for publication. Their editor labours to rebut the charge of indiscretion which he seems to be conscious may be brought against him for making public a private journal full of reflections and memoranda of a most private character. We can sympathize with the feeling which he tells us possessed him "that it seemed like disloyalty to his memory, and out of harmony with all we knew and remembered of him, to publish journals of a life so faithfully recorded and so very secret as his was before God, and to bring under the notice of the world one so singularly unobtrusive." But we cannot admit the validity of the arguments with which he overcomes this sentiment. It is a strange and most unsatisfactory way of testifying our affection and reverence for the dead, to do that which would of all things most shock their feelings if they could become conscious of it. The responsibility of this act, however, does not entirely rest with Mr. Macleod. He only undertook the task at the earnest solicitation of several of John Mackintosh's friends. It does not appear whether they also believed that they were acting in defiance of the wishes of their friend, but we can only acquit them by condemning him. If he at all looked forward to the publication of his journal, he must have been utterly defective in good taste. We do not believe that he did. We believe that he left his journal in full confidence that his friends would show more true respect for his memory; a confidence of which they have proved themselves unworthy. Nor can we perceive any good grounds for such an act. That upon which the editor appears most to rely is his conviction that the journal is likely to be of great service to many persons, particularly to the young. In this we think that he is quite mistaken. He forgets that a diary of this kind is like a cipher to which the friends of the author have the key, but which to the rest of the world is meaningless. Each sentence is doubtless suggestive to them of some conversation, some act, some incident, which displayed his zeal and religion; but to the rest of the world there is nothing which might not be mere cant or hypocrisy. The fact is, that unless signal abilities unite with peculiar circumstances in such a way that a man can unmistakeably display his qua-

<sup>21</sup> "The Earnest Student; being Memorials of John Mackintosh." By the Rev. Norman Macleod. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

## Belles Lettres.

lities in his actions, all attempts at biography are vain. Moral excellence can no more be adequately conveyed by description and eulogy than physical beauty. We can say, "He was a good man," just as we can say, "It was a beautiful sunset;" but when we attempt further to analyze and enumerate the details of such a character, the imagination can no more invest them with personality, than it can combine into a harmonious landscape an elaborate description of the colour of the clouds, the nature of the lights and shadows, and the shape and disposition of the trees. Action is the true subject for biography—action of such a kind that it speaks through all time. Where we have this as a pledge for their genuineness, letters, speeches, journals acquire the highest value; but where we neither know the author personally nor by his actions, we can at best yield but a cold acquiescence in the assurances of the editor.

## BELLES LETTRES.

OF the books of this quarter, in the department of Belles Lettres, the three first volumes of the collected miscellaneous writings of the last of the great German poets, Heinrich Heine<sup>1</sup>, have the strongest claim on our attention. The first volume opens with a piece in prose, entitled the "Confessions." This, his latest prose composition, in psychological interest in composition, art, humour, and raillery, stands alone amid the ephemeral appearances of the day, as a casket by Benvenuto Cellini might be imagined to do amid the tasteless profusion of heavy furniture and ill-assorted nicknacks, which cumber the drawing-rooms of a prosperous and unaesthetic *bourgeois*. These "Confessions" appeared a short time back in the "Revue des Deux-Mondes," in French, under the title of "Les Aveux d'un Poete," and then attracted general attention. Poor Heine! these latest touches of his pen will excite the admiration of every reader of French and German, wherever in the habitable globe these languages are studied, while the writer, with pale countenance and eyes half-closed with pain, lays a head weary with a long life-battle, on the pillow of sickness, in the Rue d'Amsterdam, where it has now settled for the last five years. And such is Fame! Yet the Titan though o'erthrown is unconquered still, and the old love, laughter, hate, and scorn, are sublimed by suffering in the poet's heart, to such a degree, that we shudder while we gaze, awe-struck, on this victory of man over man's most terrible foes, sickness and pain.

"Fame," says he himself, "fame that once so sweet delicacy, sweet as pine-apples and flattery, has lost its savour to me this long while: it tastes now bitter as wormwood. I can say with Romeo, I am the fool of fortune. I stand

<sup>1</sup> "Vermischte Schriften." Von Heinrich Heine. 3 band. Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe. 1854.

now before a huge soup-tureen, and nothing lacks me but the spoon. What boots it to me that my health be drunk at festal banquets with the choicest wines out of golden goblets, when I myself, meanwhile, severed from all worldly pleasure, can only moisten my lips with thin decoction. What boots it to me that enthusiastic youths and maidens crown my marble bust with laurels, when on my real head the withered hands of an old nurse clap a blister behind the ears. What boots it to me if all the roses of Schiraz glow and smell so sweetly; as for me, ah! Schiraz is two thousand miles distant from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where in the sorry solitude of my sick room I get nothing to smell but the odour of the well-warmed *serviette*. Ah! this mockery of God lies heavy upon me. The Great Author of the Universe, the Aristophanes of heaven, wished to give a smart proof to the little earthly, so styled German Aristophanes, how my wittiest sarcasms were but poor jests compared with his, and how pitifully I am below him in humour, in colossal jest making. But if I lack these highest powers of creation, there yet flashes in my spirit the light of eternal reason, and I can venture to drag this jest of God before her forum and subject it to her awful criticism. And I venture next to speak out the most submissive observation, that it seems to me as though this fearful jest with which the master is trying the poor scholar is becoming terribly long; it lasts now more than six years, which little by little becomes tiresome."

That Heine, tried by such a fearful visitation, has been able to produce such prose and verse as this first volume contains, is one of the greatest literary marvels on record. It cannot be indeed said, that the close atmosphere of the sick-room has in no ways enervated his ancient vigour and elasticity, and that the peevishness of a sick man is not occasionally discernible. In spite of his loud protestations of the new birth of the religious sentiment within him, we are unable to discover any very vital change in Heine, either as thinker or poet, and we doubt whether his manner of treating religious subjects will be edifying to the orthodox of any Christian Church. Of Jewish extraction himself, the Bible and the Jewish race, have in the "*Reisebilder*," and elsewhere, always attracted a large share of his enthusiasm. Now, however, he says, he sees the Greeks were never anything more than pretty boys compared with the Jews, who were, and are always strong inflexible men; and he would be proud of his ancestry if he were not of democratic principles. Moses he formerly did not love so much as he ought, because the Hellenic spirit was too strong in him (Heine), and he could not forgive the lawgiver of the Jews his hatred towards the plastic arts; but now the poet sees how Moses, in spite of his hostility to art, was a real artist, and possessed the true artist spirit.

"Only was this artist spirit with him, as with his Egyptian countrymen, directed on the colossal and the imperishable. But not as the Egyptians formed he his art-works out of granite; he constructed men-pyramids; he chiselled out men-obelisks; he took a poor shepherd race and created thereout a people that should bid defiance to the ages. A great, everlasting, holy people; a people of God that should serve to all other peoples as a pattern, yea, as a prototype to all humanity; he created Israel! with greater justice than the Roman poet can that artist, the son of Amram, and the nurse Jochebed, boast that he has established a monument that will outlast all structures of bronze. How small seems Sinai when Moses stands thereon! This mount is only the pedestal, on which stand the feet of the man whose head is reared

amid the heavens where he speaks with God. God forgive me the sin! but many a time it has appeared to me as though this Mosaic God was but the *reverberated radiance* of Moses himself, to whom he looks similar, similar in love and in anger. It were a great sin, true anthropomorphism, if one adopted such an identity of God and his prophet; *but the likeness is startling.*"

We prefer to give such extracts of these remarkable "Confessions" as our scanty space allows us, in order that our readers may judge for themselves, either from these fragments, or by being induced to seek the original, what this conversion of Heine's is, about which so much has been whispered in many corners of Europe; some asserting he had gone over to the Roman Church,—some that he had become Protestant evangelical; all we find out for certain is that he has abjured all philosophic systems, and instead of Homer he now quotes the Bible and Uncle Tom, which latter, he adds, with a touch of melancholy, "must understand the New Testament better than I, since in that there are the most floggings, which I always objected to as unæsthetic. Thus a poor nigger-slave reads with his *back*, and so gets an advantage over me."

To pass here a criticism on this remarkable piece of prose, in connexion with the whole life and tendencies of Heine, would far exceed the limits we here allot to ourselves, so we hasten to conclude our extracts with the remark that, notwithstanding the brilliancy and humour which distinguishes this, as everything else of Heine, the efforts to be dazzling and witty, are too conspicuous, and force him too often to violate both propriety and sincerity. Let us, however, add one extract more from the same piece, describing the literary voyage of discovery of Madame de Staël.

"She fled now over to us in Germany, where she collected materials for the renowned book that should solemnize the German spiritualism as the ideal of all nobleness, in opposition to the materialism of imperial France. Here she made a great discovery. She lighted upon a learned man, by name August Wilhelm Schlegel. There was a genius without sex. He was her true cicero, and accompanied her through all the garrets of German literature. She had mounted an unruly great turban, and was now the sultana of thought. She made our literary men pass mentally before her in review, and parodied thus the great sultan of matter. As he accosted people with the questions, how old are you? how many children have you? how many years' service? &c., so she asked our *savants*, how old are you? what have you written? are you Kantian or Fichtian? and similar questions, to which the lady hardly waited for the answer; her true mancluke, however, August Wilhelm Schlegel, her Rustan, hastily noted down the responses in his note-book. This book makes on me an impression as comical as it is irritating. Here I beheld the passionate lady with all her turbulence of spirit. I see how this hurricane in petticoats swept through our quiet Germany; how she everywhere calls out, enchanted: 'What a refreshing calm here soothes me.' She had overheated herself in France and came here to Germany to cool herself down. The chaste, cool breath of our poets came kindly to her warm sunny bosom. She regarded our philosophers like different sorts of ice, and swallowed down Kant as vanilla cream, Fichte as pistache, Schelling as raspberry. Oh! how beautifully cool it is in your forests, cried she perpetually. What a refreshing scent of violets! how the finches twitter peacefully in their German nests! You are a good virtuous folk and have no conception of the moral devastation that overrides everything in the *Rue du Bac*."

The second and third volumes of these "Miscellanies" are called "Lutezia," and consist of contributions to the "Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung," written between the years 1840 and 1844, with explanatory elucidations lately added. They are brilliant, picturesque, and witty; true daguerrotypes of political, scientific, artistic, and social life in the Parisian capital in the noon-day of Louis Philippe's reign; and give evidence of much political wisdom and foresight in this chief lyric poet of Germany—the nation of lyric poets.

Doctor Irving has done the English public good service by re-editing the "Table-Talk of John Selden."<sup>2</sup> The edition is enriched by annotations of no inconsiderable value, evincing extensive and well-directed research. We have here the most enduring and well-known memento of John Selden, the scholar, the antiquarian, the lawyer, the logician. What would Richard Millward, the architect of this literary monument, who reverently listened for twenty years to catch the colloquial wisdom of him whom he calls "the glory of the nation," have thought, had he been told, in 1689, that posterity would chiefly know his revered master by his (Richard Millward's) modest labour. Yet, so it is, those ponderous products of solitary toil, the "Titles of Honours," the "History of Titles," the "Mare Clausum"—works which testify that the estimate then formed of the tough and well-trained lawyer and scholar, and of the clear thinker, was no false one; these now rest in their gigantic inertness in the under-strata of "Large Libraries"—an armoury unmanageable and antiquated in this age, well forged for the thews and sinews of the learned Anakim of Europe in the fore-part of the seventeenth century, but rendered now well-nigh obsolete by the onward march of human invention. Antiquarians, scholars, lawyers, philosophers, will from time to time review them, admire the honest solidity and strength of these old battle-pieces as they stand there before us, wrought, clenched, and riveted as a true workman has left them; but except for historical purposes, they have done what duty it was allotted them to perform. It was well, then, that many of the social hours of Selden were passed in the society of a faithful amanuensis, who has merited well of posterity by noting down the out-flowings of the much-read, much-thinking scholar, in his hours of ease, when his mind, inspirited by the genial influence of human intercourse, bounded lightly under its huge burden of learning, and disposed of the knottiest and weightiest difficulties with a simplicity of exposition and homeliness of illustration that a child might understand.

At Salvington, a hamlet in the parish of West Tarring, in the county of Sussex, the neighbours still point out with pride the house where Selden was born. His birth is inscribed in the parish register of the year 1584. He is styled "the sonne of John Selden the minstrell," a "sufficient plebeian," according to Old Wood; his mother, however, appears to have been of a knightly family. Whatever were the cir-

<sup>2</sup> "The Table-talk of John Selden, with Notes by David Irving, LL.D." Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. 1854.

circumstances of his parents, they contrived that their son should have a liberal education, and the means of following the first profession of that time, the bar. The free school of Chichester, Hart Hall, Oxford, (now merged in Magdalen College), Clifford's Inn, and the Inner Temple, claim successively the honours of his education. Soon after he was called to the bar he gave proof of his profound learning and strong logic, in his contest with Grotius, who had made a rude assault against the cherished doctrines of England with respect to maritime dominion, in his treatise "*Mare Liberum*." The answer of Selden, called "*Mare Clausum*," was dedicated to Charles I. It was considered by the court, and by national prejudice at that time, as a complete refutation of the great Dutch publicist. At the present day, however, reason and justice have succeeded in getting the positions of Grotius recognised as the true principles of international law. Selden had great success as a chamber counsellor, but went rarely into court. He was speedily known as a man of the most varied and profound antiquarian learning: it is curious to find among the learned of that time frequent testimonies like "*Iohannes Seldenus Britannia illud immortale decus*." Among the friends of Selden were to be found Sir Matthew Hale, Archbishop Usher, Camden, Sir Henry Spelman, Sir Robert Cotton, the English antiquarians; Isaac Vossius, the scholar; and Jonson, Drayton, and Butler, the poets. It is pleasant to have before us the grave and cheerful talk that met the ears of such English worthies as these.

Selden did not pass through those troublous times without meeting with the usual rough treatment which honest thinkers then had to endure. Being a Parliament man, his free-spirited speeches more than once brought down upon him the vengeance of the highly sensitive kingly vanity of Charles, and he was committed to custody more than once. His name frequently appears in the annals of that fateful period of English history; but always as the moderate exponent of liberal opinions. By a vote of the House, he was made Keeper of the Records in the Tower in 1643. He sat in the House after the execution of Charles, though what part he took is not now discoverable. He died in 1654, in the seventieth year of his age, in the possession of a renown for labour and learning such as no man of his time equalled, if it were not Grotius.

This book of "*Table-talk*" is well interpreted in the title-page of the old edition, as John Selden's "sense of various matters of weight and high consequence, relating especially to religion and state." According to the opinion of Johnson, who should be no mean judge of such matters, this book of "*ana*" is better than all the books of that family then in existence, and this when Germany had produced Luther's "*Table-talk*," and France her "*Perroniana*," "*Thuana*," "*Colomesiana*," "*Menagiana*," and many others of the family in *ana*. We see no reason to dispute Dr. Johnson's judgment. If not so brilliant in metaphor, Selden is a more consistent talker than the great doctor himself, and contains more useful and clear observations on society, life and manners, laws, and literature, than Coleridge, with his

wonderful faculty for extending himself out illimitably in talk, and tending, as Carlyle says, "no whither," has left. The range of topics on which we hear Selden in this book are great, and the greater part of them are as *à propos* of the present time as when they were uttered.

Like Selden, Johnson owes much of his reputation to the labour of others. The echo of his once great name will grow fainter and fainter as it is propagated through successive generations. He was not an original thinker; he knew nothing of poetry but what it has in common with prose, and the mere mechanism of versification as then by law established of the Popian school; but his knowledge was various, his acquaintance with human character tolerably profound, and his memory and conversational talents astonishing—his was precisely the combination of talents to acquire a great contemporary reputation. We are glad Mr. Peter Cunningham has taken upon himself to edit Johnson's "*Lives of the Poets*,"<sup>3</sup> after Rasselas, the composition by which he is now best known, and much deserving a place amid the English prose writers. This edition is enriched with many notes and corrections of errors by Mr. Cunningham, and is superior to all former ones. Scattered about in these lives will be found some admirable pieces of prose composition, showing what a master Johnson was of the English language, and what enduring memorials he might have left behind him, had he possessed the patient faculties of research and accurate thinking which every prose writer must possess or acquire, as a condition of leaving behind him works which shall have a lasting value.

We never see a new play without considerably more sympathy for its known or unknown author than most books excite. The writer has been content to send forth his intellectual offspring on a much greater risk than ordinary books run: any novel, be it ever so maudlinly weak, so rapidly dull, so viciously stimulating, may hope, by the aid of circulating libraries, to find an extensive range of readers. The dowagers of the tea and card tables, ladies-maids and seamstresses, have the same indiscriminating powers of digestion mentally as Horace's reapers possessed physically. Far otherwise with the play; forethought, contrivance, sharp efforts, and elaboration have all been concentrated on one small venture, which, if it fail to get possession of the stage, can at best only be known to a few among the most cultivated class of readers. What fine dramatic pieces, displaying highly poetical and scenic power, have been produced among us, the names of whose authors are entirely unknown to the bulk of the reading part of the nation. The qualities required for dramatic success are so rare, and so still more rarely found in conjunction, that failure may be said to be the natural fate of productions of this class.

"*Passing Clouds. A Tale of Florence*,"<sup>4</sup> we are afraid is not destined

<sup>3</sup> "*Lives of the most eminent English Poets, with Critical Observations on their Works.*" By Samuel Johnson. With Notes, Corrective and Explanatory, by Peter Cunningham. London: John Murray. 1854.

<sup>4</sup> "*Passing Clouds. A Tale of Florence. A Play.*" London: Longman and Co. 1854.

to be an exception to the general fate of plays in this age. It displays feeling, taste, and delicacy of perception; but the plot is extremely poor, and there is throughout the whole piece a fatal want of skill and power, and especially of that which is most essential, *dramatic* skill and power. A young lover, and a middle-aged lover, both very noble personages, are introduced as wooing the same noble lady; the life and then the good faith of the young lover are placed in some little jeopardy, but so that we never have any fear for either. The middle-aged lover carries his attentions over to another noble lady, and all ends as merry as a marriage bell. These are all the incidents; the characters have very indistinct outlines, and are only represented to the mind's eye by the letters which form their names. The simple Polydore, the tutor, may perhaps have the most individuality, but he is such a very old acquaintance, that small credit can be given to the author on this head. The more humble personages of the drama may claim praise for their constructions; they have something of Shakespearian homeliness and truth about them, and much historical and local colouring is thereby given to the play. The blank verse has a pleasing rhythmical flow, without violence or declamation. The sentiments are usually irreproachable enough, and fittingly expressed, but the dialogue is sadly wanting in vivacity, imagery, and passion. Several passages are fitted for excerption, which we would gladly give had we space sufficient for that purpose.

"Videna; or, the Mother's Tragedy," is possessed of one quality in which the last play was deficient—namely, power; but we have here also to lament the unprofitable expenditure of poetical ability of no common order on a subject of such forbidding, ghastly, and phantasmal character. The story is first found in the Chronicles of Geoffrey of Monmouth. It was made use of by Thomas Sackville Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, and Thomas Norton, in their tragedy of "Gorbudoc," one of the first tragedies in the English language, and as stiff and unnatural as the dresses of the period in which it was made. Sir Philip Sidney praised it for its morality, which ingredient was probably furnished, as Charles Lamb suggests, by Norton, who was an associate of Sternhold and Hopkins in the translation of the psalms into English verse. It is an extremely sanguinary piece of business; which character is, if possible, amplified by Mr. Heraud. That the author, having the whole veridical history of mankind to draw stuff from as the basis of a tragedy, should prefer a common-place fiction, the like of which is to be found in all histories, the invention probably of some heavy-headed monk, and told of a race—the fictitious descendants of Brutus—about whom none but antiquarians now know that they were even supposed to have existed—is in our eyes the first capital mistake. The author may perhaps oppose to us Shakespeare and King Lear, to which we reply, that, had Shakespeare written in these times, he would not have taken King Lear as a subject for tragedy; but that living, as he did, in times when in the poverty of

<sup>b</sup> "Videna; or, The Mother's Tragedy." By John A. Heraud. London: C. Mitchell. 1854.



English history all these old legends were fully believed in, he produced King Lear—that grand, old, houseless, raving king, who, like *Cædipus Tyrannus*, will excite eternal sympathy in the human heart. While a myth is a popular faith, it may well be a subject for dramatic composition; but after it is fairly exploded, and even the knowledge that it ever existed confined to a few, this can never be the case. The story of *Faust* is as currently believed among the peasantry of Germany at the present day as it ever was, and some of the finest touches in Goethe's play are derived from snatches of songs and legends still current among the people, and moreover, the myth itself has a real historical standing-point. Unknown characters, with such uncouth names as Gorbudoc, Ferrex, Porreo, and Durwarro, affect us with apprehension and *ennui* enough; but when the author is so anxious to make us acquainted with his shadowy creations, that he will insist on introducing us still further among these cloud-begotten gentry, and we find mention of Albanact, Malin, Mempricius, Gwendolen, Liel, Goemagog, &c., we become wholly recalcitrant. The story, even such as it is, is very awkwardly told, and the characters are not sufficiently striking to call for especial observation. As we said above, there is considerable power in the dialogue, and on one or two occasions the author raises himself to the height of Ford or Massinger; but throughout there is an affected imitation of Elizabethan phraseology, the scraps of which have as strange an air among our modern diction as our old marks and nobles would wear among our every-day coin. No man can escape the influence of his time, and such imitations can only be patchwork.

It is well known that the artists of the pre-Raphaelite school number several poets in their communion, who have hitherto been too modest to sue for the approbation of the public. One of them, Mr. William Bell Scott, the master of the School of Design at Newcastle, has at length put forth a volume of poems, of considerable merit.<sup>6</sup> The principal defect of these poems is such as we find with the pictures of the school, that they are not healthy and strong. His thoughts are swaddled into language, now quaint from its obsolescence, now trivial from an affected simplicity. Who, for instance, would endure a line like this—

“In especial Mary Anna.”

Why, too, should an antiquated word, which strikes deadly and strangely on the ear, be used when one in actual use, quite as old, and not obsolete, will answer the purpose. Besides these faults, there are others, of a very inappropriate use of metaphor, although the metaphors are few in number. It would be very easy to cite passages which would appear very grotesque and puerile, and others which display real talent for catching the poetic features of common life, and for the description of natural scenery; but for want of space we must refer the reader to the volume itself, assuring him,

<sup>6</sup>“Poems.” By William Bell Scott. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

that if he be glad to welcome the appearance of real and new poetic talent, he will find pleasure in Mr. Scott's verses.

A volume of poems, by Emma Tatham,<sup>7</sup> justly claims our commendation. It is notable for smooth versification, and embodies the thoughts and emotion of a sensitive and poetical nature.

Two other books of poems have appeared, very like each other in tone, taste, and composition. The "Angel in the House"<sup>8</sup> is on the inexhaustible themes of Love, Woman, and Marriage. A gentleman, the author himself, well-to-do in the world, making love to a Dean's daughter with three thousand pounds ready money, and 'good possibilities' in reversion, and the incidents of the courtship and betrothal, are the ground-work out of which this volume has grown. Those who bear away any reminiscences of the joyous strains of Anacreon in honour of the deep-chested Samian damsels, or of the flaming raptures of Catullus, or who have caught some flashes of the fiery soul of Hafiz (in Daumer's admirable translation), will perhaps feel something akin to what we may suppose a banqueter might experience, who found himself unexpectedly served with water-gruel while the taste of champagne and other rich juices of the grape was still on the lip. The love that warms the writer is a small, tranquil, pale flame, which we may compare to that of hydrogen gas, which does burn, but does not give out much light or heat, because it has no solid stuff to take hold of. The love is of a spiritualized, sentimental nature—what there is in it of passion, strained and diluted by passing through an Anglo-Catholic church medium—with as little genial warmth and nature as the May sunbeams that have passed through the stained glass of the triple-arched casement of a church. We seem, as we read, to see our old playfellow, the ever-youthful, well-formed Grecian Eros, metamorphosed into a High Church parson, with spectacles, stand-up coat-collar, and a white cravat. Bishop Butler says, in his Analogy, we can as well imagine ourselves without bodies as with them; we have far less difficulty in conceiving the love described by the author of the "Angel in the House" to be entirely without any bodily *point d'appui* whatever. The poems, however, for the most part evince much care and reflection, and contain many *morceaux* of nice description and fine and delicate shades of feeling well expressed; and the author, when we once reconcile ourselves to his smooth and agreeable temperament, will not fail to extract recognition as a man of intellectual culture, fine feeling, and poetic insight.

"Tamerton Church-Tower, and other Poems,"<sup>9</sup> if not by the same author as the last-mentioned volume, is of so evidently a kindred spirit that the failings and merits are of the same nature. There is a great want of passion, richness, power, and often of harmony, but

<sup>7</sup> "The Dream of Pythagoras, and other Poems." By Emma Tatham. London: Bixs and Goodwin. 1854.

<sup>8</sup> "The Angel in the House." London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1854.

<sup>9</sup> "Tamerton Church-Tower, and other Poems." By Coventry Patmore. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1854.

graceful alternations of gentle and fine emotions are to be met with in many poems: the following we think a very pretty piece—

## EROS.

"Bright thro' the valley gallops the brooklet;  
Over the welkin travels the cloud;  
Touched by the zephyr dances the harebell;  
Cuckoo sits somewhere, singing so loud;  
Swift o'er the meadows glitter the starlings,  
Striking their wings all the flock at a stroke.  
Under the chestnuts new bees are swarming,  
Rising and falling like magical smoke.  
Two little children, seeing and hearing,  
Hand in hand wander, shout, laugh and sing,  
So in their bosoms, wild with the marvel,  
Love, like the crocus, is come ere the Spring.  
Young men and women, noble and tender,  
Yearn for each other, faith truly plight,  
Promise to cherish, comfort and honour;  
Vow that makes duty one with delight.  
All but the glory, foud in no story,  
Radiance of Eden unquenched by the Fall.  
Few may remember, none may reveal it,  
This the first First-love, the first love of all!"

We have before us, next courting our attention, a very German *jeu d'esprit*, in three tolerably thick volumes: it is called "*Demiurgos, ein Mysterium*,"<sup>10</sup> and is by Wilhelm Jordan, an ex-member of the Diet of Frankfort, in 1848, where he attracted considerable attention by one or two speeches, and was consequently made Minister of the German Marine. This appointment appears to have given the author a taste for the shallow and unsubstantial world, for such a troop of Grecian, Hebrew, and Northern ghostly personages as appear in "*Demiurgos*" we will warrant never were got together before. It may properly be called a "*Faustiad*," or a diabolical and ponderous *extravaganza* after the fashion of Faust. As far as mere versification goes, the production possesses some cleverness and smoothness, but there is a want of thought, form, and novelty, which makes it both trivial and tedious, and a perusal wellnigh impossible. The old story of angels and demons incorporating themselves into human forms, in order to show that whatever is right, is served up with a very faint glimmer of wit and humour. Neither angels, devils, nor the phantoms of departed heroes, excite the reader's sympathy or laughter; and the German baron of old renown, who took to leaping over tables in order to learn to be lively, has established a precedent which the author of "*Demiurgos, ein Mysterium*," may perhaps follow with benefit before he attempts another "*Faustiad*" in three volumes.

"*Heartease, or the Brother's Wife*,"<sup>11</sup> is a novel whose success

<sup>10</sup> "*Demiurgos, ein Mysterium*." Von Wilhelm Jordan. Leipzig: Von F. A. Brockhaus. 1854.

<sup>11</sup> "*Heartease; or, The Brother's Wife*." A novel. In 2 vols. By the Author of "*The Hair of Redclyffe*." London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1854.

would not speak well for our national literary taste, did we not know that there is always a very large and respectable reading public with no taste at all, but plenty of comfortable leisure which hangs from time to time terribly on their hands, when neither gossip nor tea is going forward. The book does not much exercise even the most ordinary impulse which leads to reading—curiosity; and can lay claim in no high degree to any dramatic narrative or descriptive excellence. “Hearts-ease” is well calculated to insure approbation from comfortable and unromantic lady citizens, with whom an aristocratic match would be the greatest of heaven-sent blessings. The heroine is Violet, the daughter of a country attorney, married to an offset of a noble house against the will of his relations; and the interest of the book is the success of Violet in overcoming the prejudice which the haughty *noblesse* have conceived against the poor simple-minded but affectionate *bourgeoise*. The heroine succeeds in the disarming all her adversaries by her kindness and goodwill—the haughty Theodora, the proud Lady Martindale, and numbers more of this “*vornehmste Gesellschaft*” are subdued and civilized into a charitable and Christian way of life by this middle-class evangelist of domestic and social virtues. The incidents of the book are such as may be supposed to occur in the ordinary life of any well-to-do family, following in quick succession and concatenated on to each other with considerable appearance of probability. Of insight into character, analysis of human passion and emotion—of intellectual strength, we find no trace. The characters are drawn with a very faint pencil; we do not get to see any of them face to face. It is, however, a book which can do no manner of harm; as its tone is irreproachably good, orthodox, and genteel.

The novel we have next to mention, presents a striking contrast in every respect to the last; instead of being composed of a multitude of every-day incidents, succeeding each other in undeviating monotony, we have few different situations, but each is carefully delineated and fully wrought out, and its effect on the chief personages of the story portrayed with an analytical power, and a knowledge of psychological truths which betoken no ordinary thinker and observer. It needed no title-page to let us know that “*Women as they are*” was by one of themselves.<sup>12</sup> The lack of action, the sustained manner in which the mental workings of the writer of this autobiographic tale are dwelt upon and elaborated, testify sufficiently that we have the dearly bought experience of one in whom the absence of the excitement of manly life has caused the extreme development of a self-contemplative and highly intellectual nature.

We cannot, it is true, give to “*Women as they are*” the assurance that it will be very popular at the present day, nor that it will contend for admiration with the great masterpieces of romance in times to come; but we fully believe that no person of taste or culture can peruse it without great sympathy and intellectual profit. The book has, properly speaking, no plot: mystery, surprise, relatives who

<sup>12</sup> “*Women as they are.*” By one of them. London; Richard Bentley. 1854

heartlessly oppose the union of a mutually enamoured pair, and all the ordinary "properties" of the novel, are entirely neglected; and Amy Floyd, the heroine, has no thrilling scenes or catastrophes created for her especial behoof, to instil interest in her fate into the reader. She is of a deep, quiet, loving, imaginative temperament, very earnest and very truthful; her filial anxiety about her father, a man too good to do stern battle amid the unrelenting soldiers of Mammon; her rough educational discipline at the hands of a merciless enthusiast, Elijah Pyne—the doubts, fears, disquietudes, and gentle jealousy in her love for the brave and handsome sailor whom she subsequently marries—the efforts she makes in her literary career—the checks and vicissitudes she meets with, and the rubs and frowns which society, that pitiless sphinx whose riddles are so hard to read, bestows upon her efforts to advance herself, when left without fortune to the resources of her own abilities, are well made to supply the place of the usual melodramatic machinery. To contrast with the gentle and somewhat dreamy Amy Floyd, we have another pleasant young lady, who we suspect will, with most readers, steal away their hearts from the heroine. She has not so much "*schwärmerei*," or poetical exaltation, but she is brilliant, good-tempered, witty, and generous, with that graceful *εισαγωγή* so peculiar to English women. The dark enthusiast, Elijah Pyne, with his great gloomy soul, and his terrible anticipations of divine vengeance for all mankind—his disregard and scorn for human sufferings and sympathy, compassed about as he is with the awful mysteries of the unseen and the future—is a portrait which may, without much danger of being injured by comparison, be placed in the same gallery with the Covenanters of Scott. Well-drawn scenes from the wild and simple life on the rugged coast of North Lancashire, give picturesqueness to the commencement of the story, and, in the latter part, a certain Lady Boothby, with her capricious good nature and energetic love of excitement in a green old age, is a good and rather original character. If, in fulfilling the stern duty of critics, we are obliged to hint at any deficiencies, we fear that a want of vivacity, humour, and movement, is too distinguishable in this otherwise well written story. The characters too, though well drawn, are too special; they have not been generalized sufficiently to make them take rank among those household spirits that hover over the hearths of Old England, cheering the solitude of the lonely, and the common objects of family and social adoration. It remains, however, after all that can be objected, a far better book than nine-tenths of the products of the press, and the style frequently rises to an eloquence which arrests and fascinates. The moral of the story is contained in three or four pages of fine, earnest writing at the end, in which conventionalists of both sexes meet with treatment of considerable asperity. Several defects, however, in the construction of sentences, are noticeable here as elsewhere.

"Ethel" is one of the best books of the quarter, and care and

<sup>13</sup> "Ethel; or, The Double Error." By Marian James. Edinburgh: James Hogg. 1854.

thought has been liberally bestowed upon it, in order to make it worthy the reader's attention. It is in one volume, but every page can be read, an uncommon merit in these days, when volumes of novels are blown off as rapidly as soap-bubbles, and of as much permanent value. The heroine is a creature who excites our most intimate sympathies, by her deeply affectionate, quiet, and tender nature. She is indeed such an ideal as could have come from none but an Englishwoman's pencil. She commits the error of marrying the rich rival of the man she loves, in order to give the latter, who is an artist, the opportunity of prosecuting his studies at Rome, by opening to him the purse of the wealthier suitor. Poetical justice overtakes both lovers, in consequence of this fatal deception; nor does the unfortunate husband fare better. Ethel dies. Philip, her lover, goes blind, and unable to pursue his career, and the deceived husband is killed in a duel. The language in which the story is told is pure and simple, but not without signs of a refined womanly taste. The entire absence of affectation, the gentle, natural earnestness and faith which breathe warmth into every page, form the great charm of this affecting episode, and carry us through from beginning to end with unflagging interest. Pity, that the writer should have darkened the conclusion of this pretty episode with such undiversified shades of sadness. We may add, that the character of the heroine is not equal to itself throughout. At one time she shows a strength of character almost superhuman—at another, a bravely-spoken word would have saved infinite suffering.

Two novels, aspiring to the rank of historical novels, have appeared, of about equal merit, though in the same respects. In "The Last Earl of Desmond,"<sup>14</sup> the historical detail has received greater attention—in "Arvon, or the Trials,"<sup>15</sup> the style is better and more even; but either remain a long way below the *ideal* of historical novels, as fixed by Scott or Bulwer, though both are readable. In "Arvon, or the Trials," we are introduced to three young gentlemen of unknown parentage, the mystery of whose existence is kept up most pertinaciously to the last chapter. There is plenty of middle-age incident, but little of middle-age dress, and no local colouring to betoken the place or time in which the story is laid, both of which would have combined to make a most picturesque *entourage* for the tale. To have reproduced the manners and social state of Brittany in the fourteenth century, would have merited no slight praise.

If we were to venture on any humble advice to the author of the "Last Earl of Desmond," it would be to be careful against making noble English heroes act and speak in his novels, until he can embody and realize them in his mind with some greater force and truth than he has yet given token of; to be clear in the conception of his story,

<sup>14</sup> "The Last Earl of Desmond: An Historical Romance of 1599—to 1603." In 2 vols. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1854.

<sup>15</sup> "Arvon; or, The Trials. A Legend." A novel. In 2 vols. By C. Mitchell, Charles. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1855.

and to avoid the Dumas style of spinning out a novel, particularly when the dialogue is so much below Dumas as this:—

"What coloured eyes and hair had she?"

"Black, like her father's—the Black Ormond."

"Was she tall?"

"Not too tall."

"Aquiline nose?"

"No, a little cocked!"

And so on for two pages.

We must confess, we opened with considerable misgivings Mr. M. A. Titmarsh's Christmas story of "The Rose and the Ring,"<sup>16</sup> or the History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo. A Fireside Pantomime for Great and Small Children." That a mind so thoroughly penetrated with the artificial life of the nineteenth century could slip off his full dress *soirée* habiliments and sit down among children, and tell a fairy tale, free from all traces of the worldly-wise, much-experienced, satirical Ulysses, which might be above the reach and comprehension of the uncontaminated souls of infancy, was what we hardly hoped for, and which, indeed, we have not found. Those who have read the "Nussknäckerchen und Mäusekönig," and "Das fremde Kind" of Hoffman, and some of the children's tales of Brentano, Tieck, Hauff, and Andersen, know what a charm a tale appreciable by the simplest child can be invested with to please even the most *blasé* of mortals. Great part of the humour in the tale before us consists in the contrast of slang expressions and allusions to the wicked practices of grown-up sinners, which sounds absolutely unholy in the presence of children. Indeed, the trail of the over-wise Old Serpent is in every page. Nevertheless, we have a book that all grown-up children may heartily amuse themselves with in company, after the wine and walnuts of a Christmas evening; and the illustrations of an old well-known hand contribute not a little thereto.

The "Europäisches Slavenleben" of Hackländer,<sup>17</sup> has now been brought to a conclusion. This novel contains more proof of real study of modern and actual life than any of the later German novels. Real truthful pictures of social life are to be found in few German books. The German education and mode of life is one of the worst fitted to produce writers capable of such. The German youth are launched forth at their universities into all the tumultuous joys of a fictitious and feverish life, whose student extravagances and enthusiasms are as short as they are absurd. This short orgie of unrestricted freedom serves to commence a separation from their fellow-citizens, which, in most cases, continues throughout life; for the majority, the intoxication of Heidelberg or Jena is cut short by a life of officialism and Kleinstäderei. For the remainder, these early delusions prolong their sickly influence over their observations of the world around them,

<sup>16</sup> "The Rose and the Ring." By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1854.

<sup>17</sup> "Europäisches Slavenleben." Von F. W. Hackländer. Stuttgart: A. Krabbe. 1854.

throughout all their future. The mind, after having once revelled to satiety in an unreal and ideal world, does not reconcile itself to the hard asperities of every-day life. "*Europäisches Solavenleben*," however, has a truthful aspect and a healthy tone, difficult to find with any other writer of home romance in Germany. This novel may well be compared to those of Dickens. It wants Dickens's humour and vivacity, but it is a more complete picture of human life than any of his novels present. Almost every grade of society finds its representative, from the thief and the beggar to the duke and the king; we have ballet-dancers, harp-maidens, Commerzienrätinnen, Polizei-präsidentinnen, Hof-damen; all courting our attention. As the characters are very numerous, the story, to embrace so many aspects of life, is unavoidably somewhat complex, but the threads are all gathered up as we proceed, without much entanglement. We have here for our amusement, court entertainments and festivals, Christmas merry-making with rich and poor, the life of a *dansense* on and off the stage, the doings of gay and rich young bachelors, the mysterious proceedings of the *Fuchsbau*, an old labyrinthine hostel, the head-quarters of a gang of thieves, who are commanded by a model captain, the Baron von Brand, a most fascinating person, who enjoys the best society, nay that of royalty itself, and exchanges the rôles of exquisite and robber with most admirable facility, and escapes from the police in his very house, through the assistance of a royal duke, who is his dupe to the last. The main idea of the book is to produce a kind of antagonistic romance to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and to show thereby that the sufferings of the white slave in Europe, are worse even than those which the negro endures across the Atlantic; the author may here and there steep his pencil in too dark colours, but much is undeniably true. The story is very prolix (four appears now to be the standard number of volumes for a German novel); each scene is wrought out with a minuteness and circumstantiality which ends by being very tedious. In the description of localities, edifices, and of seasons, we are somewhat reminded of Dickens, only that wonderful gift of seizing the physiognomy of a place, and rendering it all sentient with his own humorous spirit, is not to be met with. Thieves and rogues, whom we had thought in our innocence to be scarcer in Germany than elsewhere, take up too large a proportion of the story, and there are some scenes in the Eugène Sue style of helpless misery, which might have been omitted.

The war seems to have had a more blighting effect on the mercurial temperament of the French than it has caused in this country or in Germany, for the books that have reached us are few, and are not of great importance.

"Elie Berthet" has made a literary "*exploitation*" of the "Catacombes de Paris,"<sup>18</sup> in shape of a novel whose date is fixed in the latter

<sup>18</sup> "*Les Catacombes de Paris.*" Par Elie Berthet. Bruxelles: Meline, Canz, et Cie. 1854.



part of the reign of Louis XV. It is written in a good, easy, lively style, and may be read with much interest. Only the first part has yet appeared. Philippe de Lussan, an *avocat*, young, eloquent, generous, filled with the vague hopes and precursory aspirations which were starting into life long before the revolution, is the favoured lover of Thérèse de Villeneuve, the daughter of a *fermier-général*, the latter, of course, hard, rich, and grasping. The young *avocat*, in consequence of his propagation of liberal opinions in a gazette, gets consigned to the Bastille; and we are introduced again to our old friend De Launay, whose heroic end has, we fear, in the eyes of most, cast an obliterating lustre over the cruelty and avarice with which, during a long life, he performed his functions of head gaoler to royalty and its favourites. The book before us does not go deep into the social life of the period; the false glitter, heartlessness, and immorality of *la haute volée* is portrayed in spirited touches. The title of the story is justified by the use that is somewhat artistically made of the Catacombes to give scenes of mystery and interest to the tale. The hero and his friends find in these subterranean labyrinths of dateless memory a retreat for their perilous labours, and individuals of far more questionable character plot there in security against the world above them.

Henri Murger's tale, "*Les Buveurs d'Eau*,"<sup>19</sup> which originally appeared in the "*Revue des Deux-Mondes*," has been reprinted, like all the productions of this pleasant writer; it is a cheerful book, of a quiet and modest tone; it has no dazzling passages, but contains many interesting delineations of artist life. The name of the book is that of a society of artists associated through love of art and endeavours to effect its advancement; and the episodes are taken from the experiences of the members of the Society of "*Les Buveurs d'Eau*."

Two small volumes of "*Les Femmes de la Révolution*,"<sup>20</sup> by M. Michelet, deserve notice,—characterized by the loyal and sympathetic spirit which distinguishes this eloquent writer. The portraits are principally composed from those which are scattered through his "*History of the Revolution*." Many, however, of the articles are new, and others entirely re-moulded.

The English language has received much service at the hands of Mr. E. B. Eastwick, Professor of Oriental Languages in the East India College, Haileybury. The Fables of Pelpay, or Belpai,<sup>21</sup> have long been known to the European public in fragmentary and modified forms; but we now possess them in the full drapery of the best Oriental version, through the present translation of a most distinguished English Orientalist. The first translation into a European

<sup>19</sup> "*Les Buveurs d'Eau*." Par Henri Murger. Bruxelles: Meline, Cans, et Cie. Livourne: Même Maison. Leipzig: J. Melme. 1854.

<sup>20</sup> "*Les Femmes de la Révolution*." Par J. Michelet. Bruxelles et Leipzig: Klessling, Schönee, et Cie. 1854.

<sup>21</sup> "*The Arzoi-Sufali*; literally translated into Prose and Verse." By Edward B. Eastwick, F.R.S., F.S.A., M.R.A.S. Hartford: Stephen Austin. 1854.

language was made out of a Hebrew version, by a monk, John of Capua, towards the end of the fifteenth century: this was in Latin, and various translations were made from it from time to time, into other languages. Other translations out of other versions were made piecemeal from time to time by various authors. But this is the first complete translation made of the elaborate Persian version of Husain Vaiz, entitled "*Anvar-i-Suhali*; or, the Lights of Canopus." The fables are said to be of primeval antiquity, and to have been first translated by the order of Chosroes, or Nushirwan the Just; (a contemporary of Justinian, and in whose reign Mahomet was born), out of the language of Hindostan into Persian. Husain Vaiz, however, completely remodelled the work, and illustrated it with maxims and quotations from the best Persian poets. Fables that have come down with a fresh seal of approval through perhaps some thousand generations of "articulately-speaking" men might well expect a favourable reception at the present moment, when the public attention is turned so intently on the East, and more especially as the book appears bearing on its page of dedication the august name of the Queen of England, and is issued with a perfection of type and execution not common even in this land of good printing. These fables deserve certainly to be as widely known as those of *Æsop*: they contain, it is true, considerable Oriental prolixity, a great deal of hyperbole, redundancy, and iteration of metaphor; but they contain more wit, imagination, and invention, and quite as much practical good sense as those of the Greek fabulist. Some of the distichs are admirable for terseness and truth, as this for instance—

"He that is famous, Sadi, never dies,  
But he is truly dead whom men despise."

Mr. De Quincey has this quarter another volume of "*Grave and Gay*;"<sup>22</sup> the latter element, however, is by no means the most attractive. De Quincey's humour is very German, and very prosy. This volume contains a fine philosophical disquisition on "*War*," setting forth the old and awful truth that "*Carnage is after all God's daughter*," and eloquently sermonizing on its necessity and moral beauty. A liberal distribution of this treatise among the Peace Society might possibly be advisable. There are other powerfully written papers, one of which is "*The English Mail Coach*."

Mr. Bohn's press proceeds, in spite of the war, with its accustomed regularity. "*Burke's Works*,"<sup>23</sup> in a portable and readable form, has long been a *desideratum*. "*Lamb's Dramatic Poets*"<sup>24</sup> have appeared, and "*Cowper*"<sup>25</sup> is being completed in this series.

<sup>22</sup> "*Selections, Grave and Gay*." By Thomas de Quincey. Edinburgh: James Hogg.

<sup>23</sup> "*The Works of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke*. London: Bohn. 1854.

<sup>24</sup> "*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*." By Charles Lamb. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1854.

<sup>25</sup> "*The Works of William Cowper, with a Life of the Author*." By Robert Southey. London: Bohn. 1854.

## ART.

SOME five-and-twenty or thirty years ago a number of young Art-students at Munich, of serious minds and enthusiastic temperament, shocked by the prosaic worldliness into which Art had sunk, and discontented with the routine of "academic" painting and its results, resolved upon starting on a new course. Their minds had been fed with the "romantic" literature which sprang up in Germany under the pressure of the French invasion, inflamed the national sentiment during the excitement of the "war of liberation," and the echoes and reminiscences of which were still loud and melodious. Fouqué, Tieck, Novalis, Frederic Schlegel, the Stolbergs had, in song, in story, and in philosophy, set forth the glories of the mediæval times; the brothers Boisscré had rediscovered Gothic architecture and "christian Art;" their collection of early Flemish and German pictures, gathered with singular assiduity and untiring devotion, during many years of almost Don-Quixotic adventure, from secularised convents, from the dark garrets and dusty store-rooms of half Europe, had been housed at Munich; and King Lewis was busy restoring old Gothic churches, and building and decorating new ones after the ancient style. The era of German Puseyism was just going out, and that of Puginism had just begun. Our young artists, mostly Roman Catholics, or on the way to it, aspiring, enthusiastic young men, with not many clear views in their sanguine heads, saw clearly one thing: That the "Greek ideal" and the imitation of Raphael, that the established canon of the academics, had not led Art into pleasant places; that, indeed, ever since the days of Raphael the Art of painting had taken a downward course. Whereupon they resolved to go back *behind* Raphael, to ignore him, as it were, to revert to *his* teachers, to Perugino and the naïf "Christian" painters of the fifteenth century, and they called themselves PRE-RAPHAELITES. There were men of great talent amongst them; and what they did and do can now already be judged. The works of the masters and disciples of that school, of Overbeck, Shadow, Veit, Heinrich Hess, Steinle, and others, are known to all tourists; greatly admired by many, respectfully acknowledged by all. With every respect, on our part, too, for the intentions, the talent, and the labours of these men, we are yet constrained to say that they were and are in error. To pursue the conventional path of Art they found ready-made for them, certainly, was hopeless and ignoble; to see that it was so was honest and ingenious; to look out for a *new* way was brave and manly; but to go back four hundred years, to ignore Raphael and the realities of history and of life, was impossible. A man, or painter, may be behind, or before, his time; but he belongs to it, and he can truly express only the thoughts, beliefs, and manners of it, and of none other. Raphael himself began and ended true to the realities of *his* life. The pious affectionate home of the simple Sanzio family of Urbino; the bright thoughts of the student of Florence; the "new heaven and new earth" which the disinterred "Grecian beauty" opened to those large round eyes of

his; and, finally, the gorgeous court of Pope Julius, with its pagan spirit under Christian forms, are all to be found in his works. Overbeck went upon the principle that Art should serve the highest purposes only, those of religion; very nobly thought; but then he ought to have found out what the really believed religion which nourished and moved the people of his time was, and to paint, symbolize, and express it by his art. That was, perhaps, not very easy to do; but, certainly, it ought not to have been difficult to see that the pretty marble fountain (in his great picture at Frankfort), with the Virgin Mary presiding over it, is *not* the symbol of the religion, nor his sentimental Christ an adequate representation of the Saviour of these latter days.—Thus much of the Pre-Raphaelites who arose in Germany nearly a generation ago.

And now, in our own time, there have risen amongst us also young artists of serious disposition and acknowledged talent, who have adopted the appellation of Pre-Raphaelites, have revolted against the routine of the academy, and have reverted—not to the Pre-Raphaelitic painters of Italy, but to ever-new Nature, the great mother and teacher of all times and all learners. We believe they have entered a safer path than their precursors at Munich, after whom they call themselves,—not happily, we must say; for in their case the name sounds more like a conceit than a summary of purpose or meaning. We suppose the principle which they meant to assert against the imitators of the great Italian was that of Naturalism versus Idealism, which is by no means a novel feat in the history of painting; but which received its highest expression and vindication not by any *Pre-Raphaelitic* painters, but by masters of the German school of Raphael's own time and *after* his time: Dürer, Kranach, the Holbeins, whose distinguishing characteristic is a loving and reverent fidelity to nature and concrete fact. These men of "*Gothic*" veracity, are the real leaders and patterns of *our* Pre-Raphaelites, and it is to these that the designation of their school ought to have pointed; not to the Italians of the fifteenth century, who followed traditional types, cared mainly for the rendering of certain exalted states of the "inner man," and very little for ~~the~~ *new* realities or accessories—the very reverse of the characteristics of our young artists in question. However, our objection applies only to their name, and by no means to their enterprise, which we regard as a wholesome reaction against conventional inanities; therefore, as a hopeful sign, and of an interest that reaches beyond the artistic; and as a timely start that *may* lead to better things. Diderot tells of a friend of his, a painter of great talent, who had been educated at the French Academy, and who, always before beginning a picture, went down on his knees and prayed to be delivered from the model! Our young friends are somewhat in the position of that French artist. Seeing how the old routine had deadened sincerity and originality; how the imitation of the ancient masters had estranged modern Art from modern life, they seem to have said to themselves: Let us have done with that; let us go to Nature and to such truths as God has placed around us; let us paint that; it will be something true, at all events. It was an honest and a modest beginning. Regarded as the sole aim and

end of Art, it would be a fatal mistake; otherwise the daguerreotype would be the highest artist, which we all feel that it is not. The mere faithful copying of indifferent nature is *not* the ultimate office of

Man *has* to put something of himself, some *ideal* thing, into his picture; he always does.\* We all of us are for ever bent to impress our image upon our work and upon the world around us. Society itself, as well as civilization and the "progress of the species," are founded upon that. Neither does the artist take all things indifferently: he chooses and discriminates, guides our eye, and interprets nature for us. We do not thank the painter whose picture does not put us into some *mood* or other, which he must himself have first felt and "put into his picture." As a beginning then, Pre-Raphaelism is to be commended for honestly and meekly associating itself with the work and thought of the time; for resolving to be with us and of us, and for refusing to let a mist of the so-called ideal and beautiful blind it to the rough realities of the world we live in. Each time has its task; and that of ours—the peculiar work laid upon us by the mute instincts of mankind, as well as by the lessons of our best and sincerest minds, the salt of our earth—is, not to go for beauty, but for use and truth. Beauty, we all hope, may and shall be added to it; but beauty radiates from the perfect surface, and our work is still in the chaotic under-ground; has to be done more by faith than by sight, and we know not yet what its beauty will be. It is not a desirable time for the artist, who is happiest in the sunshine of social and spiritual opulence and unquestioned organizations. It was but last century that Europe declared itself bankrupt in these matters, and we are the heirs, heirs of debts and neglects. Practically, though not with words, we do acknowledge our poverty: the ambitious amongst us do but accumulate fresh stores, without the sense or the joy of their fit application; and the charitable humbly limit their action to washing and cleansing. It is an existence of industrious sober sadness. We have heard it wittily remarked that ours was a scavenger age: we have to wash off the accumulated dirt of generations.

—~~Then~~, again, it is an age of science too, the handmaiden of material knowledge. We are mathematical and logical, believe in physical laws, and our imagination refuses to be fed with lies. The artist who will persist in speaking to us under these circumstances—not content with playing merely the part of adjunct to the upholsterer—must first of all be *true*, and tell us about things he has seen and known, so that, perchance, we also may get to know them. The Greek artist was *bound by law of the state* to idealize; the gods were beautified men, and the sculptor who "expounded" them popularly in marble was forbidden, under penalties, from being "too true to nature." The religion was mythical; the state was closely identified with the religion, and the enormity of introducing portraits—natural realities—into his works, was a matter of life and death to the artist.

The belief of the middle ages condemned and feared nature as of

\* Novalis defines Art as the *Mn* operating upon the *Not-Mn*; a saying of more truth than euphony.

evil from the beginning. The spiritual element in man only, and his relation to a higher world, were realities worthy of concern. The painters, not by the constraint of law, but by the law of liberty, being filled with the thought of their time, embodied that thought in mythical representations, in the faces (the expression of the soul) of heavenly virgins and saintly martyrs. The Reformation brought reaction. Sincere men were driven to the facts of concrete life, and to respect common things. Nature, too, was the work of God, and accepted as such: whatever reported revelation of Him may be doubtful, this visible one, with wonders of its own, must be true. Naturalism arose; noblest in the school we named, it was carried to the extreme of materialism by the Dutch painters; true to the character of their people and climate, we must pronounce them also successful in their way, and even innocent. Sincere works only, such into which the artist has deposited the truth that was in him, possess the elements of endurance. Which English pictures of last century do we care most for? Sir Joshua's portraits, Hogarth's stories of life and manners, and Gainsborough's "bits of England." Indeed English painting altogether dates only from these modern periods of realism; the organization of the Englishman is stubbornly sincere, and he is singularly awkward when leaving the *terra firma* of his realities. Accordingly it is the landscape-painter who has arrived at the highest success amongst us. He depicts things which he knows, and which we know. This is the earth, our dwelling-place, the mother and nourisher of us all. These are the green hills, the cloudy skies, the shady lanes and yellow fields of our happy land. Those are the moods and humours, the smiles and frowns of our climate. This the noble platform appointed to us to work and worship thereon, the scenes amidst which we are destined to love, to suffer, and to do. We see the fresh breezy morning, arousing energy and exertion; the blazing mid-day with golden harvests; the gloomy coppice and the rippling brook, telling its secrets to silence and you; the calm valley, with lengthening shadows and distant spire, awakening old thoughts in your breast, like those of Dante's wanderer when he heard the evening bells and thought of home. These things the painter still shows us, and we answer, Yes, this is true; this we have seen and felt, and we thank him for recording it for us. Why should not our public and domestic life be capable of similar *true* recordings? Such as we are, we are; and always a living dog is better than a dead lion. In the Dresden Gallery are two Madonnas of transcendent merit but unequal celebrity. Raphael's heaven-descended Virgin-Mother, with unspeakable things in her dreamy somnambule eyes, a Pope and a Saint worshipping in the clouds, and two cherubs looking on, is known to all the world. The other, less known, is by the younger Holbein; his Madonna, also, is a beautiful woman, and such as may deserve heaven, but as yet belongs to our earth; and she is surrounded by a worthy burgomaster of Baale and his family; wife, sister, sons and daughters, all "done to the life" as they appeared in their holiday costume of the sixteenth century;—sturdy, innocent, Teutonic physiognomies, with the stamp of their time upon them, and the living spirit of three hundred years ago still looking out upon us

from their "speaking eyes." Naturalism and Idealism, both in highest excellence, are there in close proximity, challenging critical comparison, which we will not venture on; yet will timidly confess that we take a heartier interest in the burgomaster-picture than in that of *San Sisto*. Not but that the latter gave us more of what is called "pleasure;" but we were always half afraid of the mood it inspired, while the effect of the other was like that of the fresh air and the mountains.

We have been led into these remarks by the Rev. Edward Young's pamphlet on "Art,"<sup>1</sup> which consists in great part of a running criticism on our Pre-Raphaelite artists, and their prophet, Mr. Ruskin. It treats of painting, music, and architecture under the four aspects of the technical, the æsthetic, the expressive, and the ideal element. The author shows himself an enthusiastic lover of art, and an accomplished amateur according to conventional tradition. Raphael's "School of Athens," the Apollo, and the Luocoon are rapturously held up as the perfect ideals to be aspired after. Unmindful, if not unaware, of the practical results of this æsthetic doctrine, visible wherever it has been followed (and it has more or less been followed everywhere), and what sort of works of art the "classical" artists of these two centuries past have produced, the author winds up without misgivings: "As regards the ideal in art, let me conclude by putting my meaning in a single instance—*The Apollo Belvidere*." Is not this a very striking "instance" how little talk about art amongst us is expected to be serious? Mr. Young emphatically condemns the *popish* conception of Christ in Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, "it has the brand of Rome" (p. 76); and yet it never seems to have occurred to him that an artist of genius, and whose theory of the universe was taken from the Bible, which the *Reverent* author upholds and "always goes to," could not possibly embody *his* ideal after the manner of the Greek Apollo, which is a deification of the *bodily* man; beauty even at the sacrifice of truth; for Mr. Young informs us exultingly that one of the Apollo legs is several inches longer than the other!

To an art-lover of that stamp, the practice of the Pre-Raphaelites and the theories of Mr. Ruskin must naturally be a stumbling-block and foolishness. Accordingly he has no charity with the former, and no end of quarrel, evidently carried on *con amore*, with the latter; whom, however, he allows to possess "an innate sense of beauty." Mr. Ruskin's frequent dogmatisms are inviting enough to antagonistic criticism; but a writer of such intensity of conviction has a right to be construed with the utmost candour, balancing the occasional extravagance of the letter by the general truth of the spirit; and to Mr. Ruskin belongs the special merit of recalling to manliness, veracity, and morality, human occupations, noble in themselves, but too long given over to the domain of dilettantism and conventionalism. Neither would we quarrel with Mr. Young, whose little book gives evidence of educated taste, a cultivated mind, and a praiseworthy desire to enlighten the good people of

<sup>1</sup> "Art; its Constitution and Capacities, popularly Considered, being the First of Two Lectures, on the Use and Abuse of Art." Delivered at Bristol, January 19, 1854, and published by request. By the Rev. Edward Young. Bristol. 1854.

Bristol in matters æsthetical; and we sincerely hope that "the authorities" of that ancient city have lost no time in placing their cast of the divine Apollo according to Mr. Young's suggestion, so that the latter may be no longer "uneasy about his (the Apollo's) position amongst us."

Professor Vischer, of Tübingen, has given to the "learned" world the third volume of his "*Ästhetik*,"<sup>2</sup> that is to say, the third volume of the second division of the third part, forming in itself a stout volume of nigh 800 pages—think of that, gentle reader, and respect the task of a painful reviewer! We have heard of a German professor of the last century who lectured ten years on the first chapter of Isaiah, and had reached the sixteenth verse, when death finished his "course." The work before us gives evidence that that worthy class still contains men untouched by the haste and hurry of our time; and who, firmly fixed in their centre of gravity, the *Kathedr*, present to a careless superficial world patterns of calm conscientious *Gründlichkeit*. Steady, imperturbable, like the guards, they face the quick charge of time: *La garde meurt mais ne se rend pas*. Indeed, it is not only the temper but also the arrangement and use of the *matériel* which give to this peaceable book so martial an aspect. On the very opening page we are met in this formidable way:—

"C. Of Painting. a. The essence (*das Wesen*) of Painting. a. In General. § 6±8. Although the art of sculpture lays hold of and represents only that part of the phenomenon of things which is the object of visual touch (*des tastenden Sehens*), we have yet noticed in its most perfect works a deep want and an impulse to overcome it. The manifestations of this impulse point already towards another mode of fantasy, which also finds its first expression in beautifying playful fancies of the imagination (*im verschönernden Spieltrieb*), but which must now come into active operation; it is that which is founded upon complete sight," &c. &c.

And in such manner every *paragraph* begins with a massive, stunning blow at your head, and then proceeds in a more Christian style to modify and explain it—to rub it down and bring you back to your senses again; so that after you have borne it for a chapter or two, you begin to ask whether it is really your duty to submit to such uncomfortable treatment. Upon which, indeed, the Professor may refer you to his title-page, and say: My book, you see, is written "for the use of lecturers"—a handbook, not for such as you, but for thick-skulled colleagues of mine, who love a stimulating blow as intellectual cayenne, sharpening the appetite. "To which we have nothing to reply except that it is a pity that a repository of much valuable and interesting knowledge, as we really take this book to be, should be so hedged round with distraction and headaches as to be almost inaccessible to ordinary mortals; and that thoughts that are ingenious and sane in themselves, and therefore adapted for men with living souls, should be

<sup>2</sup> "Ästhetik oder Wissenschaft des Schönen. Zum Gebrauch für Vorlesungen von Dr. F. C. Vischer, ordentlichem Professor der Aesthetic und deutschen Literatur an der Universität zu Tübingen. Dritter Theil: Die Kunstlehre. Zweiter Abschnitt; die Künste. Drittes Heft: Die Malerei. Stuttgart. 1854."



clothed in that maddening Hegelian dialect fit only for disembodied ghosts!

It is no good sign for any practical branch of human affairs, if there is much literature or philosophy upon it: it shows that the innocent, productive life is gone out of it, and self-complacent talking has taken its place. There was no Art-literature when Art itself was great. The gifted man showed, not by his words, but by his works, what was to be admired. The example is the true and the only teacher. It may be objected that Leonardo and Albrecht Dürer wrote books; but they wrote upon technical and scientific matters,—records of their own experiences, in fact. Cornelius and Kaulbach are great painters of our day, but their works are “sicklied over with the pale cast of thought;” they pay the penalty of having breathed metaphysical air. Metaphysics is a disease of the mind, says the healthy Goethe. The mind, organized to exercise itself upon outer objects, upon the *Not-me*, as the metaphysician himself calls it, turning inwardly upon itself, and gnawing at the *Me*. “We have drunk the wine, let us also swallow the cup,” as Carlyle says somewhere; but which proves a very unnutritious and undigestive meal. Let us pity the poor metaphysician; he suffers for our sins, and thinks he works for our deliverance, while he only walks the treadmill of no-results.

But let us do no injustice to our author; his metaphysical bias lies more in his style and mode of treatment than in his subject matter. The following extracts, roughly rendered into English, will show that he who will overcome the outer difficulties of the book, will not entirely go without his reward.

The advantage over the sculptor which the painter has in colour:—

“Form shows the interior altogether externalized; colour shows the exterior as the reflex of the interior—it expresses the soul. It presents the innermost workshop of life upon the surface; it is an appearance spread over the whole, which cannot of itself be touched and handled like form, but which merely displays the mysterious working of the inner depth, reflecting upon the surface the blendings, fermentation, mood of the whole being.” . . . Thus, for example, ~~the eye~~ “the highest sublimation of matter there is,” is an object the sculptor has not succeeded in rendering; “on its surface a sparkling mirror, coloured and transparent, a coloured crystal radiating light and lightning, it gives us glimpses of the innermost ground of the soul. But this wonderful phenomenon serves us not merely as an example, it is really the most intensified concentration of the effect of colour, as it is dispersed over the whole and over all bodies, and only has intense in its dispersion. With the eye, Art has seized the world in a new sense, the whole world has now become an eye to it;” expression is now the thing aimed at, and “expression surpasses form.”—pp. 518, 519.

“Sculpture is a beautiful vessel of most precious, opaque metal, filled to the brim, we know, with noblest fluid. Painting is a crystal cup, which lets its fiery contents shine through.”—p. 520.

Then, again, while sculpture could only occupy itself with noble and beautiful forms, with the ideal not the individual of nature; painting, with its greater capacity for expression, and having the modifying influences of scene, grouping, and accessories at command, is less limited in its range, and can take in the meanest forms with advantage:—

“Place a man of a poor or unharmonious appearance, expressive of the

more or less hard onesidedness, caused by the prominence of certain inclinations, faculties, or maybe of difficult obstructions and complications, but testifying of a deep original nature, by the side of a figure called typical of race, pure in form, not without intelligence in expression, but without the salt of a special and personal combination of faculties, and you will at once call the former the more picturesque of the two. . . . The sun of painting shines over the just and the unjust—i. e., the beautiful and the non-beautiful; and as the founder of the Christian religion proclaimed—Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven; so also are now the poor in form admitted to the heavenly consecration of Art. And this new law applies equally to the rest of nature. The animal, to appear picturesque, needs not only not to belong to a species of beautiful form, it need not even necessarily be a beautifully-formed one of its own species, if but the character of its expression is harmoniously connected with the whole; thus the painter may very well take in the lazy, worn-out cart-horse, which the sculptor would be careful to shun. But it is the same also with the landscape; it need not possess that pure pure line, that clear distinctness of colour and light, that bold and yet quiet outline of vegetation, peculiar to southern nature, and which for these reasons alone may be called ideal: if it does but contain that something which reminds us of the deep touch of human countenance, of the significant glance of the human eye, by which we become æsthetically reconciled to raw and unharmonious features. A glance at northern nature, and at 'Ruysdael,' as its exponent, will prove how here also this rupture between form and expression, whereby a certain disproportion of the former deepens the accent of the latter, may be more preferable to painting, nay, must be so in the full appreciation of its specific character. . . . This new principle, in contrast to that of plastic Art, might be called the democratic. One needs no longer be beautiful in the sense of purest form-development to be found worthy of entrance into the gates of Art-materiel. . . . Painting has opened the gate through which mankind can enter in multitudes; not that every individual indifferently, and whatsoever his appearance, should be admitted; the empty and naive is refused here, as in all Art; painting, too, has its nobility, but it stands to the nobility of sculpture as the aristocracy of culture to that of birth; ennobled is also the lowly, that is the not-beautifully born, if the unfavoured form has character impressed upon it; ennobled is he who bears the 'stamp of mind, although it be worn on uneven and lumpy brow.'—p. 529.

A cheap reprint of Mr. Ruskin's chapter "On the Nature of Gothic Architecture,"<sup>3</sup> suggests a curious contrast between the learned æsthetics of the German, and the popular ethics of the English Art-philosopher; The one is speculative and abstract, the other dogmatic and oratorical: the one addresses the learned, the other the people; the compatriot of Winckelmann, of Lessing, and Goethe, regards chiefly the Beautiful, the æsthetic element of Art (the Good and the True being understood as included in this), the countryman of Milton and Carlyle holds emphatically by the ethical element, the Good and the True, in full trust that the Beautiful must grow out of it; the one is catholic (not *Roman*), the other puritan. One might be led far into the characteristics of nations as well as of Art, by following up these differences and

<sup>3</sup> "On the Nature of Gothic Architecture: and Herein of the True Functions of the Workman in Art." By John Ruskin, Esq., M.A. Reprinted from the sixth chapter of the second vol. of Mr. Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1854.

their meanings;—which, however, space peremptorily forbids for the present. We will merely add that this publication is for the special benefit of the *Working Men's College*; which praiseworthy institution, we understand, receives also other most practical and invaluable help from the author. This is as it should be; brave gifts bravely used. The founders of the school of St. Luke took for their motto: "*Per levare gli' occhi dalla terra al cielo*;" and to guide the artisan into the precincts of the artistic is indeed to "raise his eyes."

Mr. Falkener's supplement to the "Museum of Classical Antiquities,"<sup>4</sup> will be interesting to the archæologist. It is illustrated with plans of theatres, prints of Greek coins (some very beautiful), and a map of Crete. The ancient Italian MS., which provides the matter, is well edited.

Rational objections have been often urged against the attempt to remodel an existing book, or to engraft on it new matter by another hand. The work before us is an example of this process. To a sketch of the "History of Painting," by M. Valentin, the English translator, besides numerous additions or comments on the text, has endeavoured to unite a Handbook to the English Galleries.<sup>5</sup> We do not think her success likely to diminish the scepticism attaching to works contrived thus to pay a double debt, and remodelled by a second author.

The plan is, in fact, too vast; and the later purpose of the book (to take this first) receives hence very imperfect accomplishment. Waagen's three large volumes on the "Treasures of Art in Great Britain" have furnished Lady Jervis indeed with an index of pictures in English galleries, to which she has made some careful additions: but an index of names—and of these how many scarcely known to students, far less to fame!—forms in no sense a handbook to our galleries, useful to the half-informed and the ignorant, whom the editor specially addresses. Some account of the painters, and some description of their works, are obvious requisitions to such a guide: and either, even when executed, as by Kugler and Waagen, with careful condensation, sufficient to fill several volumes. We doubt hence, whether, ~~setting~~ aside the unfortunate selection of so vague and diffuse a work as Valentin for the historical basis, the plan could be accomplished within reasonable limits: and, as it stands, want of space renders Lady Jervis's description of the paintings, added in general to the French biography, little more than a catalogue of names identical with the contents of her index. Description and discrimination are very scantily attempted; and the uninformed will look in vain for guidance on the comparative merits, characteristic points, or genuineness of the individual work before them.

M. Valentin's original volume (to turn to the historical portion of "Painting and Painters") we have never seen; but Lady Jervis's own

<sup>4</sup> "A Description of Some Important Theatres, and other Remains in Crete. From a MS. History of Candia. By Onorio Belli, in 1586. Being a Supplement to the 'Museum of Classical Antiquities.'" By Edward Falkener. London: Trübner and Co. 1854.

<sup>5</sup> "Painting and Celebrated Painters. Ancient and Modern." Edited by Lady Jervis White Jervis. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1854.

criticism on it in her preface, should have sufficiently warned her that it was too flimsy and inaccurate to deserve either translation or rectifying additions. The writer's idea of the history of art seems confined to a series of vague generalities, on a few principal names, by way of characterization,—biographies embodying every legendary and meaningless anecdote,—with a total absence of philosophical view, historical analysis, or correct and definite detail. Much, in a subject so vast and so fruitful must, we know, be necessarily sacrificed in a sketch: yet Kugler's "Schools of Italy," proves that it is possible to combine within a short space a historical summary eminently accurate and characteristic: abundant in detail, and not deficient in philosophical generalization. So little is proportion observed in M. Valentin's work, that while more than five pages are sacrificed to the honour of Raphael Mengs, twenty-two exhaust the entire interval from Cimabue to Leonardo da Vinci; and the sole attempt to indicate the vast development of three centuries, is contained in the following singular paragraph:—

"We are now entering upon a portion of the history of Italian painting, to which public attention in this country has recently been directed with increasing earnestness, by the labours of certain English artists, who have imitated peculiarities of style in the works of this period. We, of course, allude to the Pre-Raphaelists, or immediate predecessors of Raffaele Sanzio d'Urbino—a series of painters possessed of high executive power as illustrators of Christian art, and deep devotional feeling, who exhibited elaborate manipulation, simplicity of treatment, and purity of colour; these recommendations were, however, combined with deficiency of freedom, and an air of artificial merit, that rather repels the unartistic spectator, used to a more liberal interpretation of the beautiful."—p. 78.

Conceding all we can to a foreigner and to a lady, we confess we find it difficult to interpret this criticism into beauty or meaning. By way of illustration, we presently find Masaccio grouped with Perugino, as "labourers in this vineyard." Two men more opposed in almost every tendency, could scarcely have been selected from the whole range of Italian artists. It appears to be enough to the author, that both undeniably share in the common ground of chronological precedence to Raphael—just as Shakespeare and Dryden might be described as "Pre-Wordsworthian:"—but would this classification greatly assist the student of English poetry?

On minor faults—blunders so palpable as the assignment of Bronzino's name to C. Allori (p. 135), or the statement that Raphael studied from M. Angelo's "Last Judgment" (p. 152)—with misspelling among the names so frequent as to suggest ignorance somewhere of Italian—(Driamante, p. 81, Verocchia, pp. 83, 87, Pantormo, pp. 125, 133, Alonno, p. 137, Udino, p. 154, Friari, pp. 215, 223)—we need not dwell. Even during the last century, when Félibien and Du Fresnoy were authorities, a work so radically defective as M. Valentin's would have deserved no favour:—after the accurate and philosophical criticism of Forster, Rumohr, Passavant, Kugler, Eastlake, Ruskin, and so many others, it as little merits reproduction in England as Marmontel's "Observations on Shakespeare." This opinion may spare

us the necessity of giving specimens of the English editor's attempts to enlarge or correct her original. Her preface seems to assign herself "a limited knowledge of painting, and an almost unlimited ignorance of painters." From this confession of qualifications for engaging in a work requiring, for any true success, original genius or patient research, we wish we could dissent. But if, giving up the attempt to combine within a short space the "History of Art, and a Guide to Works of Art in England," Lady Jervis would furnish us with a careful abridgment of Waagen's book, with the additions her own observation or diligence may qualify her to make, she might fulfil the unattained object of the present publication, and render essential service to the ever-increasing visitors to English galleries.

Our limited space precludes us from noticing M. Chevreul's excellent work<sup>6</sup> with the fulness which it merits. The author has been engaged for ten years, as superintendent of the dyeing department at the Gobelins, in the study and practice of colouring. We have here an expansion of some lectures delivered by him at Paris and Lyons, to manufacturers, artisans, and others, on 'Contrasts of Colours': a familiar phrase, expressing something which everybody may be said to practise, few or none to understand. All, at least, engaged in the pursuit of ornamental art are obliged to deal *tant bien que mal*, with this subject of contrast in colour. And yet, as far as we know, this is the first time that the endeavour has been made to formularize, in words, tables, and diagrams, a system of harmonious colouring which should be applicable to all the ornamental arts, from the painting of windows in cathedrals to the arrangement of flowers in a parterre or ribbons in a lady's bonnet. Decorations of every kind, and in every style, of ceiling, wall, window, and floor, in buildings, private and public, ecclesiastical and civil, may here find rules which they will do well to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

The great superiority of the French colourists to ours in all that comes under the head of Decorative Art, has long been acknowledged: it is at least as striking as our superiority to them in the higher walks of ~~Art~~ <sup>Art</sup> portrait, and landscape colouring. Whatever other reasons may be assigned for this difference, it is certain that the French have for a much longer period enjoyed the advantages of Schools of Design, and naturally possess a far greater aptitude for the methodical application in rules in all departments of life. The exquisite adjustment of colours in the East Indian department in the Exhibition of '51, must have struck every observer. The consideration of to what national characteristic this may be attributed, might open up interesting discoveries on the differing organizations and perceptions of colour among different races, and the circumstances tending to secure such developments.

<sup>6</sup> "The Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours, and their Application to the Arts. By M. E. Chevreul. Translated from the French, by Charles Martel. London: Longman and Co. 1854.

THE  
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ART. I.—MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF AUSTRIA.

*Geschichte des österreichischen Hofes und Adels und der österreichischen Diplomatie.* Von Dr. Eduard Vehse. (*History of the Austrian Court and Aristocracy, and of the Austrian Diplomacy.* By Dr. Edward Vehse.) In eleven vols. Hamburgh: Hoffman and Campe. 1851—1853.

IT is a subject of general complaint among the literary men of Germany, that since 1818 they have no reviews or literary journals by which new books may be made known to the public; and foreigners are constantly wondering by what machinery the multitudinous works which issue from the German press can be made to obtain a remunerative circulation. With regard to ~~the~~ books, however, the censorship supplies this want. It may be considered as a governmental pulling institution, by which insignificant books are made notorious and an apathetic public is roused into curiosity. In the case of works by celebrated authors—Heine's "*Vermischte Schriften*," for example—the censorship is indeed sometimes too tardy in its action to have any appreciable effect as an advertising medium; an eager public has already bought and read the book before the prohibition comes. But the productions of less famous writers often acquire by means of the censorship an interest which they could not possess in any other character than that of forbidden fruit. Nay, the feeblest of feeble epigrams by which an English periodical attempts to satirize the habits of foreign royalty is made the subject of the newsmen's winks and the reader's curiosity solely by means of this government aid.

[Vol. LXIII. No. CXXIV.]—NEW SERIES, Vol. VII. No. II. X

Dr. Vehse's "History of the German Courts since the Reformation"—a work already extending to twenty-eight volumes and not yet complete—has experienced peculiar benefits from the censorship; for several of the German governments have had the *naïveté* to prohibit the volumes relating to their own court, and at the same time to admit the volumes relating to other courts—*Ognuno ama la giustizia nella casa d'altrui*, says the Italian proverb; in other words, "We all think truth a good thing for our neighbours." We have no doubt that this partial prohibition has contributed, not indeed mainly but considerably, to the powerful effect which Dr. Vehse's work is said to have produced in Germany. Few works are sought for with greater avidity by non-literary readers—those readers who trouble themselves little with theories and are strongly acted on by facts; and among them its influence is said to be highly democratic. Yet it is by no means a *tendenz-schrift*—a work in which the materials are arranged with a view to a special inference. We understand that Dr. Vehse himself is no hot democrat, but a moderate liberal; and we must do him the justice to say that, so far as we are acquainted with his volumes, we trace in them no spirit of partisanship.

Besides the censorship, there are two other causes which we think will serve to explain the popularity of Dr. Vehse's work. Germany has not, like France, been fertile in memoirs and biographies, which take the reader behind the scenes of history, and show majesty without its wig, or aristocratic beauty with its rouge-pot; nor has it, like England, had ample access to documents which throw light on the secret transactions of kings and ministers. Again, Germany is singularly deficient in that middle stratum of literature which consists of works at once solid and popular, and which is so rich with us. German works are generally written either for the learned or *für Damen*—the latter destination unhappily implying a very low standard—either for those who are devoting themselves to a certain line of study with the thoroughness of a professor, or for those who seek nothing higher in their reading than the diversion of an idle moment. Hence any work which addresses itself to intelligent men of the world, and which will instruct without demanding any great intellectual effort or previous acquirement, is doubly welcome to our German neighbours; and Dr. Vehse's work, with all the deductions which may be made on the score of execution, is one of this class. But readers who come to it with recollections of the piquancy of St. Simon or De Grammont, the quaint interest of Pepys, the gossiping charm of Walpole, or the panoramic picturesqueness of Macaulay, will find but slight gratification from its pages. Dr. Vehse pretends to no art in the presentation of his materials; he has chosen the plan of presenting the information he derives from

written sources in the language of those sources themselves : and this mosaic of extracts, combined as it is with lists of ministerial, diplomatic, and court officials, necessarily gives his volumes all the artistic disadvantages of mere compilations. To those who object to his work that it wants the dignified and careful finish of history, he replies, in the words of Horace Walpole : " I am no historian : I draw characters, I preserve anecdotes, which my superiors the historians may enchase in their weighty annals or pass over at their pleasure." Lovers of the anecdotic notoriously use rather a coarse sieve in the selection of their materials, and in this respect Dr. Vehse is no exception to the class among whom he ranges himself : moreover he has poured out the contents of his sieve somewhat carelessly upon his pages. We believe, however, that there are no deficiencies or inaccuracies in his work, which can be referred to an uncandid bias, but simply such as arise from the more than ordinary fallibility which attaches to a writer who undertakes to present in a comparatively short period a survey of a vast historical field.

The eleven volumes relating to the Austrian court, of which we have given the title at the head of our article, are forbidden at Vienna, and the author himself, since their publication commenced, has not been allowed to enter the Austrian dominions—a circumstance which he pleads as an apology for the absence from his work of information to be collected only in the archives of Vienna. This prohibition is not surprising. The monarchs of the House of Hapsburg, like the members of other dynasties, show to little advantage when daguerreotyped instead of idealized ; and perhaps there is no aristocracy whose antecedents present so much selfishness, venality, and unscrupulousness as that of Austria ; no history which unfolds a more hideous course of misgovernment and persecution than that of the Imperial rule in Bohemia and Hungary. The dynastic interest of the House of Austria certainly served to knit together the forces of middle Europe so as to form a bulwark against Turkish invasion on the one hand and French domination on the other ; but the details of its operation to this end are an almost unvaried tissue of the worst vices which belong to arbitrary government. Our present object, however, is not to dwell on these vices with any severe purpose, but simply to illustrate—through the medium of such records, anecdotes, and sketches of character and manners, as Dr. Vehse's work affords—the life and *personnel* of the Austrian court during the last three centuries.

The reign of Maximilian I., elected Emperor of Germany in 1493, forms a sort of border-land between the middle ages and the period of modern history. Maximilian himself belonged by



his tastes and opinions to the past; he was *der letzte Ritter*—the last knight of chivalry; but under him the right of adjusting private quarrel by force of arms was abolished, hired soldiery superseded the military service of feudal retainers, and the Reformation began. In his day died the iron-handed Götz and Franz von Sickingen, and he lived to see Luther's ninety-five theses posted up on the church-door at Wittenberg. But Maximilian, in spite of his chivalrous ambition, had, like his ancestor Rudolf, the founder of his dynasty, an anti-chivalrous love of bargaining for possessions rather than fighting for them; and no Hapsburg carried out more diligently than he the sarcastic injunction: *Tu felix Austria, nube!* and his achievements of this kind prepared the way for that extensive empire which, under his grandson, Charles V., more than rivalled the possessions of Macedonia and Rome. His own marriage with the heiress of Burgundy brought him the Netherlands, the marriage of his son Philip with Juana of Spain secured the inheritance of the then mighty Spanish empire; and he paved the way by treaty for the possession of Bohemia and Hungary. Max is one of the most bizarre figures in history. Mythical stories, which we may accept as a sort of loud reverberation of the truth, represent him as a Hercules, who could bend iron as if it were hemp; who went into the cage of a lion, wrenched open its mouth, and tore out its tongue; and who (rather gratuitously, as it seems,) went to the summit of the minster at Ulm, and, standing on a thin iron bar, raised one leg into the air. He would play at letting off cannon against practised artillerymen; and was the best bowman, the best shot, the best huntsman of his time. As a specimen of his hunting exploits, we have the famous story of his adventure on the Martinswand in the Tyrol, where he was rescued from imminent death by a mountaineer, *alias* an angel, after a fast of two days and two nights. He aspired to be, like Charlemagne, the hero of an Epos, dictated his own and his father's history under the title of "*Der Weiss König*," and gave the scheme for a poem called *Thenerdank*, which recounted his own exploits. He seems to have busied himself with speculation, too, of a small kind. Two-and-twenty volumes written by him are still preserved in the Imperial Library at Vienna, and among their very miscellaneous contents are these questions, which he proposed to the Abbot Trithem as serious difficulties: "Since Christianity comprehends only a small part of the earth, may not every man who believes in God, without anything further, be saved in his religion? Why is revelation in so many passages obscure, contradictory, and why does it tell us so many things we do not care to know, and not what we should be very glad to know?" Of course Max, as a would-be knight-errant, was a great squire of dames: in his

younger days he loved to dance with the wives of the Augsburg citizens, and there is a humorous story of his having smuggled into Ratisbon a body of women whom the magistracy had forbidden to enter during the Diet, by telling the foremost to take hold of his horse's tail, the second to take hold of her first neighbour's garment, and so on to the last, thus forming an electrical chain of Imperial protection. He was full of wise saws and repartees, and many a *bon-mot* which old-fashioned jest-books attribute to the Duke of Marlborough or one of our own Georges, had Max for at least an earlier putative father. Some of these *mots* are epigrams on the nothingness of rank, yet no one had a stronger genealogical mania or adopted more sounding titles. He was determined, he said, to "outbrag Julius Cæsar, and at all events to have Charlemagne for his ancestor." To the arms of half-a-dozen European nations he added those of the Byzantine empire, on the ground that "he or his successors would shortly conquer it." He was the "lord of all lands both of the east and of the west," the "king and heir of all Christendom and of several provinces." After the death of his second wife he took it into his head to aspire to the popedom, and spent large sums in bribing the cardinals with this view. Not that money was abundant with him, for the Imperial exchequer was low then as in later times, and one of his sobriquets was "*Poco denari*." Max was the first who formed an alliance with Prussia, which had not hitherto been considered a European power, but had recently, under the Czar Ivan Basilowitch, thrown off the Asiatic yoke by the expulsion of the Tartars.

To the gay eccentric Max, succeeded his grave, stern grandson, Charles V. Of all great potentates who, according to the Persian compliment, have had "the sun for their hat," Charles is to us the least attractive. A hero with a sallow complexion and no teeth, a melancholy debauchee, in whom the demon of gout takes turn with the demon of asthma; a non-masticating gourmand, who in his dyspeptic after-dinner hours amuses himself with dwarfs and court fools; and a bigot withal, plagued with religious terrors, always sinning and always trembling—presents a most uncomfortable sample of Imperial majesty. Charles, however, had some of the elements of greatness—a deep penetration into men, an iron strength of will, and a proud directness, which made him despise flattery. He once said to the Venetian ambassador, Contarini, "It is my nature to persist obstinately in my opinions." "Sire," said the courtly Italian, "to persist in good opinions is firmness, not obstinacy." Charles replied, "*Qualche fiata io son fermo in le cattive*—sometimes I persist in bad ones." He had an eye for genius of all kinds; and not only, like every other great commander, chose his generals well,

but could tell a nobleman to hold the ladder for Titian. One of his physicians was the great Vesalius, the father of modern anatomy, the first who dissected a *human* body; and it is an interesting example of genius co-operating with genius, that Titian helped Vesalius in producing the illustrations to his great anatomical work.

There was no profuseness or splendour at Charles's court; he was even niggardly in his economy; his pages went about in threadbare gurnments, and he himself was seen, at a great military review, to take off his new velvet cap, that he might save it from the rain. He was a Spaniard by nature; and under him began that inoculation of German awkwardness with Spanish hauteur, which characterized the manners of the Austrian court during two centuries. Among the stories more or less probable about Charles and his court, there is one which we are amused to see Dr. Vehse telling without a smile of scepticism. It reads like an Eastern apologue. Charles, says the story, ordered for the punishment of slanderers at his court, that they should creep on all fours and bark like a dog for a couple of hours every morning. This, however, lasted but a short time; for the ministers complained that for half the morning they could not have one rational idea, so loud and many-throated was the barking! Among the embassies sent by Charles to foreign countries, was one to Russia, with the purpose of mediating between that empire and Poland. Herberstein, one of the chief functionaries engaged in this embassy, has left a minute account of all that took place—of the gracious demeanour of the Czar, who asked him if he had ever had his beard shaved off; and on hearing "yes," condescendingly observed that he too had undergone that operation on his second marriage. In the entertainment given to the embassy by the Russian nobles, the drinking seems to have been fast and furious, and the drinking of healths must have been especially formidable. "This drinking of healths," says Herberstein, "is performed with peculiar ceremony: he who proposes the health stands in the middle of the room, and says what he wishes for the prince or seigneur, whose name he mentions—happiness, victory, and health, and that there may remain just so much blood in his enemies as he (the drinker) will leave in his goblet. This he says with his head uncovered, and as soon as he has drunk the wine to the bottom he throws the drinking-vessel on his head" (sets it on, we suppose, after the manner of a hat). The coarseness of this Russian hospitality is curiously in contrast with the sobriety and simplicity of the entertainment which Herberstein and his colleagues met with on their embassy to the Turks, when the whole party ate out of one dish at a time, and moistened their lips with water.

In 1556, when Charles's brother Ferdinand I. became emperor, nine-tenths of the people even in Austria were, according to the testimony of the Venetian ambassador, Protestant. The new doctrine had indeed a special attraction for the aristocracy in the spoils of church property which it threw in their way. At Wittenberg, the place of education for all the sons of the nobility, three young men of the Austrian aristocracy were successively rectors of the Lutheran university; the authority of the Pope was generally despised, and the two parties lived peacefully side by side until the foundation of the Society of Jesuits. Under these circumstances Ferdinand was by compulsion tolerant, though he was a bigoted Catholic, and had a Jesuit for his confessor. Under him the Jesuits quietly gained a footing in Vienna, at first residing humbly with the Dominicans, and making themselves known chiefly as physicians while the plague was raging. His son and successor, Maximilian II., was tolerant by choice. He was a liberal-minded, strong-hearted man, who had little of the Hapsburg in him besides the gout, which seems to have been so inevitable an attribute of Imperial majesty in those days, that courtiers could hardly have hit on a more delicate mode of flattery than swathing their limbs in flannel and hobbling.\* During Maximilian's short reign, Austria enjoyed the last good government it ever saw under the house of Hapsburg. His successors down to Maria Theresa were a compound in different proportions of the virtuoso and the bigot. In Rudolf II., the next emperor, the virtuoso predominated; and throughout his reign of thirty-six years he neglected all the business of government to shut himself up in his palace, the Hradschin at Prague, in company with his coins and pictures, his pet lions, leopards and eagles, his mechanics, alchemists, and magicians. His letters, published in 1771, give evidence that he was acquainted with six languages, was versed in mathematical, mechanical, and physical science, and yet more in astrology, magic, and alchemy. The first important picture-gallery in Germany was collected by Rudolf; he spent immense sums on antiquities of all kinds, especially gems, coins, cameos, and medallions; and the unique cabinet of coins and polished stones, at Vienna, is formed chiefly from his collections. Amongst the treasures which he purchased at an immense price, were the splendid Greek sarcophagus sculptured with the battle of the Amazons, and the great onyx cup with the apotheosis of Augustus. This

\* A certain Eberhard von Raube, who married Max's natural daughter, may perhaps excite the envy of this beard-cultivating generation, when they are informed that his beard descended from his chin to the earth, and from thence was turned up again to his girdle.

cup had been brought from the East by the Knights of St. John, during the crusades, and owed its preservation in the convent of Poissy, near Paris, to the belief that it bore a representation of the crucifixion! Rudolf's "Treasure-chamber" at Prague was celebrated far and wide; but, sad to say, its contents were scattered in the enlightened eighteenth century, under Joseph II. The statues were sold; a torso found no purchaser, and was thrown into the garden, where an oculist of Vienna picked it up, and bought it for a trifle, and at the Congress of Vienna, Louis, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, obtained it for a thousand ducats—it is the Ilioneus in the Glyptothek, at Munich. The old coins were sold by weight; and in an inventory made before the sale, a Leda of Titian figured as "A naked Woman bitten by a mad Goose." Rudolf's court was a resort for all the thaumaturgi and necromancers of Europe; and among the rest we find two Englishmen, John Dee and Edward Kelley. John Dee drove the black art with such success, that he could boast of always seeing his genius, when he left his desk, obligingly sit down in his place and carry on his studies; when he returned, he had only to tap his genius on the shoulder, and it stood up. Edward Kelley paid dearly for the honour which Rudolf bestowed on him in making him a Freiherr (Baron) of Bohemia; for, finding that he could not or would not make gold, Rudolf imprisoned him in a Bohemian castle, where he lay for six years. Queen Elizabeth applied for his release in vain; and at last, in an attempt to escape by a rope, the unfortunate alchemist broke his leg, and died in consequence of the fall. To Prague came also the "Illustrissimus," Marco Bragadino, with his two bull-dogs, supposed to be familiar spirits. He was honoured as a second Paracelsus, especially as he seemed to esteem gold no more than brass or quicksilver, made great presents, and kept open table. The "Illustrissimus," however, died on the gallows. While Rudolf was throwing away money on these charlatans, he was paying, and sometimes omitting to pay, the meagre salary of 1500 guilders (about 150*l.*), to Kepler, who was installed at Prague as "Imperial Mathematician." Shutting himself up from any personal participation in affairs, the emperor necessarily wanted informers and news-carriers, who were most conveniently to be found among his personal attendants; and he thus began the practice which has characterized the Austrian monarchs, of being distrustful and monosyllabic to their ministers and aristocracy, and confidential to scribes and lackeys. Rudolf remained unmarried, deterred by the horoscope drawn for him by Tycho Brahe, which declared that "danger threatened him from his nearest relative—his own son." He does not seem to have apprehended that any one of his numerous illegitimate children

could be implied under this prediction. The terror of assassination naturally grew with advancing years and feebleness, and was exaggerated by the appearance of Halley's comet in 1607, which seemed palpably to portend his fall. At length his dread reached such a pitch, that his walks were taken only in long passages, into which the air was admitted by oblique apertures. These passages led to his stables, a favourite resort of his; and those who had to ask a favour of him, frequently disguised themselves as grooms in order to obtain an interview. Such was the emperor whom his servants called the second Solomon!

Matthias, in whose favour Rudolf was deposed, was a lover of pleasures, and his court was gay with festivals and spectacles. The taste which presided over them may be inferred from the description of a procession in honour of his wedding, in which Greek gods and symbols are oddly mingled with such mediæval apparitions as a crocodile made of linen and paint, moved by a man placed inside, and surmounted by a "vornehme Person." Weddings and christenings, among the aristocracy of those days, seem to have been on a colossal scale. It is characteristic that in a contemporary description of a wedding, where 204 guests were invited and 141 assembled, it is mentioned as a remarkable fact, that "neither curses nor unseemly speech was heard from any one, nor was there any excessive drinking." This high degree of moderation, however, was not rewarded by a happy termination of the festivity, for the floor fell in, and the gay ladies and gallant gentlemen had to be extricated from dust, beams, and mortar. As they were Protestants, the Catholics regarded this catastrophe as a manifestation of divine wrath—a theory of Providence which the Protestants were equally ready to apply upon occasion. Before the reign of Matthias closed, the first scene in the terrible tragedy of the Thirty Years' War was acted. Two Catholic noblemen, the representatives of the emperor at Prague, were hurled out at window by the deputies of the exasperated Protestants, who had been forbidden to continue the building of their churches. This was the famous *Defenestratio Pragensis* of 1618. On the 20th of March in the next year, the insignificant Matthias died; an event which was regarded as a marvellous fulfilment of Kepler's prophecy, with the seven M's for the year 1618:—Magnus Monarcha Mundi Medio Mense Martii Moriatur. Such is the tribute which great men must pay to the spirit of their age!

"Better a wilderness than a land full of heretics," was the favourite saying of Ferdinand II., who had early made a vow to our Lady of Loretto and the Pope, that he would restore the Catholic religion. The aspect of the court must have been anything but lively in his day, with an emperor at the head of it

whose most important occupation was hearing masses, and assisting, with bare head and taper in hand, at religious pilgrimages. He introduced the procession to Herrnals, which took place in the middle of Lent, and was intended to obliterate the memory of the time when Herrnals was a nest of Protestantism; and the people streamed thither from Vienna to hear the evangelical pastor preach from the castle window. The procession was a sort of sacred masquerade, in which Herod, Pilate, Joseph, and Mary, and the whole *personnel* of the New Testament history, were represented as riding on asses. The road was lined with people also in masquerade, who scourged themselves, wore black tables of sins on their breasts, or dragged heavy chains and crosses. This is the comic side of Ferdinand's achievements in *majorem gloriam Dei*; the tragic side is the devastation of his dominions by the longest of religious wars. His son, Ferdinand III., inherited his spirit, and further distinguished himself by his zeal for the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, though he had not, like us, had the edification of seeing it established on papal authority.

The Peace of Westphalia, which terminated the Thirty Years' War, left the emperor in an entirely new relation to his aristocracy. Great numbers of the old hereditary nobles in Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary, had been proscribed on account of their Protestantism; and their places had been, to a great extent, taken by military adventurers and *parvenus*—Scotsmen, Spaniards, Walloons, and Italians—who had risen to prominence in the war. Many of the old nobility, indeed, did not hesitate to declare themselves converts to Catholicism for the sake of retaining their fortunes or winning advancement; but their position was thenceforth necessarily one of obligation to the court. Thus the chain of aristocratic families, which had once been able to defy the emperor, was broken. From this time, the list of Austrian nobility is variegated with Scotch, Spanish, Flemish, and Italian names—a means of amalgamation which is, probably, less objectionable in its result than in its origin. It is a striking fact in the history of Austria, that the German race has never furnished her most distinguished statesmen and generals. As diplomatists and statesmen, Slavonians predominate; and among them are, perhaps, the two greatest—Lobkowitz and Kaunitz. Of her generals, Tilly was a Walloon, Wallenstein a Bohemian, Eugene and Montecuculi Italians, and Loudon of Scotch extraction.

Leopold I., who succeeded Ferdinand III. in 1657, and reigned nearly half a century, had bigotry enough to merit the epithet "Great" from the Jesuits; but this dark background was relieved by a gay embroidery of virtuosism, love of sports, and

splendour. The Maréchal de Grammont has left an amusing description of Leopold when he was eighteen, and as yet only king of Hungary. One of the attributes of his youthful majesty was a large mouth, which he kept constantly open. Playing one day at nine-pins with his favourite, Prince Portia, he complained that the rain fell into his mouth. The Prince, after due reflection on the difficulty, suggested that his majesty should shut his royal mouth. "Which the king of Hungary did, and found himself much benefited thereby." Besides nine-pins his amusements were a sad and silent game with four cards, played after dinner with the Archduke his uncle, and music, in which he was already so great a proficient that he could compose very wretched melodies with the utmost correctness. Twenty years later, this engaging youth had matured into a little man, still lax as to his mouth, of mumbling speech and weak legs, crushed beneath a huge perruque, and dressed, after the Spanish fashion, with red shoes and stockings. In devotion he was not behind even Ferdinand II.; he heard three masses a day, and was persuaded that he was under a special supernatural guidance. This guidance the priests called his "miracle;" so did his enemies, but they meant by it the miraculous luck of the house of Austria. "Poor Leopold, I am not afraid of," said Louis XIV., "but I am afraid of his miracle." When the Turks, after the capture of Belgrade, in 1688, wished for peace, Leopold would not accept the proposal, although a new war with France was impending. "One must know the Emperor as well as I do," said Max Emanuel of Bavaria to Villars, "to believe what are the reasons which deter him. Monks have prophesied to him that the Empress will have twins, and that contemporaneously with this the Turkish empire will fall, and one of the twins will sit on the throne of Constantinople. When Belgrade was taken, the Empress actually became pregnant; and now Leopold firmly believes that the rest of the prophecy will be fulfilled; and at no price will he hear of peace." This "Leopoldus Magnus" limited his activity in state affairs to signing the papers presented to him by his ministers, writing confidential letters to his brothers and cousins on the thrones of Europe, and giving audiences. These avocations were carefully recorded by Leopold himself in his calendar, together with his losses at cards; and posterity has thus the advantage of knowing that, in the year when the Turks besieged Vienna, and drove Leopold out of his capital, he signed 8256 documents, and lost 965 ducats at cards. Leopold's apathy was never interrupted except when, as in the Hungarian insurrections, self-preservation and bigotry impelled him to the violent suppression of heresy and rebellion. Then, as he said, "he tapped his fingers and heads flew off." With



these exceptions, he left the management of affairs to his ministers, and to the intrigues of the Jesuits and the Camarilla. Leopold's great passion was music. He played on several instruments, and often conducted the orchestra from his box at the opera. "Pity your Majesty was not a professor of music!" said his kapellmeister one day, in a naïve burst of admiration. The Pasquin of Vienna, in grimmer mood, posted up on the palace gates—"Leopoldes sis Cæsar, et non musicus, sis Cæsar et non Jesuita!" The world, however, is really indebted to the musical taste hereditary in the House of Hapsburg; the Imperial Kapelle at Vienna, always kept up on a high scale of magnificence, has been a nursery for the highest music, and has furnished a *point d'appui* for the genius of such men as Caldara, Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven. The Ferdinands had only patronized church music, but Leopold was an enthusiastic admirer of the opera; and under him representations were got up in a lavish style. His third wife (the Austrian Emperors were eminently anti-Whiolonian), more unmitigatedly devout than himself, accompanied him in his constant visits to the opera with sighs, and read psalms and prayers instead of the opera text. Another passion of Leopold's was hunting—memorable as having given rise to the *tobacco monopoly* which has played a great part in Austrian affairs. Leopold, who was always in embarrassment for money, had not enough to carry on his hunting in the country above the Erms, and Count Khevenhüller offered to supply what was necessary, if a monopoly of the importation of tobacco were granted him for twelve years. He received it!

The dreary stiffness and tedious minuteness of Austrian etiquette seem to have been constantly on the increase. De Grammont gives a curious sample of punctiliousness which occurred when Leopold, as king of Hungary, was holding his court at Frankfort. All the Electors came to visit the king, and this was his manner of receiving them: he waited for them at the head of the stairs, and when he saw them below, he descended three steps. When the Elector Moritz paid his visit, he observed that the king had only descended two steps, and remained standing at the bottom of the stairs until Leopold had been told that he had yet another step to descend. The Emperor's toilet—the inducing of the small head and thin legs in the large perruque and red stockings—was performed in the presence of two chamberlains "of the gold key," and two "of the black key." The chamberlains of the black key were the real attendants; they of the golden key assisted with their presence only; and of such officials there were no less than 600 in Leopold's time, the office of course being, in the majority of cases, purely

honorary, as that of Hofrath is now. The Emperor dined at eleven, generally alone, for none but princes of the empire were eligible to sit down with him. The papal nuncio and ambassadors attended to see him take his first draught, and then withdrew. When he drove out, he was attended by 300 guards, horse and foot, and more than twenty carriages. The noblemen and gentlemen of his court accompanied him *on foot* through the town, unless it rained, when they were allowed to go on horseback. Once out of the town, they got into the empty carriages, one half preceding and the other half following the Emperor. All this, says the Abbé Pauchelli, a traveller of that day, diffuses about the person of the Emperor "*veramente una venerabile maestà.*" That all this stiffness of etiquette was after Leopold's own heart, and that there was very little genial human blood in his veins, is proved by his conduct on a memorable occasion. There are few more thrilling moments in history than the early morning of the 12th of September, 1683, when Vienna lay half in ruins under the bombardment of the Turks. The only hope of its deliverance rested on John Sobiesky, king of Poland, who had joined his forces to the Austrians under the Duke of Lorraine, and had posted himself on the neighbouring heights. The evening before, a note from Starhemberg, who commanded in Vienna, and a shower of rockets from the tower of St. Stephen's, had given the signal that "no time was to be lost;" and the answering rockets and cannon from John Sobiesky had thrown the Viennese into an ecstasy of joy. With the first rays of the sun the troops poured down from the heights, and the city which had so long been the outwork of Christendom was saved. The Turks fled in such haste and dismay, that their tents with all their immense stores were taken into quiet possession by the Poles and Austrians. It is said that the immense provision of coffee found in these tents created the prevalent taste for coffee in Vienna; and the first licence to keep a coffee-house was given in this very year to a Pole named Koffschützky, who, as messenger to the Duke of Lorraine, had rendered important services to the city. No sooner had it been known that the Turks were approaching Vienna, than Leopold had fled in terror with his family. That he returned in peace and safety he owed to John Sobiesky; yet when he was about to meet the deliverer of his capital, his grand preoccupation was, how he should compliment the King of Poland without compromising his Imperial dignity. "How shall I receive him?" he said to the Duke of Lorraine. "How else, your Majesty, than with open arms? for he has saved the empire." At last it was decided that they were to meet on horseback: and Leopold behaved with the most repulsive coldness. Sobiesky, indignant, wrote to his wife: "Any one

would think now that we had the plague, and people were afraid to come near us; while before the battle my tents which, thank God, are tolerably roomy, could scarcely hold the multitude of comers. . . . Every one is disheartened, and wishes we had never helped the Emperor; so that this proud race might have been overthrown, never to rise again."

Leopold's belief in divine protection and guidance did not prevent him from dabbling in alchemy. He more than once threw away his gold on adventurers who held out to him the hope that they could make ducats indefinitely. A certain Conte Ruggiero, whose full title was a mosaic of three languages—Don Dominico Manuel Caetano, Comte de Ruggiero, Neapolitano, Kurbairischer Feldmarschall und Statsrath—had a salary of 15,000 gulden *en attendant* the preparation of a certain tincture which was to do the work of Midas's fingers. But before the tincture was prepared, Leopold died. Nor did his devoutness exclude the love of pomp and gaiety; the earlier years of his reign, at least, were crowded with festivities and amusements. The year in which Leopold married his first wife, the Spanish Princess, was distinguished by an oddly variegated series of entertainments. One day arrive from Augsburg the wonderful presents in silver—mirrors, candlesticks, caskets, vases, &c., which Grafseslio (one of the murderers of Wallenstein) is to carry to the Sultan. Another day, a Jew is baptized, and the Emperor stands as godfather. Sledging was a favourite recreation, the gentlemen and ladies wearing fancy dresses. But the crowning exhibition in honour of the marriage was a *Roos-habet*, or spectacle of horsemen. A gigantic wooden building was erected before the palace for the performance, in which the Emperor took part. It was preceded by a prologue representing a contest between the elements, as to which of them had the greater claim to the production of the pearl (Margarita, the name of the Empress).

The elements were represented by four companies of riders, amounting to 1000 men. The knights of Water were dressed in blue and silver, decked with fish-scales and mussel-shells. Behind them came, on a huge carriage, a whale carrying Neptune on his back, surrounded with sea-monsters and Tritons carrying fire-works, and with a chorus of thirty representing the Winds. The knights of Earth were clad in green and silver; behind them came, on a huge carriage, two great elephants bearing a tower on their backs, on which the earth rested. The carriage represented a garden, and in it sat the god Pan, with his shepherds bearing burning clubs, and with a chorus representing the wonders of the earth. The knights of Air were attired in pink and gold, adorned with rainbows. On the carriage behind them

came the Air sitting on a terrible dragon, accompanied by harpies in gold, who carried a fire before them, and by a chorus of all sorts of birds. Above the carriage was a rainbow, and on it sat a singer who celebrated the praises of the Empress. Last came the knights of Fire, in red and silver, armed with silver hammers, and leading a machine on which there was a monstrous bonfire, containing an unconsumed salamander, with elaborate fireworks playing from its jaws. Behind, followed the carriage of Etna, vomiting flame, and on it sat Vulcan attired in flesh-colour and black, and carrying a silver hammer. He was attended by thirty one-eyed giants with silver hammers, and a chorus of Cupids. After a little preliminary interchange of abuse between the squadrons, the combat was announced by the sound of drums and trumpets; the wooden theatre, which had previously represented the Ehrenberg, assumed the form of a ship, and the Argonauts were seen sitting as judges, with a golden fleece and an Imperial crown. When the squadrons had fallen on each other with a terrific clang, a cloud began to spread itself over the heavens; and while they were gazing upwards in amazement, the cloud parted, and disclosed a starry globe with Eternity seated on a rainbow. Eternity forbids the cavaliers to fight for the golden fleece and the Imperial crown, since they have been destined from the beginning for the House of Austria. The globe opens, and shows the Temple of the Elements, with the fifteen genii of the deceased emperors on horseback. The genii approach the temple, followed by the chariot of Glory in the form a silver mussel-shell. The chariot contains a great pearl, with the likeness of the Empress in it, and the genius of the Emperor Leopold as the sixteenth of the House of Austria. Three other chariots follow, with Indians, Moors, and Tartars, as prisoners (no Turks). The globe at length disappears, and the *Roos-habet* begins.

The inventor of this prologue was rewarded with a present of 20,000 gulden (2000*l.*), and a pension of 1000 gulden; and was moreover elevated to the rank of *Freiherr* (Baron). The *Roos-habet* itself, in which the Emperor appeared, consisted of a procession of cavaliers glittering in gold and jewels, with a triumphal chariot drawn by eight white horses, and carrying a company of singers; the chariot paused on arriving beneath the window where the Empress was watching the spectacle; and the singers gave forth their music. After this, the journal which gives the description intimates that the exhibition came to an abrupt ending, by the prudently vague statement that "the parties of cavaliers rode amongst each other." Apparently, Imperial Majesty had not been able to keep its seat on a horse more excited by the music than subdued to the consciousness of

its Imperial burthen. On future occasions, when the Roos-habet was repeated, the Emperor contented himself with being a spectator.

The most remarkable man among Leopold's ministers was Lobkowitz, who held high posts for more than thirty years, and for a long time had almost unbounded influence over the Emperor. In many points Lobkowitz resembled his great successor, Kaunitz: he loved luxury and splendour, was full of caustic repartee, and had a strong liking for France and French fashions. He was inwardly opposed to the league with the maritime powers against France, which formed the policy of Leopold's reign; and this probably was the real cause of his fall. To the Jesuits, in spite of their formidable power, he was an open foe, and directed the arrows of his wit against them without fear or scruple. Leopold was completely in the grasp of the Jesuits, and could deny nothing. Lobkowitz, however, obviated several of his foolish gifts; for example, on one occasion, when the Emperor had made the Society a grant of the important Gräfschaft of Glatz, the determined minister tore up the document, and when the Jesuits came to him to receive the parchment, he showed them a crucifix, and pointing to the letters I. N. R. I., he interpreted them to mean, *Jam nihil reportabunt Jesuitæ*. 'This time the Jesuits will carry away nothing.' Even in his will he prepared a final sting for them. After an apparently decent preamble, 'at the bottom of a page he bequeathed to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus 82,000—here the leaf had to be turned over, and on the other side followed—"nails towards a new building." To the bitter enemies whom Lobkowitz thus made for himself he had imprudently added a woman and an empress—Claudia of Tyrol, Leopold's second wife. Their united intrigues, together with his opposition to the French war, at length brought about his disgrace: he was suddenly deprived of all his employments, forbidden to ask the reason, and banished to his country house, where he gratified his sarcastic humour by having a room furnished half with princely splendour, and half as a miserable hut; in the one half he commemorated his former elevation, in the other, on the walls of which he wrote satires and epigrams on his enemies, he indicated his utter fall.

The ablest military commander in the earlier part of Leopold's reign was Montecuculi, celebrated for his victories over the Turks and his "*Memoire della Guerra*." Like Eugene, who near the close of the same reign commenced a similar and yet more brilliant career as generalissimo of the Imperial army against the French and the Turks, Montecuculi was a statesman, a philosopher, and a man of letters, as well as a great general. One of the next to him in command was Count Sporck, who was a type of the tribe

of military adventurers and *parvenus* fostered by the Thirty Years' War—a mixture of the rudeness and ignorance of the common soldier, the instincts of an able commander, and the astuteness of a man of the world who can push his way to fortune, make money, and keep it. In the battle of St. Gothard, when Montecuculi commanded the last attack on the Turks, Sporek knelt down and prayed thus: "Almighty Generalissimo above, if thou wilt not to-day help us, thy believing children, at least do not help the Turkish dogs, and it shall be the better for thee!" In his last campaign against Turenne, this once hardy soldier had become so enfeebled that he wept when he gave the order to his cavalry to advance—not a very inspiring sight to subordinates! But then as now, old men lay like the chills of a lingering winter on the youthful vigour of armies. When Sporek was on his death-bed, he ordered his chaplain to read to him some fine story of a hero. The chaplain chose the history of Samson. But when he came to the slaying of a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, the old soldier called out from his pillow. "Hold thy tongue, there, I know well enough what an honest man can do!"

Characteristic of the time in another way is the story of the Prince de Ligne, who in the last decade of Leopold's reign came as ambassador to Vienna. Of a highly distinguished Flemish family, and possessed of immense wealth by marriage, the Prince created a great sensation in Vienna by the splendour of his establishment and the lavishness of his presents and entertainments. Among the Viennese gentlemen with whom he was most intimate was a Count Hallweil: both were fond of high play, and were collectors of coins and medals. One day the Prince invited Hallweil to hunt with him, and they drove out into the forest together, accompanied by a single servant, a Frenchman, the Prince having excused himself from taking the Count's servant also, on the ground that the carriage would not hold four. In the evening the Prince returned without the Count, and at a soirée, in answer to the inquiries of the latter's sister, said carelessly, that on their way they had met with a servant in yellow livery with a carriage, and Hallweil had joined him, intending to go to Baden. Two days passed, and the Count did not appear; articles forwarded for him to Baden did not reach him, and he was nowhere to be heard of. His relatives began to have suspicions. They knew that a short time before, the Prince had lost 50,000 gulden to Hallweil, and that, not being able to pay immediately, he had given a bill for the amount, at the same time begging the Count not to mention the debt, lest it should be supposed that he (the Prince) was in want of money. Notwithstanding his promise of silence, Hallweil had publicly spoken of the debt, and the Prince was aware of it. One evening soon

after, on his sitting down to cards with a lady, she said to him, "But if your Excellency loses, will you pay me?" "Madam," he replied, "it is true I am in debt to Hallweil, but he shall certainly be paid." In answer to the pressing demands of the Count's relatives, the Prince continued to reply that he was not bound to say what had become of him after they had separated. At length they applied to the Emperor, the forest was searched with dogs, and the Count's body, with four wounds in it, two from a pistol and two from a dagger, was found under a heap of stones in a marshy place. It was brought to Vienna and publicly exhibited in the Count's hôtel, in the hope of raising a popular tumult against the ambassador, whom the law of nations protected from Austrian justice. After demanding in vain an audience of the Emperor and the ministers, the Prince presented himself unannounced to Count Kinsky, and begged to lay down his function, that he might fight his slanderers. "In that case," said Kinsky, "you must fight every old woman, for the affair is the talk of the whole country." The people had laid wait to attack him as he returned to his palace, but he eluded them, and managed to escape from Vienna in the dress of a monk. In Portugal he had to undergo a trial for the murder, but was acquitted. He urged in his defence that the Count had played falsely, and therefore he was no longer bound to treat him as a gentleman—even if he had been guilty of the deed. On his acquittal he appeared again at court, and subsequently pursued his study of coins and medals at Venice, where he died in 1710. At Vienna there remained a tradition that jealousy had been the motive of the murder.

The iniquitous war of the Spanish succession, inaugurated on the side of France by the lowest treachery and tampering with wills, and on the side of Austria by the poisoning of a queen and a boy-prince, occupied the last years of Leopold's reign, and was carried on with vigour under his successor, Joseph I. It opened a field for the genius of Marlborough and Eugene, and enabled them to present the unfrequent spectacle of two men great enough to be friends in circumstances which would have made meaner natures rivals. In its general bearing the war was momentous to Europe, but its immediate object is best characterized by the words of the adventurous Peterborough, who had a brilliant share in it, to his opponent, Vendôme. Vendôme wore the likeness of Philip V., the French claimant of the Spanish throne, set in diamonds, on his breast, and Peterborough that of Charles VI., the Austrian claimant, in a ring. "Are we not a couple of good-natured old donkeys," said Peterborough, "to knock ourselves about for these two simpletons? In either case, Spain gets a sorry king!" Joseph I., who lived only six years after his acces-

sion, was not without sense and spirit. He had been brought up by men who were no friends to the Jesuits, and he was the first emperor, since the institution of the Order, who had not a Jesuit for his confessor. This was by no means satisfactory to the fathers of the Society; they accused the confessor to the Pope of being more devoted to the Emperor than to the Vatican, and he was cited to appear at Rome. Hereupon Joseph declared, that "If his confessor must go to Rome, he should not go without plentiful companionship, for all the Jesuits in the Austrian dominions should go with him!" The Pope gave way to this energetic threat.

Charles VI. had spent eight years of his youth in Spain, and had come back with a double incrustation of Spanish hauteur overlaying his Austrian phlegm. When he visited England on his way to Spain, he was shocked and annoyed at the uncere- monious manners of the English, who, not at all awed by this avatar of Imperial majesty, came close to his carriage to offer their greetings and shout their cheers. It seems indeed that he had the smallest possible liking for our country and ways, for notwithstanding the cordial reception given him by Queen Anne, and the rows of young ladies who stood like a grove of dahlias and hollyhocks lining the way to his apartment, he hurried away from Windsor the next day, and though a storm drove his ship back into Torbay, the pressing invitations of the Queen and nobility could not induce him to set his foot on English ground again. In person and in taste Charles was very nearly a reproduction of his father, Leopold I.; he inherited the thin legs, the hanging lip, the confused utterance, and the love for hunting and music. The bigotry in him was of rather a milder cast, owing perhaps to his travels and his intercourse with Englishmen and Hollanders; but all the hatred he economised on heretics he gave to the French. The Spanish dress, with the red stockings and shoes *obligato*, was still the mode at court, and if any one appeared there in *white* silk stockings, Charles pointed him out to the general disgust as a "cursed Frenchman." One French fashion, however, the perruque, was oddly blended with the severity of the garments which we admire in the portraits of Velasquez, but the privilege of appearing in this incongruous adjunct was confined to the Emperor when the court was at Vienna, and was only allowed to the nobility at the country palaces. The Prater, which had hitherto been a hunting forest, was altered after the pattern of the Prado at Madrid, and was reserved for the slow and solemn promenades of the Emperor and his court. The members of the Imperial family were saluted with three reverences in the Spanish fashion, which included the bending of the knee, and the Emperor and Empress dined alone



under a canopy on a dais, like the ideal kings and queens of a child's fairy tale. Some relaxation of etiquette was allowed at supper in the apartments of the Empress, but even then, no minister could sit at table with her unless he were a cardinal. All the movements of the court were ordered according to an inexorable rule. Each month had its regular gala-days, in which courtiers were admitted to the honour of kissing hands and seeing their majesties dine; its Golden Fleece days, when all the knights of the Order appeared in their robes at mass and vespers; and last, not least, its Devotion-days, which were a terrible *corvée* to the foreign ambassadors who happened to be of a mercurial temperament. The gay Duc de Richelieu relieved himself, after the endurance of a Lent at the Viennese court, by a piteous complaint to Cardinal Polignac. "*Il n'y a qu'un Capucin avec la santé la plus robuste qui puisse résister à cette vie pendant le carême. Pour en donner une idée à Votre Eminence j'ai été de compte fait depuis le dimanche des rameaux jusqu'au mercredi d'après Pâques, cent heures à l'église avec l'Empereur.*" His Eminence replied, "Imaginez-vous précisément la même chose d'un cardinal à Rome. *Il est vrai que nous sommes payés pour cela.*"

The number of persons attached to the court by some titular dignity or pension under Charles VI., is said to have been not less than forty thousand; and of these, two thousand were salaried and active officials. How, it is natural to ask, was this host of attendants lodged? They were quartered on the householders of Vienna, who were expected, for a slight compensation, to reserve the second story of their dwellings for the reception of persons attached to the court. At first it seems astounding that this burthen could be quietly submitted to, but the patience of the Viennese under it is partly explained by the fact that it opened an avenue to a little interest at court. It was abolished by Joseph II., who commuted the furnishing of houseroom into a small yearly payment. The traditional idea that it was beneath the imperial dignity to have any care for the finances, gave the utmost licence to shameless prodigality and speculation in subordinates. The expenses of the court as well as the wars of the empire were carried on only by means of advances on the revenue, and loans for which the Emperor was glad to pay eight per cent. Greedy nobles, officials, and Jews became rich at the expense of the Imperial exchequer, and while the magnificence of the Austrian aristocracy was the amazement of travellers, the service on the Emperor's table was old and shabby. Half Vienna lived and avowedly lived out of the Imperial cellar and kitchen. Of course the accounts were of the usual imaginative kind:—the Empress required twelve cans of Hungarian wine for her sleeping

draught, and each of her ladies could not be supplied with less than six; two casks of Tokay were yearly required to soak the bread for the Empress's parrots, and the parsley for the court kitchen cost about 400*l.* a year. The system of boundless-alm-giving contributed not a little towards the financial confusion. Leopold had introduced the practice of giving regular audiences to beggars, in which he sometimes distributed packets containing 50, 100, or 200 ducats; and this mode of seeking the salvation of the Imperial soul at the expense of the commonwealth was continued to the end of Maria Theresa's reign. The court also bore the entire cost of the Opera, which was conducted on a very lavish scale; a first representation rarely costing less than £6000. A new era was then beginning for the Italian opera, into which Metastasio was breathing the tender, amorous spirit of his honeyed verse. The little Abbé, of *rococo* appearance, came to Vienna as court poet in 1720, invited by the Emperor's accomplished mistress, the "Spanish Althann," whom Metastasio at first worshipped as a "bright particular star," but was afterwards supposed to have privately married. Charles's passion for this mistress—who more than divided his time and attentions with his lovely wife, Elizabeth of Brunswick—so far from scandalizing the Jesuits, was encouraged by them, for reasons of their own; indeed, they found in it an edifying resemblance to the love of Jesus and the wounds of the Lamb.

The luxury of the aristocracy at this period—the taste and splendour of their furniture, and the profusion of their tables—astonished Lady Mary Wortley Montague. It was especially the fashion to have a multiplicity of wines, and at dinner-parties, a list of wines was placed under the cover of each guest. The witty Bussy, who had been sent on a temporary mission to Vienna, allowed himself the pleasure of a joke at the expense of this Viennese ostentation. He had an unusually long list of wines placed under the plates, and when one of the guests expressed his surprise that the ambassador could have laid in so various a stock of wines, Bussy requested him to read the superscription to the list. It was this: "Inventory of the wines which I have *not*." On the opposite side of the carte was a list of the few kinds which he could really offer his guests. Alchemy still continued to be a drain on the fortunes of the great. Vienna swarmed with alchemists, and those who could afford it, kept an alchemist in their establishment. How strong was the epidemic belief in occult powers, may be judged from the fact that the Duc de Richelieu, *fort-esprit* as he was, could be induced, with two of his Austrian companions, to appoint a midnight rendezvous with a charlatan who promised to give them what they most desired. That the expectation which led them out was a serious

one, seemed to have a terrible proof in the discovery, made the next morning, of the unfortunate charlatan weltering in his blood—a victim, as was supposed, of the young noblemen's vengeance on him for his imposture. The Sybaritism of the higher ranks was mingled with no little ferocity, heightened probably by the abundant sprinkling amongst them of Spanish and Italian blood, and by the perpetual wars in which the empire had been engaged. Duels, in spite of the severest edicts in which both principals and seconds were threatened with death and confiscation of property, were very rife in Vienna, where a spot called the “Ochsengriessen” was the Austrian “Chalk Farm.” Duels were then often fought on horseback, a custom of which we see a memorial in Wouvermann's pictures; and not unfrequently the seconds, nay, the passers-by, mixed themselves in the combat, so that it became a kind of skirmish. Domestic morals, as might be expected, were not of a higher order than social morals: the rule for the higher classes was a *mariage de convenance*, tempered by cloisbeism. The first care of a woman after her marriage was to provide herself with a cavalier, as a necessary part of her establishment; and so completely was this kind of double marriage recognised in Vienna, that it was thought a mortal offence to a lady to invite her to dinner without inviting her lover as well as her husband. This second relation, however, like the first, seldom had love for its basis; it was entered into with the utmost deliberation, and among the articles of the contract was a pension to be paid to the lady if her lover should prove inconstant, an event which the said article might have some potency in preventing; at any rate it was of rare occurrence, and some of these *liaisons* lasted twenty years. We might wonder that many men were found willing to incur such an alternative, but it seems that a relation of this kind was one of the things “expected of them” by society, and without it a man was held to cut a poor figure. Lady Mary Wortley Montague tells us that she knew several ladies in the highest society, whose hypothetic pensions were talked of as confidently as their actual incomes. It may be imagined that with these calculating ladies, who moreover had daily to construct and support a headdress about as large and heavy as a milk-pail, the coquetry and intrigue of French society were unknown: they sinned with solemnity.

Far above all other men at Charles's court, like an oak among brambles, was Prince Eugene, one of the seven generals whose genius Napoleon declared to be worth studying, a far-sighted and liberal-minded statesman, a student as well as a patron of art and science, and an ingenuous, unaffected, and warm-hearted man. The youngest of the five sons of Olympia Mazarini, one of Mazarin's celebrated nieces, he was brought up at the French

court, but was looked on with little favour by Louis Quatorze, who made the great mistake of refusing him a military commission, which he had asked for as a substitute for ecclesiastical dignities. On his refusal, Eugene left France, declaring that he would not set foot there again but with sword in hand as an enemy, a threat which nine years later he fulfilled. Louis thus made the fatal blunder of unconsciously presenting his enemy Austria with the greatest general she ever possessed. Eugene was beloved by his soldiers, for whom he often provided out of his own purse, when, as it frequently happened, the administration at home had no money for them. In spite of Austrian obstructiveness, he abolished in his army advancement by seniority. "Messieurs the civilians," he said, "may be as strict as they like in their regard to seniority in their council chambers; but in the end it will be seen, even there, that it leads to nothing but an increase of confusion. Seniority in service is the mother of jealousy, self-interest and cabals. *As subtle and slow poison gradually destroys the body, so seniority undermines states and armies.* Nothing must be left untried to rid us of this incumbrance." When Eugene laid down the sword, he devoted himself with all the energy of his intense nature to the labours of statesmanship: he attempted to introduce reforms in administration and finance, to stimulate commerce, and to rouse the Emperor to a real interest in the condition of the people. Charles, however, never heartily liked his great general, and only endured the predominance which his achievements and character made inevitable. But unmindful of coldness and jealousies, happy in his own activity, in his correspondence with men of science, his collections, and his buildings, as well as his political projects, he remained, to the good old age of seventy-three, according to Lady Mary Wortley Montague's comparison, "like Hercules at the court of Omphale." For a quarter of a century he had scarcely ever failed, when in Vienna, to spend his evening at the Duchess of Holstein's, where he met his beloved friend the Countess Batthiany, or at the Countess's own house. His well-known horses, with their rose-coloured harness, might be seen in the last years of his life, finding their way from his palace to the hôtel of the beautiful Countess, and standing still at the door, though for some time no one got down; for the aged servants were asleep outside the carriage, and their aged master asleep within.

With Charles VI. the male line of the House of Hapsburg terminated, and his daughter Maria Theresa, by her marriage, introduced what is called the House of Lorraine. Under Maria Theresa the thick ice of Austrian etiquette began to thaw. Her proud and high spirit was tempered with a certain bourgeois good nature; the troubles which surrounded her on

her accession compelled her to court popularity, and the predilections of her husband, added to the alliance with France which was ultimately brought about by Kaunitz, helped to introduce French fashions and the French language. Maria Theresa had been educated by her father with Spartan severity; coffee, that sweet *unmurderous* poison, was rigorously withheld; and, like the disciples of Pythagoras, she was commanded to abstain from beans, for which, however, she had an unconquerable weakness. Even after she was married, her waiting-woman could only smuggle the too tempting vegetable in a cap-box, in a prayer-book-case, or in the riding equipage of her husband. The rules for her intellectual education seem to have been chiefly of the negative kind, defining what she was *not* to know; her historical and geographical knowledge was such as could be gathered from a miserable Jesuitic compendium; and even in languages, a part of culture which is not dangerous to piety, she was so poorly taught that she spoke them all with the most comic Germanisms. But her mother-wit and strength of character secured for her a personal influence which no mere acquirements can obtain; perhaps, also, she owed some of her ascendancy to her beauty, which, as pictures and the less questionable testimony of eye-witnesses assure us, was imperial. It was a tall, luxuriant, Gothic beauty, with blue eyes, magnificent blond hair, and admirable hands and arms. Yet Podowils, in one of his despatches, says of her that she took no care of her beauty, and exposed herself fearlessly in all weathers, walking many hours together in the heat of the sun or in the most biting cold. She was the most intrepid of horse-women, and won the enthusiastic affection of her troops by showing herself among them continually, bestowing marked distinction on military merit, and giving liberal largesses. "*Elle cherche généralement,*" says the ambassador, "*à s'éloigner de son sexe et ambitionne des vertus qui lui sont moins propres et qui en font rarement l'appanage. Il semble qu'elle soit fâchée d'être née femme.*" In one of her weaknesses she was at once masculine and feminine—she had a man's jealousy of her power and a woman's jealousy of her husband; and by the one passion she created the evil which the other passion made her dread. She would allow her husband no share in the direction of affairs, she even checked him in the presence of her council, for giving his opinion on business of which he knew nothing. He was thus reduced to be, as his son Joseph said, "an idle man surrounded by idlers," and his natural inclination to gallantry led him into flirtations with the fair ladies of the court. Francis was a handsome, fascinating, easy-tempered man, affectionate, temperate, free from bigotry, and a hater of constraint and etiquette. His education had been so neglected that he could barely read and

write, but he had abundant sense, had travelled much in Germany, France, Italy, and England, and had a taste for art. His talent at calculation he turned to practical account; not only by conducting profitable speculations for himself, but by exposing many financial abuses in the state. Maria Theresa at once domineered over him and doated on him. Any of her ladies to whom he was observed to pay more than usual attention was removed; and she used all the devices of a woman and an empress to prevent him from having male associates who had a reputation for gallantry. The consequence was that *petits soupers* and excursions were arranged with the most cautious secrecy. After years of unavailing marital police, Maria Theresa resigned herself to her husband's habits, and on one occasion showed a complete triumph over her personal feeling. When, after the death of this beloved husband, the Empress presented herself for the first time in the midst of her court, she found the crowd of ladies and gentlemen gathered on one side, while on the other, in deep mourning, bathed in tears and deserted by all, stood the Princess Auersperg, Francis's mistress. The Empress, not without a smile of contempt at the mean crowd who, but a few days before, had courted the woman they now shunned, went up to the Princess, took her hand, and said aloud, "We have indeed had a great loss, dear friend!" For fifteen years after her husband's death the Empress remained in the deepest mourning. She never again occupied the apartments where she had lived with Francis, but removed to the next story, where all the rooms were hung with black. On the 18th of every month, and through the whole month of August in every year, she shut herself up from the world to mourn for her loss. She was equally affectionate as a mother, and many letters of hers remain to attest the anxiety she felt about the education of her sixteen children. It is a curious instance of the perverting tendency of state policy, that this tender mother used the utmost exertions to effect a marriage between one of her daughters and the coarse, brutal Ferdinand of Naples, of whose character she had the greatest horror. In a letter giving minute directions as to the discipline which she thinks will best prepare her daughter for this destiny, she says, "I regard the poor Josepha as a sacrifice to policy; provided that she does her duty towards God and her husband, and secures her salvation, even if she must be unhappy, I shall be contented." Josepha was rescued from marriage by death, and her place was taken by Caroline—the Caroline who is associated with the darkest page in Nelson's history. Of her still more unhappily celebrated daughter Marie Antoinette, there is a story which, if not true, is not ill-invented. When her marriage with the Dauphin was in contemplation, Maria Theresa went to visit a nun in a neighbouring convent,

who had the reputation of being able to look into the future. She expressed her anxiety for the good, pious child, who for the rest of her life was to be separated from her and live at a court so corrupt as that of Louis XV. The answer she received was: "She will have great reverses, and afterwards she will become pious again." It pierced the heart of the Empress to think that her daughter would cease to be pious, but the negotiations for the marriage were not broken off. Of another daughter, the Archduchess Elizabeth, who was never married, a charming *mot* is recorded. She had an abscess in her cheek, and when Sir Robert Keith, the English ambassador, paid her a visit of condolence, she laughed and said: "*Croyez-moi, pour une archiduchesse de quarante ans, qui n'est pas mariée, un trou à la joue est un amusement.*" The good-natured ease, liveliness, and beauty of Maria Theresa had a magical effect on her subjects at the commencement of her reign; and even later, when discontent at unfulfilled promises and unpopular measures created murmurs against her, her radiant presence was like a sudden sunbeam to them. For some time after her husband's death she had never appeared in the theatre. One evening, as she was working in her cabinet, the news came that her first grandson was born; she rushed in her dishabille into the Palace theatre, and leaning over the front of her box, exclaimed, "Poldel (Leopold) has a boy, and it is just come as a present on my wedding-day—that is gallant!" Pit and boxes were electrified. Her most fatal weakness was bigotry. It led her into the wretched mistakes of pensioning converts to Catholicism, and forcing the children of Protestant parents into conventual education and Catholic marriages. It instigated the oppressive "transplantation" of Lutherans into Saxony, and the petty persecution of those who were still suffered to remain in her dominions. She was equally tyrannical in morals, and visited aberrations with a severity almost as inquisitorial as that of the English Puritans. Thinking it possible to "put down" vice by external measures, she instituted a Commission of Chastity—a kind of extra police, to watch over one department of morals.—In spite of her active and temperate habits, she became so corpulent as she advanced in life, that all movement was difficult to her, and she was conveyed up and down stairs in a machine. When she heard mass, the floor of her bedroom was opened, and the service was performed in a chapel arranged in the room below. She repeatedly insisted on being let down by a chair and rope into her husband's grave. When, the last time, the rope broke, she said, "He wants to keep me: I shall soon come." A few days after she was taken ill. She had agreed with her physician that when her last moment was come, he should intimate it to her by asking if she wished

for lemonade. When the words were uttered, she struggled to rise, and said, "Open the window." "Whither does your Majesty wish to go?" said her son Joseph, gently holding her arm to support her. "To thee! I come!" were her last words.

Kaunitz, the soul and right hand of Maria Theresa's policy, was so highly valued by her that she tolerated the licence of his life, which he took no pains to conceal from her. He one day put a stop to an incipient lecture on this subject, by saying, "Madam, I came here to speak on your affairs, not mine." In his efforts towards an alliance with France he won her hearty co-operation; and this head of the Commission of Chastity, who never spoke of the Empress Catherine but as "*cette femme*," was induced by Kaunitz to write a letter to Madame de Pompadour, in which she addressed the all-powerful mistress of Louis XV. as "Madame, ma chère sœur et cousine,"—a "sacrifice to policy" which threw her husband Francis into convulsions of laughter. Kaunitz had more difficulty in winning over the Empress to his second great scheme, the expulsion of the Jesuits. To his arguments she had two replies: "The Jesuits are the bulwark of all authority," and—tears. At length the discovery that her confessions had been revealed by her Jesuit confessor, and other secrets of the Order which Kaunitz had become possessed of through an apostate, prevailed, and the edict for their expulsion was signed\* in 1772. These two wise measures of Kaunitz were more than counterbalanced by his co-operation in the partition of Poland, into which he was cajoled by the flattery of Frederick the Great. It is honourable to the judgment of Maria Theresa that she saw at once the impolicy and the moral turpitude of this measure. On signing the deed for the partition, she recorded her disapprobation in these words: "*Placet*, because so many great and learned men desired it; but *when I have been long dead, it will be seen what are the consequences of this injury to all that has hitherto been held sacred and just*." On a separate paper she wrote a further protest, in which she says, "In this matter, wherein not only public right is notoriously against us, but all justice and sound reason, I must confess that never in my life have I been so grieved or so ashamed to let myself be seen." Maria Theresa felt the value of Poland as a screen between her dominions and Russia, which she always dreaded as a neighbour; but Kaunitz, if he had ever shared her opinions, had had his perceptions deadened by the grateful incense of Frederick's flattery. Indeed, this acute diplomatist, who was all his life occupied in piercing the minds of other men, had a colossal vanity and self-valuation that made him appear quite *naïve*. "Heaven," he used to say, "requires a hundred years in order to produce a mind great enough to restore a monarchy. Then it rests a hundred



years; this makes me fear for the Austrian monarchy after my death." The Prince de Ligne heard him say to a Russian who was presented to him: "I advise you, Sir, to buy my portrait, for your countrymen will be glad to become acquainted with the person of a man who for fifteen years governed this monarchy as its greatest minister; who knows everything, understands everything, and *sits better on horseback than any man of his time.*" His tastes and habits were all formed on the French model, much to the advantage of Austrian manners, for in spite of envious blame, his influence inevitably determined the reigning fashion. In one point he set an excellent example: like Engene, he treated men of letters and artists with distinction, and placed them at his table among counts and princes. Gluck was an especial favourite with him; and the great composer often showed his broad, scarred, manly face in the minister's circle, where he must have looked very much like a rough shepherd's dog among the sleek pets of the drawing-room. It is true Kaunitz thought himself entitled to exact no slight deference from artists, as well as from the rest of the world. When the Archduke Leopold was about to be married at Innsbruck, Kaunitz went there beforehand to see that all was in order for the festivities. The opera, above all things, was the object of his attention; and when Gluck assured him that everything was in perfect preparation, "Good," said Kaunitz, "let the opera be at once performed." "How!" exclaimed Gluck, "without an audience?" "Monsieur Gluck," answered the minister, "*sachez que la qualité vaut bien la quantité; je suis moi seul une audience.*" Kaunitz had three horrors—scents, fresh air, and death. Ladies piquing themselves perhaps on their *recherché* perfumes, were chased from him with the terrible words, "*Allez-vous en, Madame, vous puez!*" His coach was hermetically closed, and his favourite exercise of horsemanship was taken under cover, except in the heat of summer. "The Prince is coming!" was the signal for closing the ever-open windows of Maria Theresa's apartments, and Caroline Pichler says that he wore nine black silk mantles, in order to accommodate the layers of drapery to the temperature of the room. Yet, in defiance of hygiene, he lived to be eighty-four. The mention of "death" and "small-pox" was strictly forbidden in his presence, and his readers and friends had to tax their talent for periphrasis in order to avoid the offensive words. The death of his old friend Baron Binder was thus announced to him: "Baron Binder is no longer to be met with." Like Lobkowitz and Metternich, Kaunitz had always the *mot saillant* at command, and from the shelter of his position he darted his sarcasms with little consideration for others. Now and then, as will happen, he got a Roland for his Oliver. "So," he once

said to Casanova, "Rubens was a diplomatist who amused himself with painting?" "No, your highness," said the caustic Italian, "he was a painter who amused himself with diplomacy."

One of the most graphic accounts of Maria Theresa's court is that of our countryman, Wraxall. When the education of the Empress was so deficient, it is not surprising to learn from him that the culture of women generally in Vienna was extremely narrow. They received their education in convents, and their literature consisted chiefly of such sacred legends as those of St. Theresa and St. Catherine; a woman who had read Cervantes, Crebillon, and Le Sage was a prodigy. The morning was spent either in dishabille and idleness or in the labours of the toilette. To be sure, the morning was a short one, dinner being then, as now, the only thing towards which Germans seem to hurry. Half-past one was the dinner hour, and it was *bon ton* to make calls about half-past two, when people were supposed to be rising from dinner. In a few of the principal houses, such as those of Kaunitz and Colloredo, the evening receptions were perfectly unconstrained; the guests amused themselves with play or conversation, at their pleasure. Cards were universal. Wraxall, less critical than Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who in the preceding reign thought the Austrian women endowed by Heaven with an exceptional share of ugliness, praises the persons of the Viennese ladies and the taste with which they wore their jewels. It is true, he says, that the most beautiful women in Vienna are not at all Austrian, but Italians, Bohemians, Hungarians, and Poles. Rouge was adopted by young and old, notwithstanding the better example of the archduchesses, to whom the Empress strictly forbade it. After the death of Francis, rouge was prohibited, on pain of the Empress's displeasure, and it is a proof of the unlimited authority which Maria Theresa exercised, that this prohibition was effectual. Gradually, however, when the deepest mourning was over, rouge was again adopted. On the other sex, Wraxall passes a severe judgment. According to him, the Austrian exquisite was an insufferable mixture of awkwardness, ignorance, and pride, with an elephantine imitation of French manners. The standard of education at the universities and seminaries was very low; and in fact the sweeping character of the censorship, due mainly to Maria Theresa's bigotry, is sufficiently significant of the prevalent intellectual condition. The greater part of the books which formed the library of cultivated people in England and France, nay, even in Florence and Rome, were forbidden, and their introduction was attended with difficulty and danger.

In the early part of Maria Theresa's reign, the court balls and

other festivities were conducted with oriental magnificence, and gave rise to some grumbling on the part of her English allies, who had not furnished subsidies for such a purpose. Dutens tells of a masked ball at which there were, 6000 persons, and supper prepared for 10,000. The rooms were illuminated with 18,000 wax lights, and everything had been so thoroughly provided for, that physicians, surgeons, and even midwives, were in attendance in case of accident. The appointments of the palace—furniture, plate, and stables, were on a scale of reckless luxury, and, strange to say, all this was in the most terrible period of the Seven Years' War. Alms and pensions were another tremendous item in state expenditure, and every change in the ministry cost the exchequer the price of splendid estates and palaces to the in-comers, and consolatory presents to the out-goers. The change in the ministry by which Kaunitz came to the head of affairs, cost the state a million guilders (£100,000).

When Joseph II. was eight-and-twenty, Frederick the Great passed this significant judgment on him: "He has grown up at a bigoted court, and has rejected superstition; he has been brought up in splendour, and has adopted simple habits; he has been nourished on incense, and is nevertheless modest." An emperor filled with enthusiasm for the general well-being, a venerator of Rousseau, an asserter of right in opposition to privilege, was indeed a new apparition on the throne of the Hapsburgs. "Since I have ascended the throne," wrote Joseph, "and have borne the first diadem in the world, I have made philosophy the lawgiver of my kingdom." Unhappily, Joseph and his lawgiver wrought in too crude a material for their creations to be lasting, and his nine years' efforts shared the fate of all sweeping reforms which emanate from a single mind, and are not the outgrowth of national development. An edict of tolerance was followed by the boldest measures tending to the emancipation of the Church from Rome, and the abolition of superstitious practices. In the suppression of monasteries and shrines, many precious manuscripts and works of art were lost, but in this matter Joseph was relentless; he was an adorer of the useful, and had little sensibility to art. The administration of justice, bureaucracy, taxation—every department was included in his schemes of purification and reform. His grand mistake was the attempt to force his wide and heterogeneous dominions into a system of centralization, a mistake which was soon revealed to him by the revolt of the Netherlands and of Hungary. In the curtailment of aristocratic privileges, and the cheapening of rank, his influence was more permanent. He not only ennobled mercantile men to an unprecedented extent, and created, to the amazement of Vienna, the first Jewish baron, but also enriched

his exchequer by an indiscriminate sale of titles. The once imposing "von," became as common as the English "esquire." Joseph sternly refused to recognise rank as a claim to preferment. To the widow of a general of high birth, who had asked him to give a company of infantry to her son, he wrote: "I by no means see the obligation a monarch is under to confer a place on a subject because he is an aristocrat by birth. . . . I know your son, and I know what belongs to a soldier. . . . Hence, I pity you, madam, that your son is fit neither for an officer, nor for a statesman, nor for a priest,—in a word, *that he is nothing but an aristocrat*, and is that to the backbone." The Prater, which had before been reserved for the nobility, was opened to the people, and nine years later, the Augarten also, with this inscription over its gate: "A place of recreation, dedicated to all men by one who esteems them." To the lavishness of Maria Theresa's reign was substituted the utmost economy in every department. Joseph's personal habits were simple and laborious: he rose at five, and devoted his whole morning to work the length of the morning varying according to the amount of business, so that his dinner, prepared for two o'clock, was often, to the anguish of cooks, kept waiting till four. His chief amusements were music, —for which he had considerable talent, writing a sonata, which Mozart told him, was "good, though he who composed it was better"—the theatre, travelling *incognito*, and conversation. He patronized the German, and not the French theatre; for he was bent on giving the predominance to the German language, which had been so long thrust out of the court, first by Italian, and recently by French. During the later years of his life, he spent five evenings of every week in a select circle of the most intelligent women in Vienna, and on his death-bed, he wrote a charming note of thanks to this little society, addressed, "Aux cinq dames réunies de la société, qui m'y toléraient." Joseph had a feverish impetuosity, a haste to set everything right, which was often self-defeating, and made Frederick the Great say of him, that "he always took the second step before the first." But, as if to justify this haste, death soon came to put an end to his noble efforts. In the beautiful words of the Prince de Ligne—

"Il entreprit beaucoup et commençant toujours,  
Ne put rien achever excepté ses beaux jours."

Joseph was deeply attached to his first wife, Isabella of Parma, in whose history there is a melancholy interest. Accomplished and agreeable, she had yet a deep stamp of sadness, which was either constitutional or, as some believed, the result of a hopeless attachment formed before marriage. She made Joseph happy by responding outwardly to his affection; but even after the birth

of a child, she remained, when in private, unvaryingly sad, and frequently expressed to her female friends the belief that her death was near. This presentiment was fulfilled only two years after her marriage, and Joseph remained inconsolable for her loss. At length his sister Christina, with the idea of alleviating his sorrow, told him that Isabella had only apparently and not really returned his affection. This lightning-stroke at once scorched and seared Joseph's heart. For a long time he was embittered against women generally, and was with difficulty persuaded to a second marriage. The choice at length made was an unfortunate one; Joseph had no more domestic happiness, and died without children.

The two years of his feeble and dissolute brother Leopold's reign, from 1790 to 1792, were made memorable by the declaration of war against France, and were followed by the long reign of Francis II., who, in that notable shuffling of the cards known as the Congress of Vienna, dropped the venerable but long unmeaning title, "Emperor of Germany," and became "Emperor of Austria." Francis's affectation of the Viennese dialect, his professed interest in the private affairs of his citizens, his ostentatious observance of trivial laws, and his will, in which he bequeathed his love to his people, and promised to "pray for them at the throne of God," prevailed on some of his credulous subjects to believe that the virtual gaoler of Spielberg, the man who imprisoned Pellicò and Gonfalonieri, and who betrayed Hofer, was a kind soul—a people's emperor. Civil crimes, such as murder, theft, and swindling, he often pardoned, but towards political crimes he was implacable; and he said of himself, "I am a bad Christian at pardoning—that is hard work for me; Metternich is much milder." Fonder of making sealing-wax and carving miniature boxes than of attending to affairs, he was yet too cold, suspicious, and obstinate to rely on others; and even Metternich was obliged sometimes to bend to his blind will, for "over stupidity the gods themselves are powerless." The good nature which he only affected, his son, Ferdinand I., really possessed; but he had also more than the paternal inheritance of genuine intellectual nullity. This harmless "King Log," whom the storm of 1848 swept into a safe nook out of the current of affairs, had a naive conviction of his own efficiency in the state. "I should like," he said, "for once to go to a suburban theatre, but it is impossible—I may be wanted:" and on hearing, in his retirement at Prague, that the good old *status quo* was fast returning, he exclaimed, "Ah, we made our people happy; but it was a dog's life we led!" On the high priest of these wooden Dragons, Metternich, we have not space to dwell. Those who watched the earlier part of his career, saw no prognostics

that he was to become, like Kaunitz, "the coachman of Europe," and keep the reins for nearly forty years. Stein pronounced him "vain, cunning, shallow, and frivolous," and despised the assiduity with which Metternich arranged *tableaux vivans*, and ranged the ladies who were to take part in them, at the very moment when momentous conferences were going forward. But while Metternich was playing the lady's man, he was acquiring his diplomatic accomplishments, in which he was avowedly both a pupil and a utilizer of women. When ambassador at Paris, in 1808, his first achievement was to win the favour of Caroline Murat, Napoleon's favourite sister. The Emperor at first said scornfully to her, "Amusez ce mâle là; nous en avons besoin à présent." But it was soon found that Metternich made important political use of the lady's smiles. Every one knows how the great coachman had to lay down the reins, leave the box, and escape for his life; but as every one may not know a few particulars of this flight, which Count Mailath tells us, we will close with them our fragmentary sketches of Austrian rulers and Austrian manners. After escaping from Vienna in a fiacre, and remaining in concealment at a friend's house for three days, Metternich and his wife were at length safely deposited in a private carriage, supposed to be empty, on the railway at Olmütz. After remaining for seventeen hours shut up in this carriage, the Prince exclaimed, "Whether I die of thirst, or any other way, is all one; I must have something to drink." At a station he called for a glass of water, and thus the rest of the passengers became aware that the carriage was not empty. Immediately it was whispered about, "They are suspicious persons." At this critical moment, the friend who had charge of Metternich's carriage, let the conductor into the secret, and the signal for starting was given; several passengers who had got down were left behind, but the Prince was saved. Once more he was in danger. At an inn it was noticed that the pretended English always spoke French, and the fineness of their linen was remarked. The suggestion, "It may be Prince Metternich," was met with the energetic answer, "If I knew that, I would kill him with my own hand." This admonition that it would be well to push on was not neglected, and thenceforward their journey was pursued without any further threatening adventures to Holland, and finally to England.

## ART. II.—DRYDEN AND HIS TIMES.

1. *The Poetical Works of John Dryden.* Edited by Robert Bell. 3 vols. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1854.
2. *Selections from the Poetry of Dryden, including his Plays and Translations.* London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1852.

WHEN Pope, comparing the enduring honours of a few Greek and Roman writers with the precarious tenure of modern literary fame, predicted that—

“Such as Chaucer is will Dryden be,”

he uttered a prophecy which has been nearly fulfilled. In virtue of his “Alexander’s Feast,” his “Character of a Good Parson,” his “Mac-Flecknoe,” a few sketches in his “Absalom and Achitophel,” and a few pregnant couplets which have passed into proverbs, Dryden may be said to have a name to live. But by far the larger portion of his works, both poetical and critical—writings which at the time and long afterwards were studied equally by scholars and men of the world, and regarded as among the fairest monuments of our literature—is now forgotten. How many educated men in our day have read the “Hind and the Panther”? What manager of a theatre would be reckless enough to revive “Don Sebastian,” or “All for Love”? Our “Poetical Selections” no longer include the “Annus Mirabilis,” or the “Stanzas to the Lord Protector:” and the critical prefaces of Dryden are as seldom cited as the writings of Alexander Ross. The tide of fashion has nearly ebbed away from the literature of the Restoration. Dryden and Cowley, and Dorset and Buckhurst, are scarcely better known than the Dionysiaca of Nonnus, or the Post-homerica of Quintus Calaber. They have paid the penalty of embodying the tastes of a few brief generations, instead of reflecting the permanent forms of beauty and truth, and are obscured by the age which at one time they partially eclipsed. Time has confirmed the titles of our elder quaternion of bards—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton—to their thrones, and has inscribed younger names in the golden book of our literature. But it has dimmed even the fine gold of Dryden, because of its accompanying alloy, and has expunged from its register many feebler inscriptions, which were at one period believed to be indelibly graven therein.

Yet, whatever may be the inferiority of the literature of the Restoration, as compared with that of the Elizabethan age, it has sterling merits of its own which should rescue it from “mere oblivion.” It has at once an historical and a literary value. It represents our forefathers, as faithfully as the portraits of Lely

and Kneller. It embodies new forms and qualities of our language. It is full of instruction as the costume of the current imagination and philosophy of half-a-century. It is a link in the continuity of ages necessary to the completeness of the chain which unites Chaucer with Wordsworth and Tennyson. If wanting in the higher qualities of earnest thought and passion, if infinitely less profound in its essence, and infinitely less harmonious in its forms than our elder literature, it is yet pregnant with good sense and keen observation, and clad in an idiomatic purity of diction which we ourselves shall do well to emulate. Compared with its predecessor, indeed, it is a St. Martin's summer. Its brightness is not that of a July noon; its mornings and evenings do not succeed or usher in a warm and star-lit twilight. Its foliage is imbrowned by the approach of winter; the fresh and lusty vigour of the spring has passed away.

Yet conceding so much, and admitting also that the present century has widened the domain, and in some degree renewed the summer noon of poetry—that Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson, have explored regions of imagination unknown to Dryden and Pope—there yet remains for the age which opens with the Restoration the intrinsic and imperishable praise of having clothed masculine good sense in strong idiomatic and often harmonious diction. They excelled as much in the rhetoric of verse as their predecessors had excelled in dramatic poetry, or their successors in lyrical and descriptive. Literature, like the history of man, is made up of continuous generations; each possessing, where it is really alive, its separate characteristics, each performing its appointed work. We should reluctantly behold any one of these links dropping from the chain. We would no more forego the literature of Queen Anne's reign, than we would have stricken from the register of our kings the comparatively feeble periods of the third of our Henries, or the first and second of our Georges. If we can no longer walk in their ways, or sympathize cordially in their feelings, we would at least occasionally revert to them as exponents of a past which had its significance, and bore fruit in its season. We may learn much from the verse of Dryden, and from the prose of Bolingbroke; we may employ their works profitably as an antidote to the exotic vulgarisms that infect our diction, and the sickly sentimentalities which of late years we have been importing from our continental neighbours. It were a wholesome regimen for more than one popular historian of our time, and for at least a score of our poets and prosemen, to be prescribed a course of study of the English writers who flourished between the Restoration and the accession of George I. Perhaps a Pythagorean silence of seven years might effect a more radical cure: never-



theless, we should gratefully accept the less powerful remedy, and merely insist on a sufficient trial of the prescription.

Deeming that there is so much wholesome stuff in works now almost universally neglected, we hail with sincere pleasure any attempt to bring them again to notice. We await with no common expectation Mr. Croker's long promised edition of Pope; and we are glad to receive Dryden in a form which, for its convenience and its moderate price, may put him into the hands of many whom a more complete array of his works would necessarily deter from purchasing them. We incline to think that merely cheap literature has done its worst. The public begins to weary even of classical writers inaccurately printed and ignorantly edited. It has found out that although it is desirable to have Gibbon and Cowper cheap, yet that bad texts and worse typography are dear at any price. The Annotated Edition of the British Poets lies under none of these objections. The editor is a well-read scholar, who performs his work conscientiously, and with a due sense of its importance. He has bestowed great pains in the revision of the text, and in his critical or historical elucidations; and his biographical prefaces are not mere crude compilations from previously existing sources, but often contain new and original materials, and always afford evidence in themselves that where Mr. R. Bell has employed the labours of his predecessors, he has also winnowed and sifted them diligently. Nor is it an ordinary merit in this series, that it is by no means restricted to the best known and most popular of our elder writers; on the contrary, room has been found for writers like Oldham, who have hitherto occupied a very subordinate place, or been entirely omitted from such collections. The publication, however, of the best works of John Dryden is in itself a sufficient cause for thinking highly both of the editor's good sense, and of the proprietors' enterprising spirit. We avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by this well-executed edition of his best poetical works, to cast a brief glance at the literature of which he was, if not exactly the creator, yet certainly the foremost writer, and to attempt, so far as our limits will permit, to gauge and define the qualities of an era of poetry, which a few years ago was unduly depreciated by critics generally, and by none more than by those who had gained for themselves a high reputation as poets or judges of poetry. We are of opinion that they laid their venue wrong; and that when Mr. Wordsworth affirmed that Dryden's descriptions of external nature were merely book descriptions, he mistook altogether the age and the writer.

In reviewing the literary character of an age, it is seldom we can meet with a more complete representative of its merits and

defects, than Dryden was of the literature of the Restoration. He was formed by the times in which he wrote; but formed on so ample a scale, that he collected in himself its various attributes, reflected them in their fairest colours and proportions, and, in some measure also, stood superior to them. It is wrong to regard Dryden as the immediate successor of the great writers who adorned the reigns of Elizabeth and the first two Stuart kings. It would be as correct to say, that the Maiden Queen succeeded immediately to the Plantagenets; or that the age of Spenser and Shakspeare directly joined that of Gower and Chaucer. Next to the great age of English poetry, indeed, Dryden appears as the greatest name—but it is *proximus intervallo*. The great age had declined: there was a marked and a long interregnum, and during that intercalary period had grown up much that was vicious in taste, rude in form, and affected in scope and manner. Dryden did not succeed to Jonson, Shirley, and Fletcher, so much as to Donne, Withers, and Cowley. He was not the Augustulus of a decaying empire, so much as the founder of a new dynasty. Compared with the old empire, he would rank as a secondary prince: contrasted with the new one, he stands a legitimate and powerful monarch.

Dryden, if he is to be estimated fully and fairly, must be considered under the different aspects of a poet, a critic, and a scholar. As a poet, his career may be divided into three epochs: 1. When he was a writer of occasional verses, such as his panegyric upon the Lord Protector, and his *Annus Mirabilis*. 2. His contributions to the English drama. 3. When he gathered up all his powers, and was at once the most admirable of narrators in verse, and the most powerful and pungent of modern satirists. And these phases of his literary career correspond remarkably with the phases of his private life. In the first of them he was striving for subsistence and reputation; he flattered the great, and solicited patrons. In the second, although the struggle for fame and bread in some measure continued, yet the poet was in an altogether firmer and more promising position. He had allied himself with the theatre, which, recovering from the dead palsy of Puritanism, had once more become the most popular and remunerating province of literature. In the third of these epochs, he had won for himself the observation of all ranks of society. He was valuable to the Court, since his powers of ratiocination in verse enabled him to do it singular service as a pamphleteer; he was caressed by the noble and the wealthy, for his panegyrics were recorded as patents for posterity, and his satire was feared like a brand in the pillory; and he was acknowledged by the whole order of wits—versemen and prosemen—as their Coryphæus, since he was without a rival in

all the forms of literature at that time acceptable to the public. Reverence and alarm combined to invest him for many years with all the attributes of a literary despot. Before his lash the booksellers humbled themselves, and Grub-street licked the dust; nor was it until glorious John had committed an irreparable mistake in his religion and politics, and identified himself with the falling house of Stuart, that he was fairly deposed, and rendered vulnerable by the shafts of Shadwell, Settle, Milbourne, and Embden; and even then, deprived of his laureate-wreath, unpopular at Court, and obnoxious to the Protestant party, the veteran retained sufficient vigour to rise again a new Antæus from the earth, and to bind around his brows the least perishable leaves of his poetic crown.

The family of the Drydens, so far as it can be traced, came originally from Cumberland, where in the sixteenth century they were in possession of the estate of Staffhill. The orthography of their name varies considerably. Anthony Wood, who was intimate with some members of the family, and Aubrey in his "Lives," both spell it Dreyden. It was occasionally written Dreyden, but the usual form was Driden, until the most illustrious owner of the name set the example of writing it Dryden. The Dridens of Cumberland disappear in the first half of the sixteenth century. Thenceforward the principal branch of the family established itself at Canons-Ashby, in Northamptonshire, where Sir Erasmus Driden filled the office of High Sheriff of the county under Queen Elizabeth, and was created a baronet by her successor in 1619. The third son of Sir Erasmus was the poet's father, Erasmus Driden, Esq., the owner of a small estate in the village of Blakesley, about three miles from the paternal seat at Canons-Ashby. This gentleman married Mary, the daughter of the Rev. Henry Pickering, a Puritan minister, and youngest son of Sir Gilbert Pickering. This was the second intermarriage between these families, and their connexion appeared at an early period of the poet's career to afford him the best chance of attaining a good social position. For Sir Gilbert Pickering enjoyed the favour of Cromwell, was a member of the Protector's House of Lords; and, independently of his private income, held several lucrative employments. But the fortunes of Sir Gilbert's grandson were otherwise ordained.

John Dryden was the eldest of fourteen children—an amount of population which must have been a serious incumbrance upon the *paterna rura* at Blakesley. That they proved so, appears from the fact that although the Drydens *a parte ante* were landed proprietors on a greater or smaller scale, the Drydens *a parte post*, that is, the fruits of the marriage of Erasmus and Mary, were some of them either grocers or tobacconists, or espoused

respectable dealers in refined sugar and choice havannas. That they entered into business was greatly to their credit, more especially as there is reason to think that they followed it with diligence. But assuredly in those days when coats of arms were assigned to gentlemen alone, it was a descent in the social scale to offer their wares under the signs of the Coffee-shrub and the Wild Indian.

Dryden was born on the 9th of August, 1631, in the parsonage-house of Oldwincle All-Saints, in the county of Northampton. The house is still standing, and contains a small room still traditionally known as Dryden's room. As Henry Pickering became in due time rector of Oldwincle, he may possibly have been its curate, at the time of his daughter's accouchement; but we are not told whether it were chance or purpose which transferred from Blakesley hall to Oldwincle rectory the honour of hearing the poet's first cry. He received the rudiments of his education either at Tichmarsh, where an inscription in the school-house claims him for its "alumnus," or at the neighbouring school of Oundle. With both places, and with his Northamptonshire kindred generally—in spite of some "flyting anent Whig and Tory," as Lady Margaret Bellenden phrases it—Dryden kept up relations through life. From one of his letters, indeed, we learn that he booked his place in the Oundle coach a week in advance; that it took two days to travel from London thither; and that his friends Southerne and Congreve were to meet him on the road. This journey was in 1695, and consequently Dryden was in the habit of visiting his Northamptonshire kindred almost to the time of his decease.

But neither Tichmarsh nor Oundle afforded instruction enough for a lad of promising abilities; and that Dryden must have early acquired a respectable acquaintance with both Greek and Latin, is implied in the circumstance that he translated much and well from them, and that his mature years were too much occupied to allow him leisure for consulting Lilly's grammar or Scapula's lexicon. He was admitted a king's scholar at Westminster school under Dr. Busby, whose rigorous discipline made either scholars or blockheads. Busby did not make Dryden a blockhead, but though he doubtless scourged him soundly—for he was an impartial flagellant—inspired his pupil with a warm and lasting regard.

Busby either elicited or discovered the poetic vein of his pupil. One of his exercises at Westminster—a translation of the third Satire of Persius—was meritorious enough to be put on record: and at this school he composed his Elegy on the Death of Lord Hastings, and some commendatory verses on the Divine Epigrams of his friend John Hoddesdon, both

of which are included in his works. Their quaint and affected manner shows that the Westminster scholar had taken Donne and Cowley for his models of English verse.

Of Dryden's college career, nothing is known beyond what may be learned from the University register. He went up as a Westminster scholar to Trinity College, Cambridge, in May, 1650: took the degree of B.A. in January, 1653-4; and was created M.A. in 1657. Shadwell accuses Dryden of indulging "a scurrilous vein," and of having been obliged to fly from college for "traducing a nobleman;" but as Dryden remained three years in Cambridge after taking his Bachelor's degree, this story must be regarded as a proof of Shadwell's rather than of Dryden's scurrility. That the latter was not indeed always observant of college rules, appears from his being put out of Commons for a fortnight, "for disobedience to the vice-master, and for contumacy in taking his punishment." But as the saints in 1652 inherited the earth, or at least predominated in the Universities, we need not impute to the poet any very extraordinary backsliding. The Puritan fare can hardly have been very palatable to a high-spirited undergraduate. Whether for this cause, or for any subsequent distaste, Cambridge and Dryden seem to have fulfilled towards each other Dogberry's wish, that a merry meeting might be prohibited. He did not become a fellow of his college, and he avowed many years afterwards his preference for the rival "alma-mater"—

"Oxford to him a dearer name shall be  
Than his own mother-University.  
Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage,  
He chooses Athens in his riper age."

In 1654, Dryden, on the decease of his father, came into possession of his share of the Blakesley estate. Its whole annual value was sixty pounds; and by his right of primogeniture, two-thirds of this narrow rental devolved upon him immediately, with the remainder in reversion at his mother's death. "How much money have you, Master Mathew? Marry, some forty pounds a-year for all charges, and the usual drawbacks on landed property to meet meanwhile." Forty pounds, though nearly equivalent to thrice the sum in our days, was but a poor pittance for a gentleman born; and Dryden seems to have discerned that his head must help his body and its members, and that learning was an excellent thing when house and land were so unproductive. Accordingly, he returned to Cambridge for three years, and apparently lived wisdom with each of them. He who had "read Polybius in English for pleasure" as a boy, was likely to cultivate diligently both Greek and Roman lore *inter academilias*. And perhaps Dryden had fewer disturbing causes than

most men in prosecuting his studies. He was neither very social in his tastes, nor fluent in conversation. The grave society of the Cambridge Puritans, who looked upon the *literæ humaniores* as so much carnal knowledge, must have been distasteful to him: and as he neither then nor afterwards was addicted to bowls or cards or the bottle, it seems reasonable to conclude that his time, like that of his illustrious contemporary, Milton, was spent more with the dead than the living.

In 1657, the year in which Dryden quitted Cambridge, he completed his 26th birthday; and as he had shown himself not averse from marriage, he perhaps began to think it high time to improve his income. His prospects of advancement were fair; but, as it proved, delusive. His cousin, Sir Gilbert Pickering, stood high in Cromwell's favour. He had sat on the judgment-seat with Bradshaw, when a king was in the dock; he had been one of the Parliamentary councillors of state, a member of Cromwell's house of peers, a member also of his privy council. He was now lord chamberlain at the Protector's court. In Sir John Dryden, again, elder brother of the poet's father, a second patron was probably ready to take him by the hand. Both Pickering and Sir John were indeed noted as Pharisees of the Pharisees, yet neither of them was perhaps indisposed to promote the interests of his youthful relative. Dryden indeed seems to have acted as private secretary to Pickering, and thus barbed one of Shadwell's arrows with the taunt—

“The next step of advancement you began  
Was being clerk to Noll's Lord Chamberlain—”

But Dryden was destined to be the architect of his own fortunes. The great Protector died: Richard Cromwell was a broken reed: the Pickering interest was at ebb-tide, and in 1660 Charles II. was restored to the throne of his ancestors.

The first memorable verses composed by Dryden were his “Panegyric on the late Lord Protector.” He was nearly thirty years of age when he published them, and although not exempt from conceits, they exhibit a diminished admiration for Cowley, and a decided improvement in the art of versification. Davenant had now become his model, and although Davenant's Gondibert “in heroic stanzas” has long since ceased to be read, it was a pattern not merely better suited to Dryden's genius, but also much more consonant with good sense and good versification than Cowley's Pindarics, or Donne's incorrigible Elegies. The stanzas to Cromwell's memory were published at a most unfortunate period. Their grave and sincere tone would doubtless be acceptable to the independent party. But there was little leisure to read or mark them. The major-generals were at

variance with each other, the civilians were weary of a military government: the Royalists were plotting as busily as ever: the head of the State was weak: the heart of the nation was faint: the intentions of Monk and his soldiers were dubious; the people were weary of change, and Charles was within a few hours' sail from Dover. The revolution had ebbed away, and royalty came back on a spring-tide of zeal and enthusiasm. Dryden had made a bad beginning for one who desired his verses to be made bread for himself: but although his compliments to the dead were ungracious to the living, it is greatly to his honour that he never recanted his eulogy of Cromwell, even when his enemies threw it in the teeth of the author of "Absalom and Achitophel."

Dryden's change of opinion, or at least of its vehicle, language, was probably unattended with much regret or self-sacrifice. He was connected with the Puritans more by natural ties and early associations than by any deep feeling or deliberate convictions of his own. He had been born too late to remember vividly the abuses of the first Charles's reign; but he was old enough to remember the iron restraints and the ceremonial prudery of the Puritan regimen. He had witnessed Cromwell's abortive efforts to restore England to any secure or stable form of government: and when the mighty master's hand had dropped the reins, he had beheld disorder and discord yoked to the state-chariot. Even the Puritan party desired the king's return. He was at least one man in place of five or six military despots, and having so long eaten the bitter bread of banishment, he might be presumed to have profited by the discipline of adversity. The hopes entertained were not unreasonable: apart indeed in his cottage at Chalfont sat one man who discerned the inherent taint of the Stuart blood, and despaired of its being healed by any waters. But the wisdom of Milton was shared by few, and the desire of the nation was toward their king. It is no disgrace to Dryden that he participated in feelings all but universal, and little discredit to him that he, a needy man, hastened to obliterate the memory of his heroic stanzas by the production of his "Astræa Redux." The publication of this "copy of verses," however, cost him for ever the support of the Pickering's. It had never been worth much to him, for he was now thirty years of age, unplaced and unsalaried. And now began what proved to be the proper business of his life. He sought a patron in a publisher: and began to coin his brain for ducats. He removed from the Lord Chamberlain's rooms of state to an obscure lodging in the house of Herringman, a bookseller in the New Exchange, and commenced author by profession, although he seems never to have stood on the lowest step of the ladder, or, as his enemies so often reproached him, to have become a mere bookseller's

hack. On the contrary, even while under Herringman's roof, we have intimations of his forming and retaining more than one titled acquaintance, as well as of his intimacy with Sir Robert Howard, son of the first Earl of Berkshire, a gentleman who dallied with the Muses, and was just then bringing out a collection of poems. Dryden prefixed some complimentary lines to the volume. He had probably rendered Sir Robert similar service to that which Pope afforded to Wycherley—he mended and clear-starched Sir Robert's lines. Dryden's intimacy with Sir Robert began with literary copartnership, and was cemented, although not without some intervening coolness, by marriage with his sister, the Lady Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. The lampooners of the age allege that this lady's character was not immaculate. But for these charges there is no evidence. An alliance with a man who depended upon his writings for his bread: who had not yet particularly distinguished himself: who had "bitter Puritans" for his kinsfolk, and, what was perhaps worse in the eyes of his wife's family, relations in trade—may not have been very acceptable to the Earl of Berkshire. But if the pedigree of the Howards sustained some blemish by it, Dryden was the greatest sufferer in the end by the match. The intellect of Lady Elizabeth was weak; her temper was violent, and she appears neither to have been proud of her husband's literary distinctions, nor, although nearly portionless herself, to have submitted with a good grace to the privations of a narrow and precarious income. As Dante complained of his "*fiera moglia*," so Dryden rarely misses an opportunity for a sarcasm against matrimony. Mr. Bell's researches have solved a question which eluded the industry of Malone. From the evidence of the register, it appears that Dryden was married on the first of December, 1663, at the parish church of St. Swithin's, in London.

With his connexion with Sir Robert Howard began Dryden's career as a dramatic poet. But as we have distinguished this as the second phase of his literary life, we shall, before entering upon it, sum up what he wrote and published, while he still may be considered as the connecting link between the writers who preceded and the writers who followed the Restoration. The poems of this first period were all occasional—prompted by the events of the day, and were either elegies or panegyrics—once indeed he opened his natural vein of satire at the expense of the Dutch, but with far inferior effect to Marvel, or even to some who were both Marvel's inferiors and his own. Dryden began to write late, and was long in discovering the natural bent and limit of his powers. Of his verses, whether in the ten syllable heroic measure, or in the quatrain stanza, few are remembered now, and



few indeed deserve to be memorable. To modern ears his panegyric seems servile, his elegy too quaint and curious for truth. Yet it would be unfair to try Dryden or his contemporaries by our own measures of fitness or standard of opinion. We have ceased to flatter kings; we no longer mourn in verse for the decease of lords or ladies: we grant no privilege of apotheosis; we do not discern in the misfortunes or the felicity of the great either a malign or a favourable aspect of the stars. Our homage has been turned to the people, and in some measure to ourselves. We glory in the nineteenth century, and we glorify ourselves for being born in it. But when Dryden wrote, divinity was still conceived to hedge a king—and the conception was strengthened in the minds of all, except a few surly independents, by the horror awakened by the king's execution, by the special-pleading of the pulpit and Eikôn Basilike, by the restoration of peace at home, by weariness of the Puritanic yoke, and by the almost unanimous voice of the press and the theatre. Marvel and Milton stood alone. But the herd of court-poets and court-preachers had other objects in view than poverty and freedom; and if Dryden took his station among the adulators of power, he was at least not singular in his choice, and extravagant as his eulogies appear to us, they were much less fulsome than those of his literary contemporaries in general. We may turn with aversion from his praises of the "best of kings" and Lady Castlemaine; but we should not forget that he had discerned and celebrated the royal nature of Cromwell in verses which posterity will never wholly let die. It is curious to remark the close resemblance between Cowley's and Dryden's characters of the Great Protector; for though Cowley purposed to defame, he was enforced to extol, and though he puts his praise in the devil's mouth, yet his rejoinder is no answer to the discerning fiend. The panegyric of the *Astræa Redux*, though written after Dryden had strengthened his "prentice hand," is as inferior to the lines on the Death of the Protector as Charles himself was inferior to Cromwell.

We shall not expend many words upon Dryden's plays. A few of them attained an immediate popularity, a few were coldly approved, and others promptly condemned. Posterity, however, has included them all under one verdict, and they are never represented and seldom read. A few passages of vigorous versification are indeed retained in specimens of the English poets; but these owe their preservation less to their dramatic merits than to the power of reasoning in verse in which lay Dryden's strength. "*Hic currus et arma*"—his talents were those of the pleader and the satirist; he sketched characters in verse as faithfully and vividly as Clarendon drew them in prose; he argued in

poetry as closely and effectively as Serjeant Maynard argued in the Court of Common Pleas. But he had not the gift either of constructing a dramatic plot, or of bringing his characters into relations with one another, or of diversifying the dialogue, or moving to mirth or tears. His poverty of dramatic invention indeed was not inaptly pointed out by Matthew Clifford:—"I am strangely mistaken," he writes in his "Notes on the Hind and Panther," "if I have not seen this very Almanzor of yours in some disguise about this town, and passing under another name. Prithce tell me true, was not this huff-cap once the Indian Emperor? and, at another time, did he not call himself Maximine? Was not Lyndaraxa once called Almeria—I mean under Montezuma the Indian Emperor? I protest and vow they are either the same, or so alike that I can't for my heart distinguish one from the other. You are, therefore, a strange unconscionable thief, that art not content to steal from others, but dost rob thy poor wretched self too." Dryden, it should be added, was conscious of his own dramatic deficiencies, and after the failure of his comedy of the "Assignation" candidly admits them. "I desire," he says, "to be no longer the Sisyphus of the stage; to roll up a stone with endless labour, which, to follow the proverb, *gathers no moss*, and which is perpetually falling down again. I never thought myself very fit for an employment where many of my predecessors have excelled me in all kinds; and some of my contemporaries, even in my own partial judgment, have outdone me in comedy." He probably alludes to Etherege and Shadwell, who, inferior to Dryden in every other respect, possessed the faculty denied to him of drawing from the life, and reproducing on the stage the vices and follies which they saw and practised in society.

When Dryden began to write for the stage, dramatic literature was afflicted by two opposite maladies. Its healthy circulation had been suddenly arrested by Puritanism, and when the ban imposed by the saints was at length removed, the national taste was as suddenly corrupted. The corruption arose partly from an incapacity for relishing the great dramas which had entertained the Maiden Queen and her court, and partly from a capacity for enjoying the bombast and licence of the French theatre, as it flourished under the patronage of Louis XIV. Over-strained pretensions to sanctity had struck a deathblow upon all genuine heroic sentiment in the nation. The elect had so often shown themselves false, ambitious, and self-seeking, that men had begun to distrust even the semblances of truth, public spirit, and self-sacrifice, and rejoiced in reducing to a common level the nobler passions which elevate at once both real and scenic life. When Sydney, and Essex, and Raleigh surrounded the throne of

the sovereign, Spenser's visions of beauty and Shakspeare's women were intelligible creations; but at a court where Castle-maine presided, Ophelia, Desdemona, and Juliet were little more than feeble and ineffectual abstractions. England had lost in the Civil Wars "its elder breed of noble blood." The Roundhead had withdrawn sullenly from the contest, and either sought a new home on alien shores, or retired far from the hum of cities to his plough or his loom; the old Cavalier also was now seldom found in the purlicus of the court. He had greeted the Restoration as the fulfilment of his joys and the answer to his prayers; but to him it had brought only disappointment and dismay. The king had indeed returned, but there came not back with him the ancient chivalry of the land—the Falklands, the Nevilles, the Herberts, and the Veres, the men whom Vandyck painted, the men whom Clarendon has described in colours scarcely less vivid. In their room had returned a band of dissolute exiles, at once rapacious and profuse, whom adversity had neither disciplined nor purified, and whom prosperity and power rendered more reckless and corrupt. They had, many of them, passed the term of their banishment at Paris and Madrid, and there beheld the attractive spectacle of absolute monarchy pampered by the arts and especially adulated by the drama. The stately ceremonial of the Spanish court, no less than the elaborate decorum of the court of France, hardly concealed the moral laxity which prevailed at both. Each was the home of licentious intrigues; the monarchs lived in ostentatious adultery, and the courtier who had not at least one avowed mistress was regarded either as a block or a churl. The Spanish and French play-writers had long ceased to draw their characters from nature. The intrigues of comedy were those of the court, and tragedy borrowed its fable and its heroes from Seneca and Euripides, from the declining eras of the Roman and Attic drama. From these debased or pseudo-classic types the theatre of the Restoration took its models. In tragedy, passion was superseded by rhetoric; in comedy, the follies of the day were represented by the vices of the day. With the Restoration, indeed, love disappears and sensuousness takes its place. Nor was vice casually or capriciously employed as a means of public attraction. It was not so much the condiment which flavoured the solid meat as the meat itself. In the drama of the age of Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts, there is undoubtedly much indelicate writing. Ford meddled with interdicted and repulsive subjects; Fletcher and Massinger are frequently coarse; and there are phrases and allusions in Jonson and Shakspeare which we may desire that they had "discreetly blotted" out. But in none of the writers anterior to the Restoration do we find any systematic attempt to represent vice as laudable, and virtue as

ridiculous. We do not find even in Shirley the breach of the marriage-vow held up as the whole duty of man and woman also; and Shirley's plays approach much nearer to those of Afra Behn, Etherege, and Shadwell in their coarse profligacy than those of either Fletcher or Ford in their worst extravagances. The masculine coarseness of the earlier period is indeed like a blemish on a fair face—a blot on the scutcheon—a flaw in crystal—the foot of clay to the golden image; but the flaw, the blot, the blemish, and the clay are separable from their purer and richer accompaniments; whereas the systematic profligacy of the dramatic literature which followed the return of Charles II. percolates the entire system, and clings to its members as the leprosy of the East to the luckless outcasts from the dwellings of men.

We acquit Dryden of acting upon any formal scheme for demoralizing his age: he merely followed a corrupt fashion, and owned his popularity, as a writer for the stage, to his subserviency. He would probably have alleged in his defence—and he might fairly do so—the old excuse of Ovid:

“Crede mihi, mores distant a carmine nostri;  
Vita verecunda est, musa jocosa, mihi.”

And it must be admitted also that his worst plays are much less offensive than many which, at the moment of their production, were preferred to his. Moreover, we must do him the justice to add, that he kissed the rod with most becoming meekness, when in 1698, Jeremy Collier published his “Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage.” On no one's shoulders did the flail of the merciless Non-juror descend with more weight than upon Dryden's. From no one—for he had approved himself cunning in controversial fence—was a prompter or more acrimonious reply looked for by the world. It was expected, and doubtless much desired that Dares should beat Entellus black and blue. But the world was disappointed. Dryden, who on much smaller provocations had exhibited violent resentment, who both in prose and verse wielded a weapon of the keenest edge, on this occasion stood silent and abashed. Indeed, as we have seen, he did not estimate highly his dramatic productions: he was perhaps content with the fame and money which they brought him, and did not care to ruffle himself in the defence of what he lightly valued. But it is more charitable to him, and indeed more consistent with all we know of his sober and laborious life, to infer that he felt Collier to be in the right, and that although he himself had contributed to the vices of the age, he held it “stuff of the conscience” not to interpose between them and their castigation. At a later period, he mentioned the “Short View,” in the preface to his Fables. He complained of

the asperity with which he had been treated. He alleged certain pleas in exculpation of his errors, but, in the main, he acknowledges the justice of the reproof. "If Mr. Collier," he said, "be my enemy, let him triumph. If he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance."

Dryden's career as a writer for the stage may be divided into four periods. 1. From its commencement with the comedy of the "Wild Gallant," in February, 1662-3, to the suspension of dramatic entertainments in 1666, the year in which Old London City was laid in ashes. 2. From the re-opening of the Playhouses to the time when the King's Theatre was burnt down, in 1671-2. 3. During the next ten years, Dryden, who had become an active pamphleteer in verse, and a critic almost without appeal in prose, discontinued writing for the stage; but (4) when the Revolution deprived him of court-favour, and of his offices of laureate and historiographer royal, and he was again almost as needy as when he lived under the roof of Herringman, he once more resorted to the drama for a livelihood, and, though declining in years and in health, produced five plays, and among them, one of the most genial and vigorous of his productions, "Don Sebastian."

That Dryden looked to his dramatic compositions as a sure and prompt source of income appears from the compact into which he entered, after the success of his earlier plays, with the managers of the King's Theatre. He agreed to furnish the patentee, Killigrew, with three dramas annually, in consideration of a share and quarter in the theatre. Had he kept to his obligation, this arrangement would have produced him yearly between three and four hundred pounds. But he overrated his powers, and, although he wrote rapidly, he was unable to fulfil his contract to the letter. His industry however was great. In 1667, he published his "Annus Mirabilis," and during the next two or three years, he produced no less than six plays; and if other dramatic writers have exceeded him in fertility of invention and rapidity of execution, yet it should be remembered that Dryden, in thus purveying for the stage, was rather forcing than complying with his natural bent.

He began as a pupil of Corneille and the rhymed drama of the French school. He did not indeed introduce this fashion, which Hayley absurdly revived in the last century, but he defended it, in his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," with a vigour and felicity of style as remarkable at least as his theory was erroneous. Sir Robert as a dramatic poet was inferior to Dryden, but as a critic his views were on this point more correct, and although Dryden had the public on his side, both the public and himself

were in the wrong. Sir Robert had at first modestly combated his brother-in-law's dogmas, but replied to his "Essay" with more pith and point. In his defence of the Essay, Dryden handled Sir Robert somewhat roughly, and the brothers-in-law were for a time estranged from each other.

Dryden, indeed, was at this period of his literary career like a man feeling about in the dark, and trying to discover, amid a variety of roads, the one which alone leads to his home. He was master of the art of reasoning in versé, and his instincts told him that here lay his proper strength. He was also no mean proficient in *carte and tierce* dialogue, and, like Euripides, introduced on the stage a mode of conversation that would have suited a tart debate in the forum or the schools, but which was as ill adapted to the theatre as Sir Roger l'Estrange's style would have been to the pulpit. That our readers may not accuse us of underrating Dryden's dramatic style in his first manner, we cite the following scene from the "Conquest of Granada." The solicitations of the lover and the denials of the Queen are expressed as antithetically as in the very worst scene of the very worst extant Greek tragedy—the "Electra" of Euripides:—

*Almahide.* My light will sure discover those who talk.—  
Who dares to interrupt my private walk?

*Almanzor.* He who dares love, and for that love must die,  
And knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

*Almahide.* That love which you can hope, and I can pay,  
May be received and given in open day:

My praise and my esteem you had before:

And you have bound yourself to ask no more.

*Almanzor.* Yes, I have bound myself: but will you take  
The forfeit of that bond, which force did make?

*Almahide.* You know you are from recompence debarred:  
But purest love can live without reward.

*Almanzor.* Pure love had need to be itself a feast:

For, like pure elements, 'twill nourish least.

*Almahide.* It therefore yields the only pure content:  
For it, like angels, needs no nourishment."

And in this fashion—"the right fencing grace: tap for tap, and so part fair"—this skilful pair of Moorish lovers argue their ease through some score of similar rejoinders.

Dryden would not yield to the arguments of Sir Robert Howard in behalf of good sense and dramatic consistency: but he was convinced by his own maturer judgment, and by the study of Shakespeare, and abandoned his error as cordially as he once maintained it. In the prologue to the tragedy of "Aurungzeb," produced in 1675, he announced his abandonment of the old form, and he followed up his recantation practically in 1676, by

the play of "All for Love," expressly modelled on the example of Shakespeare. This, as he tells us, was the only play he ever wrote for himself; "the rest were given to the people." In the ensuing year he altered "Troilus and Cressida," and wrote, jointly with Lee, the tragedy of "Œdipus." To his version of "Troilus and Cressida," he prefixed an Essay on the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy, in which he modified or abjured many of his earlier opinions upon dramatic composition. It was a singular trait in his character that he made the public his confessor. Whatever subject he chose, in whatever manner he treated it, he laboured to persuade his readers that the subject was the most eligible and his treatment of it the most judicious possible. The very confidence with which he asserts his merits is perhaps an indirect proof that he mistrusted himself, and sought to confirm by the suffrages of his readers the opinions which secretly he doubted. But whatever were his motives for them, the public were gainers by his confessions. Periodical criticism was as yet uninvented. A few works, indeed, upon the laws of writing had been published subsequently to the crude discourses of Puttenham and Webbe. But although Sir Philip Sydney's "Defence of Poesy" will always be read with pleasure, and Campion and Sir John Harrington may still be consulted with profit, Dryden must be allowed the praise of being the first English critic who applied general laws to particular cases in literature, and who initiated the public in the art of discriminating in matters of taste. His own prose style has always been accounted a model by the best judges. Charles Fox, in the composition of his history, regarded Dryden as an authority for the use of words from which there was no appeal. He has greater facility than Cowley; more masculine vigour than Addison: and he combines with singular facility the twin elements of our language—its Roman amplitude with its Saxon raciness. If his critical works contain many assertions from which we are compelled to dissent, if they enunciate no new principles, or sometimes seem to abound with commonplace remarks, we must remember that at the time they were written his canons of taste were novel, his mistakes were inseparable from a first inquiry, and his commonplaces discoveries to those who read them originally. Had Dryden lived in the present century, he would probably have rivalled Southey or Mr. Macaulay in the number and excellence of his periodical essays. He would have produced few plays, if he had been able to employ his various knowledge and his masculine diction in the composition of "articles," and instead of a contract with the King's or Duke's Theatre, he would probably once a quarter have received a cheque from Messrs. Murray or Longmans. Instead of Edinburgh or Quarterly Reviews, he wrote

essays and prefaces: and to these we can still recur with pleasure, or at least with interest.

Dryden, however, was to learn from rougher critics than Howard, and by a less pleasant discipline than enlarged study and reflection, the faults of his theory respecting the employment of rhyme in dramatic compositions. His popularity as an author bred envy in many quarters: his plainness of speech did not mitigate it. Although not unacceptable to the leaders of politics and literature, he seems never to have secured for himself any very powerful patron. He was no suitor for favours: he did not, until a comparatively late period of his career, identify himself with any of the parties of the time. He had indeed complimented Charles and Lady Castlemaine and Chancellor Hyde, but he did not besiege their doors; and neither his pursuits nor his tastes permitted him to become the boon companion of the Sedleys, Buckinghams, and Rochesters. But although he was no partisan, it was remembered that he had once been a Puritan, and although he kept clear of popular controversies in general, he had shown quite satirical power enough to create enemies. As yet was undiscovered the art of rendering an adversary ridiculous, whether by "showing him up" in a review, or by caricaturing his form or features in a weekly newspaper. *H. B.* and "*Punch*" as yet slept among the possibilities of the future. Their mirthful and salutary influence was ill supplied by the coarse banter of the theatre: and to the theatre was allotted the task of making Dryden and heroic plays at once the butt of satire. In the winter of 1671, the Duke of Buckingham produced his famous "*Rehearsal*"—a burlesque which had wit enough in it to survive its original object; since Cibber turned it against Pope, and Garrick continued to perform its principal character long after both Dryden and his successor in satire were beyond reach of its shafts. Buckingham is said to have been assisted by Butler, Spratt, Clifford, and others in feathering and pointing his quiver of arrows: indeed, it bears traces of having been the work of an academy of wits. Davenant, who has the credit of introducing heroic plays, was originally meant for the hero, but death delivered from this further trial one who had long been an abundant cause of wit in others. Dryden in 1670 had succeeded to Davenant's vacant laureateship, and was in many respects better suited for this kind of satire than his predecessor. His person was inclined to corpulence, whence he had acquired the nickname of *Squab*; his costume was singular; he wore, at least in his earlier days, "a suit of Norwich druggot;" and that at a time when courtiers and poets carried an estate on their heads and backs in the form of feathers, velvet, Mechlin lace, and Steinkirk wigs. He was notoriously a bad



reader, and recited his sounding couplets with a tedious and hesitating delivery, that frequently raised inextinguishable laughter in the frequenters of the Green Room. Buckingham, a first-rate mimic himself, sedulously trained the actor who performed *Bayes* in all the peculiarities of Dryden. The town was highly amused, but its taste was not corrected by the wit of "The Rehearsal." So long as Dryden continued to write them, heroic plays continued to be popular. He had now become the most conspicuous critic of his time. His canons of criticism gave the laws to coffee-houses and clubs: his plays attracted crowds to the theatres. And yet, high as he now stood in contemporary reputation, he would probably have left a name less enduring than that of Otway, and been confounded with the common herd of Crownes and Settles, had he not broke fresh ground in a different department of literature.

In the year 1681 appeared his great poem of "Absalom and Achitophel." Of his powers as a satirist, at least as a reasoner in verse, he had already given many proofs in his dramatic compositions. A large proportion of the most nervous and emphatic lines in his plays belongs to the class of gnomic verses, —ethical, social, or sarcastic maxims, such as belong equally to satire and the stage. But these were scattered over the wide surface of twenty-one dramas, and were too often buried beneath rant, buffoonery, and indecency. At length, in political satire a proper frame and canvas were provided for his talents; and—*versu incessu patuit deus*—Dryden, after doing taskwork for the theatre, and racking his invention for compliments to the unworthy, stood confessed the poetic chief of the Restoration era.

We are not informed whether reflection, advice, or accident guided Dryden into the right path at last. He had now arrived at the ripe age of fifty years, and was "long in debating upon and long in choosing" his proper vocation. He who on so many points of comparative insignificance took the public for his confessor, has unluckily been silent upon the motives which led him to quit the drama for controversial, satirical, and didactic verses. A clue to his change and better choice may perhaps be discovered in the circumstances of the times. In the first place, he had himself suffered much from the envy, insolence, and even violence of his contemporaries. He had been held up to ridicule by Buckingham: he had been the butt of epigram, satire, and invective from Crowne, Settle, Shadwell, and a mob of literary ruffians: he had been beaten in Rose-alley by Rochester's myrmidons: he had been twitted by the courtiers on account of his Puritan kindred: he had been reviled by the Puritans for his adherence to the court. He was not, as we have seen, of an impetuous temperament; but he had not the less a lively sense

of injuries; and he probably saw that with one weapon alone he could efficiently requite them. The offences of the time were rank: the old antagonism of parties was reviving; plots and rumours of plots pervaded and dislocated all classes of society, and the leaders of parties were, with few exceptions, hypocrites in religion or profligates in conduct. The decorum which veiled the excesses of Versailles was disregarded in London: vice stalked abroad unbonneted and unmasked: and the enormities of Domitian's reign seemed to be repeated in that of Charles II.

It is scarcely possible that so shrewd an observer as Dryden proved himself to be, should not have brooded over this chaos, and laid up in his private meditations the plan and weapons of assault long before he opened the campaign. He had beheld, moreover, a sort of rehearsal of his new career performed by puny and clumsy debutants. Shadwell, Settle, and some other minor poets, let out their pens to the Whigs: Lee, Otway, and Tate, were in the pay of the Tories. The controversies of the age, which, after long political stagnation, at first threatened to revive old Puritan and Cavalier feuds, had suddenly concentrated themselves on two points—the Popish plot, and the succession of the Crown. The Tories and Catholics maintained the right of the lawful heir—James, Duke of York: the Whigs and Protestants, impelled by Shaftesbury, were fain to put up with a paltry shadow, who had no recommendations beyond his graceful address and handsome person. Under king Monmouth, Shaftesbury could not have missed being Mayor of the Palace; and he had the art to persuade the public, that in Monmouth alone were bound up the last hopes of their civil and religious liberties. There has probably never been a more worthless controversy than that which at this time divided the English nation. But its very worthlessness afforded the most abundant and appropriate materials for satire, and into this Dryden, in November 1681, plunged with the whole force and fervour of his genius—a knight paladin, suddenly taking part in the squabbles of village clowns.

Independent of the merits of its execution, of which we shall speak more at large, Dryden in this production has a just claim to the praise of originality. He quitted the beaten track of satire, which, since the time of Lucilius had lashed the vices and follies of classes and individuals, and he aimed his shafts at the great political questions, parties, and leaders of the day. He performed in verse the most difficult task of prose history—the delineation of the principal actors on the political stage, and performed it with such vigour and vivacity that his “characters” still remain the admitted types of Shaftesbury, Buckingham,

Oates, Seymour, and Monmouth. Burnet, Roger North, Hume, and in our own days, Macaulay, owe no mean portion of their reputation to the skill with which they depict the men who have guided our counsels or our armies; but the most finished of their portraits are faint and defective when compared with the bold outline and vivid colours of Dryden. It must be owned, indeed, that his commendations are less successful than his censure, and that his character of Amiel—Sir Edward Seymour—is much less precisely cut and polished than those of Zimri, Zerah, or Achitophel. In the three latter, every stroke tells: every stroke is an addition to the likeness: every stroke is made at the right moment, and in the right place, and can no more be transposed or omitted than the lines and shadows of Holbein's or Titian's portraits. The age of Charles II., indeed, owes little less to Dryden's pen, than the age of Charles I. does to Vandyke's easel.

As Poet Laureate, Dryden's side in this controversy was marked out for him. It was the side also of his predilections, for in his plays he had maintained ultra-loyal opinions, and in his numerous essays and dedications had even paraded his Toryism. "*Absalom and Achitophel*" failed, indeed, in its immediate object, of turning the tide of opinion against Shaftesbury; but it undoubtedly produced a powerful effect on the public. It was read with avidity: it passed through five editions in one year: and it established Dryden's reputation as the most formidable of antagonists, and the most effective of pleaders in verse.

He did not loiter in the course which he had now so happily commenced: but his next efforts were, on the whole, less successful. Their inferiority was in some measure owing to the more restricted nature of their subjects. "*The Medal*:" a Satire against Sedition, appeared in March, 1682: it was prompted by the popular enthusiasm at Shaftesbury's acquittal. But even Shaftesbury, the most versatile and conspicuous man of the time, could not singly afford substance for a poem; and the Medal falls much below its predecessor in interest. It was followed by "*Mac Flecknoe*," in the same year; and although its hero, Shadwell, was even less calculated than Shaftesbury to bring out the full powers of Dryden's mind, scarcely one of his poems is nearer perfection. Of the four hundred lines in *Mac Flecknoe*, a few are coarse and ribaldrous, but none are feeble or careless: and in this satire, as in his former, the author opened a new vein, and afforded more than a hint to the *Dunciad*, the *Rosciad*, and the *Pursuits of Literature*.

The second part of "*Absalom and Achitophel*" appeared in November, 1682; and in a few days was followed by the

"*Religio Laici*." This year may accordingly be regarded as the *Annus Mirabilis* of Dryden's own life. His patent of perpetual remembrance was then signed and sealed. The continuation of "*Absalom and Achitophel*" was indeed, in the main, written by Nahum Tate; but Dryden had found an apt pupil in this translator of the Psalms; and not only revised his copy, but strengthened its occasional lines, and drew with his own hand the portraits of Settle and Shadwell.

In the same year, although he had now ceased to write for the stage, he brought out his "*Duke of Guise*," which must be reckoned among his political productions, since the parallel between the Leaguers of France and the Covenanters of England was obvious, and the evident purpose of this tragedy was to maintain the rights of the Duke of York.

Dryden now stood at the highest pinnacle of royal and courtly favour. He had rendered to his Sovereign and to the heir of the Crown such services as no other living author could have afforded: he had made himself pre-eminently obnoxious to the Protestant party, and had offended the Whigs past forgiveness. And yet, at the very moment when his name stood highest whether for praise or blame, the poet himself was suffering from pecuniary embarrassments. The promises of advancement which were made to him ended with the breath that uttered them: his salary as Laureate remained unpaid for four years; and when, after earnest and repeated solicitations, he obtained in May, 1684, an order on the Treasury for the payment of arrears, it was only for one quarter's salary due at Midsummer, 1680, and he received 50*l.* in lieu of 800*l.* Herringman the bookseller had been a better paymaster than Charles Stuart; who, while he withheld from Dryden his due, was squandering thousands of pounds upon his mistresses and favourites. There was, indeed, an ineradicable vein of shabbiness in all the Stuart monarchs of England. James defrauded Raleigh of his estate in Somersetshire, because, forsooth, the land was wanted for Carr. Ben Jonson's pension was grudgingly paid, and sometimes withheld altogether; and the distinguished servants of the court had reason to envy the men, on whom they looked down "as base mechanicals," for *they* at least received the wages of their service. No single writer of the time had done more to render the Puritans hateful and ridiculous than the author of *Hudibras*. Upon his unrivalled burlesque he had lavished stores of learning hardly inferior in amount to those expended upon their majestic poems by Dante and Milton. *Hudibras* was read by all men, quoted by all men, and raised inextinguishable laughter in all men; while the writer of it was often puzzled to procure for himself a roof, bread, and raiment. He received, after he had

ceased to want anything, a monument and an epitaph; and the contrast between the misery of his life and the respect paid to his memory, was recorded in an epigram, of which the point is its literal truth:

"Whilst Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,  
No generous patron would a dinner give:  
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,  
Presented with a monumental bust.  
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,  
He asked for bread and he received a stone."

Dryden, although not reduced to Butler's straits, was nearly in an equal degree with him the victim of royal neglect. It appears indeed from a document published for the first time by Mr. Bell, that in 1684 an additional pension of 100*l.* a year was bestowed upon him. We doubt whether either the addition or the arrears of the former salary were ever paid him. In his "*Threnodia Augustalis*," a Pindaric ode which he composed as Laureate, upon the death of his most sacred majesty Charles II., he intimates, that poets, "like birds of Paradise, fed on<sup>a</sup> morning dew," from lack of more substantial nutriment. James II. indeed, after a while, opened his purse to the bard who had maintained his right to the throne at a season when "no man cried, God bless him," and when he was the most unpopular man in the three kingdoms. But this liberality did not come with the king's accession: on the contrary, Dryden's fortunes seemed to be rather impaired than improved by that event. He retained his Laureateship, indeed, and the original salary; and to have deprived Dryden of them would have been an act of ingratitude in James beyond even the ingratitude of a Stuart. But in the new patent no mention was made of the additional 100*l.*; and even the annual butt of sherry was discontinued. The king apparently expected from these harsh terms to so useful a servant, that Dryden would understand the inconsistency of a Popish king keeping a Protestant poet. The hint seems to have been taken; for in March, 1685-6, Dryden received an additional 100*l.* a year, and the Romish Church one convert more.

We are not disposed, even if the coincidence be more than accidental, to judge Dryden harshly on account of his sudden conversion. He had been bred a Puritan in the household of one of the chiefest of saints: he had conformed, without exciting comment or censure from the world, to the Church of England; but whatever may have been his real sentiments, the grossness of his dramatic writings forbids us to suppose that his religious convictions were at any time very deep. We believe him to have been, in the main, a very amiable man, but there is no appearance of his having ever been a devout Protestant. He was of the faith of the<sup>a</sup>

State, and probably thought that what its defender and his lords spiritual and temporal held, or professed to hold, was truth enough for a poet, whose bread depended upon his panegyrics and his popularity. He intimates indeed pretty broadly, in his "Hind and Panther," that he took his religion, even after his conversion to Romanism, pretty much on trust;\* and if Dryden were at any period of his life earnest in his creed, it was certainly when he wrote the "Life of St. Francis Xavier," and not when he wrote his "Spanish Friar."

The only poem of Dryden's which savours of attachment to the Church of England, is the "Religio Laici," produced early in 1673, rather more than twelve months after the appearance of "Absalom and Achitophel." This is a statement in metre of the reasons of his belief in the church as by law established, and does not seem intended to serve any political purpose. But the weight of this statement is considerably lessened by an examination of the poem itself. It is an argument in verse, terse, logical, and epigrammatic. The most prominent portrait in it, however, is adopted from Chaucer, and the argument tends more to inculcate a sound moral life and its practical duties, than any especial reasons for preferring the doctrines and discipline of the Anglican establishment. If it were meant for any immediate purpose, and not merely as an exercise in metrical ratiocination, it was probably intended as an answer to those who accused the ex-Puritan and present Conformist of having no theological creed at all.

Dryden's improved salary was earned by increased energy in the service of his royal, and not very munificent patron. In defence of James he attacked the most skilful and experienced pamphleteers of the day. He shrunk from crossing swords neither with Stillingfleet, though armed at all points with ecclesiastical lore, nor with Burnet, clothed in worldly and diplomatic cunning, as with triple brass. He was *Maitre Jaques* cook, and *Maitre Jaques* coachman to the king: he defended in prose and in verse the most flagrant and insane measures of the government; he was neither alarmed by the counsels of Father Petre, nor disgusted by the servility of Rochester. His poem of the "Hind and Panther" is on all accounts an extraordinary production. Its wit is sharp and pleasant: its diction singularly harmonious: its reasoning coherent and impressive, and as an *ex parte* statement it scarcely admits of improvement. It is indeed now less known, because its interest is of a less historical kind, than that of "Absalom and Achitophel:" but at the moment

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\* "By education most have been misled:  
So they believe because they so were bred:  
The priest continues what the nurse began,  
And thus the child imposes on the man."

it appeared, its Romanist readers must have hailed it as the work of a poetical Bossuet, and expected from it either the conversion or the confusion of their opponents.

To ourselves indeed, perusing this polemical apologue without fear or favour of the controversy, its defects as a work of art are but too palpable. The allegory and the fable are throughout awkwardly blended. We do not indeed

"Ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,  
If beasts confabulate or no,"

but however expressive or acceptable it may have been to contemporaries, whose passions were excited by the controversy, to calmer judgments the features of the allegory appear repulsive. We can follow with patience Swift's delineation of Peter, Martin, and Jack: they are at least human personages, and, with allowance for their symbolical attributes, have some human interest. But it is a stretch beyond the bounds of fiction or allegory to follow the mazes of a controversy conducted by animals alone. There are few more insufferable apologues than Casti's "*Animali Parlanti*," and Dryden's "*Hind and Panther*" is liable to equal objections. The Church of Rome is figured under the similitude of a milk-white hind, ever in peril of death, yet not doomed to destruction. All the baser animals are bent on her destruction—the Socinian fox, the Presbyterian wolf, the Independent bear, the Anabaptist boar. The timorous neutrals are typified by the cowardly hare; the Church of England by the panther, beautiful but spotted. They are equally hated by their common foes, and confer apart on their common danger; and the subjects of their conference are—the real presence, the jurisdiction of popes and councils, the Test Acts, the penal laws, Oates's perjuries, the ingratitude of the Cavalier party to the author of "*Hudibras*," Burnet's intrigues and Stillingfleet's pamphlets—*quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi*.

Such an allegory could not be preserved for ten lines together with any chance of consistency. Its absurdity is obvious: its weariness fatal. Yet the skill of the author is as conspicuous as the defects of the plan. The "*Hind and Panther*" is not only the most remarkable literary production of the reign of James II., but is also second to none of Dryden's works in energy, harmony, and pathos.

The defects of this extraordinary poem were overlooked by the party whom it was intended to serve, but presented an ample scope for the invective and irony of their opponents. Its ingenious casuistry and melodious numbers could not protect it from attacks. Men were in no humour for such attempts to make the worse appear the better reason. The spots of the panther might be blemishes, but the whiteness of the hind was an insidious

mask, and an actual fraud. It had been more than once or twice incarnadined in the blood of the saints; it was the livery of priestly guile and political tyranny. Rejoinder and invective flew from all sides. The nicknames of "Baves" and "Squab" were revived; the author was branded with the titles of infidel and apostate. The panegyric to Cromwell was printed beside the *Astræa Redux*; Shadwell discharged his venom and Settle his dulness. There was an "arrowy sleet" of pamphlets: there were hints that Rochester's cudgel had been well bestowed on the broad shoulders of "Poet Squab." But of the many satirical responses which appeared, that which most deeply affected Dryden was the joint production of two young men, who had recently quitted Cambridge. He could put up with the venal or envious sarcasms of ordinary libellers, but he was cut to the quick by the wit of Charles Montague and Matthew Prior. They were both young men and friends of Dryden, whose society they enjoyed in the literary coffee-houses of London. If we may credit Dean Lockier's authority, he was moved to tears by their fable of the "Country and City Mouse." He observed, "For two young fellows that I have always been very civil to, to use an old man in so cruel a manner!" He had been patient under Collier's rebuke, and disdained Martin Clifford's and Tom Brown's "Reflections." He was sitting where such ordinary scribes dare not soar. But Prior and Montague belonged to a different order of assailants. They had the ear of good society; they were rising favourites of the public, and held in the clubs a voice nearly as potential as Dryden himself. He may justly have begun to suspect that he had miscalculated the direction of public opinion, when even the frequenters of his realm at Wills coffee-house conspired against him. Court favour might be purchased too dear if it involved the loss of hardily-won popularity. His tenure of court favour was however destined to be brief. Within little more than a year after the publication of the "*Hind and Panther*;" within a few months after the appearance of his "*Britannia Rediviva*"—in which poem he had congratulated James and his Queen on the birth of a prince—the Romanist religion was proscribed in this realm, and the sovereign, his consort, and their infant were exiles, dependent on the charity of the French monarch. Dryden had committed himself so irretrievably to Popery, and had proved himself so formidable an antagonist of Protestantism under every form, that he could expect no favour, and scarcely forbearance, from the new dynasty. He had argued for the divine right of kings, and an elective monarch was seated on the throne. He had celebrated the birth of a genuine heir, and the baby-prince was accounted by at least two-thirds of the English people to be supposititious. Dryden was, in 1688, as much



a mark for royal and parliamentary aversion as Milton had been in 1660. But he did not possess Milton's tower of strength. Cromwell's Latin secretary had maintained the cause of civil and religious freedom, and had sacrificed his eye-sight to the "Defence of the English People." Dryden had been the advocate of civil and religious servitude, and had bartered for increase of pay his genius and former reputation. He had no pretensions to favour or forbearance. In August, 1689, he was deprived of his offices of poet-laureate and historiographer royal, with the further vexation of seeing them bestowed upon his old antagonist, the true-blue Protestant versifier, Shadwell. The latter end of Job was indeed worse than the beginning. For whereas, while Dryden wrote dedications, translations, and occasional poems in the service of Herringman, and plays for Davenant's theatre, he was merely a literary aspirant, with the world of letters before him, where to choose; now, in 1689, he, the most conspicuous of writers, had rendered himself one the most obnoxious of courtiers, and unluckily taken side with a Church which the nation abhorred, and with a king whom the nation rejected.

The appointment of Shadwell to the laureateship did not contribute to the literary credit of the government. A fat and bibulous harper rather disgraced than adorned King Arthur's court and table; and Dryden, although changed and fallen, was a greater man, even in popular estimation, in his obscure dwelling in Gerard-street, than Shadwell with his laurels at Whitehall.

Deprived of his pension, Dryden had now his stout heart, his active brain, and his ready right hand to rely upon for his support. He was flung to the ground, but he rose the stronger from the contact. He rebounded with the elasticity of youth from a complication of calamities that would have paralyzed most men. We begin to hold him in highest respect, when to all appearance he had sunk the lowest. His remaining years were devoted to a variety of labours, prodigious in quantity, and yet more remarkable for the vigour and elasticity of mind which they displayed.

The concluding decennium of his career was, indeed, the most honourable of his literary life. He had risen to fame and favour by writing insincere panegyrics and plays of more than questionable morality. The spirit of the age was servile, unprincipled, and profligate; and he had ministered to its servility, its laxity, and its licence, as much as any writer of the time. He had abused great gifts; he had followed corrupt fashions in literature; with the strength of Hercules he had wielded the distaff of Omphale. He was now thrown upon his own resources once again; he was now verging to the serene and yellow leaf of his years; he again sought his Mæcenas among the booksellers, only exchanging

Herringman for Tonson. In the first instance, he had recourse to the stage, which he had relinquished for the preceding seven years. In the space of three years (1690-93), he produced two tragedies, two comedies, and an opera, and, with the exception of his last drama, "*Love Triumphant*," which was a signal failure, all these pieces met with complete success. It is impossible not to applaud the gallant way in which he confronted envy and opposition. It is impossible not to admire the freshness of his intellectual powers and the manifold resources at his command. He condescended to write dedications and elegiac poems, prologues and epilogues, to translate, to paraphrase, to do task-work and job-work for all who could afford to pay him. The Earl of Abingdon applied to him for a poem upon his deceased wife, as he applied to a sculptor for her monument; and for his verses entitled "*Eleonora*," Dryden received from his employer 500*l*. He collected and published his translations of the Greek and Latin poets; he rendered into English verse Juvenal and Persius. He commenced, in 1691, the most arduous of his labours, the translation of Virgil, and completed it by the close of 1696. It was published in the following July, and in August appeared the most popular of his poems, the "*Ode on Alexander's Feast*." Age could not, it seemed, stale, nor variety wither him; with advancing years his powers were strengthened and his imagination became more alert.

The expectation excited by his "*Virgil*," showed that the cloud of unpopularity had passed away. The hireling and convert of the expelled dynasty was after all a sturdy and invincible man, whom the fate of nations and the fall of thrones might supplant, but could not permanently depress. The nation, as Dr. Johnson remarks, seemed to consider its honour interested in the work. Dryden received assistance from all who could aid him in its performance. Mr. Gilbert Dolben presented him with as many editions of the original as he could procure; Addison furnished him with an *Essay on the Georgics*, and with arguments of the books of the *Æneid*. It was believed that the king would have accepted the dedication of the work, at least Jacob Tonson thought so, and directed the engraver of the plates to depict the pious *Æneas* with the prominent nose of William of Orange. But upon this point Dryden was inexorable. He had never recanted his Panegyric on the Great Protector; he refused now to burn incense upon the altar of the Dutch Jupiter. The Dedication of Virgil was inscribed with the names of three patrons, for which the author incurred the coarse vituperation of Jonathan Swift:

And as if this stupendous labour—which he says in a letter to Jacob Tonson, "would require seven years to perform exactly"—had only nerved Dryden for fresh employments, he contem-

plated, in 1698, the translation of Homer. He thought that "in his fiery way of writing," he could do the *Iliad* more justice than the *Æneid*. He finished one book of the "Tale of Troy Divine," but was diverted from this enterprise by a new engagement with Tonson. This was the volume of *Fables from Chaucer and Boccaccio*, on which Dryden's renown as a narrative poet mainly rests. We so far subscribe to the general opinion, that these adaptations of the great Italian and English *conteurs* display uncommon vigour, but we cannot assent to Mr. Bell's judgment, that they display a richer vein of fancy and more sweetness and grace than any of his numerous earlier works. It has always appeared to us, on the contrary, that in Dryden's hands, Boccaccio becomes prolix and Chaucer prosaic. Indeed, there are more serious objections to Dryden's *Fables* than any which can be raised on the score of taste. He has added to the indecencies of the Florentine, and rendered the simplicity of the "Canterbury Tales" vulgar and coarse.

As Dryden's poetical reputation is grounded in some measure upon the spirited narrative of this volume of *Fables*, we will pause for a moment upon a few passages in them, as compared with the corresponding portions in the original, in order to bring our censure to the test.

We will commence with that most charming of descriptions, the May-morning, and Emily doing observance to the season.

Chaucer wrote :

"Thus passeth year by year and day by day,  
Till it fell onës in a morrow of May,  
That Emily, that fairer was to seen  
Than is the lily upon his stalké green,  
And fresher than the May with flowres new,  
For with the rosè-colour strove her hue  
(I n'ot which was the finer of them two)  
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,  
She was arisen, and already dight,  
For May will have no sluggardly a-night :  
The season pricketh every gentle heart,  
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,  
And saith, Arise ! and do thine observance."

But Dryden writes :

"Thus year by year they pass and day by day,  
Till once ('twas on the morn of cheerful May)  
The young Emilia fairer to be seen,  
Than the fair lily on the flowery green,  
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new  
(For with the rosy colour strove her hue)  
Walked, as her custom was, before the day  
To do th' observance due to sprightly May :

For sprightly May commands our youth to keep  
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard sleep;  
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves:  
Inspires new flames, revives extinguished loves."

"Bless thee, Chaucer, thou art translated" from a most loyal and observant painter of fresh and delicate nature into a dealer in rhymes "done to this pattern." Philemon Holland, the translator-general, as men called him on account of his versions of so many bulky ancients, never made a rougher piece of work than Dryden has done, with the passage generally, and in changing

into "Than is the lily upon his stalkè green,"

"Than the fair lily on the flowery green." \*

But Dryden, it may be said, was not the man for drawing from nature, or penning amorous ditties all a summer's day. Let him then be tried with something of sterner mood.

Chaucer thus describes "The Temple of Mars"—

"First on the wall was painted a Forést  
In which there wonneth neither man nor beast,  
With knotty, gnarry, barren trées old  
Of stubbès sharp and hideous to behold;  
In which there ran a rumble and a swough  
As though a storm would bursten every bough.  
And downward from a hill under a bent  
There stood the temple of Mars armipotent,  
Wrought all of burnisht steel, of which th' entry  
Was long and strait, and ghastly for to see;  
And thereout came a rage and such a vise  
That it made all the gatès for to rise:  
The northern light in at the doore shone  
For window on the wall ne was there none  
Through which men mighten any light discern—"

Whereas Dryden's "Temple of Mars" might have been "turned out" at Birmingham—

"The landscape was a forest wide and bare;  
Where neither beast nor human kind repair;  
The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly,  
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.  
A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,  
And prickly stubs, instead of trees are found;  
Or woods with knots and gnars deformed and old,  
Headless the most and hideous to behold:  
A rattling tempest through the branches went  
That stripped them bare, and one sole way they bent.  
Heaven froze above severe, the clouds congeal,  
And through the crystal vault appeared the standing hail;

Such was the face without; a mountain stood  
 Threatening from high, and overlooked the wood.  
 Beneath the low'ring brow and on a bent,  
 The temple stood of Mars armipotent;  
 The frame of burnished steel, that cast a glare  
 From far, and seemed to thaw the freezing air.  
 A strait long entry to the temple led,  
 Blind with high walls, and horror over-head:  
 Thence issued such a blast and hollow roar,  
 As threatened from the hinge to heave the door;  
 In, through that door, a northern light there shone  
 'Twas all it had, for windows there were none."

One line will serve as a sample of the transfiguration of this noble description of Chaucer's into "sound and fury" by Dryden, and then we will desist from the ungracious task of comparing the rhetorical poet with one of nature's making.

Dryden's

"*Woods* with knots and gnars deformed and old,"

seem to hint that the cabinet-maker might get a table out of them—but "a Forest"

"With knotty, gnarry, barren trees old"

is a description befitting the grove of the Eumenides. We are disposed to think that Jacob Tonson got the worst of the bargain, though Dryden threw in 1700 verses over and above the number stipulated for in the contract. The sale of the "*Fables*" was extremely slow; even the author's death, which has often accelerated a lingering impression, did not increase the demand for them, and a second edition was not called for until 1713. We are less surprised at the tardiness of the sale at first than at the reputation which these Tales have acquired since.

The labours of Dryden were now fast approaching their close. Although his mental powers were unimpaired, he had long been suffering the penalties of the sedentary, and was afflicted with both gout and gravel; and in December, 1699, erysipelas showed itself in one of his legs. Yet amid his intervals of ease, he continued to write with unremitting diligence and fortitude, and within a few weeks of his death produced his "*Secular Masque*;" a Prologue and Epilogue for the revival of Fletcher's comedy of the "*Pilgrim*;" and a Dialogue in the Madhouse between two Distracted Lovers. His career ended with a dramatic and a satirical composition. The "*Secular Masque*" is an allegorical delineation of the reigns of the three Stuart kings, under the respective influences of Diana, Mars, and Venus. In the Prologue, he brayed Blackmore in a mortar, but the Knight was as indestructible as Dulness itself, and survived for the recreation of younger wits. In the Epilogue, he attacked his old adversary

Collier, but with so much forbearance, that this parting tap from the greatest master of fence bears more the appearance of courtesy than of censure.

To a shattered frame and a corpulent habit, the slightest accident is often fatal. A neglected inflammation became a gangrene, for which amputation of the limb was pronounced the only cure. But Dryden refused to submit to the operation, saying that "he was an old man, and had not long to live by course of nature, and therefore did not care to part with one limb, at such an age, to preserve an uncomfortable life on the rest." His patience was not put to a long trial. He expired at his house in Gerard-street, on the 1st of May, 1700, and his remains now repose in Westminster Abbey between the graves of Chaucer and Cowley, his earliest and his latest masters in verse.

We have dwelt upon the works and character of Dryden, not with the vain hope that he will ever again become a general favourite, or with the desire of extenuating or exaggerating defects. We believe indeed that in an earlier or a later age, his faults would have been infinitely fewer, and his name might have ranked second only to the very first. It was his peculiar misfortune to have fallen upon evil times, and to have lacked strength of will to resist their influence. In an earlier age he would perhaps have rescued King Arthur from Blackmore's clutches, and added a national epic poem to our literature: in a later, he would have taken a high station as an historian or a critic. But though these great prizes were denied to him, and two-thirds of his numerous writings have become obsolete, his indefatigable industry, his various knowledge, his robust eloquence, and his unsurpassed powers of satire, will always entitle his name to respect, and afford motives, wherever English literature is cultivated, for cherishing the healthier and happier portions of both his Verse and Prose. The genius, indeed, displayed in his best works indicates powers never fully developed by their owner, or opportunities never placed within his reach; and if it be allowed to infer from what he actually wrote, that, under happier circumstances, he would have written otherwise; if we regard him, for a moment, as contemporary either with Ben Jonson, on the one hand, or with Thomson, Goldsmith, and Gray, on the other, we shall not refuse to admit, that of all Pope's most appropriate epithets, not one is more expressive or more mournful, than that which he has prefixed to the name of John Dryden,—

"Unhappy Dryden!—in all Charles's days,  
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays."

### ART. III.—OUR ARMY: ITS CONDITION, AND ITS WANTS.

1. *Second Report from the Select Committee on Army and Ordnance Expenditure, &c.* July, 1849.
2. *Report from the Select Committee on Army and Ordnance Expenditure, &c.* August, 1850.
3. *Report from the Select Committee on Small Arms, &c.* May, 1854. -
4. *The Military Forces and Institutions of Great Britain and Ireland: their Constitution, Administration, and Government, Military and Civil.* By H. Byerley Thomson, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

OF late years much has been written, and still more has been spoken, respecting the defective state of the British Army. Volunteer corps and militia, the Duke of Wellington's letter to Sir John Burgoyne, and Sir F. B. Head on the defenceless state of Great Britain, the "Six-Mile Bridge" affair, and the Perry case, and last, but not least, the present war, have, one and all, been fertile subjects for praise and abuse of the military organization of this country. Yet, amidst all this clamour, all this praise, this letter grumbling, and leading-article wrath, we appear entirely to have lost sight of the question,—“What is our army?” It is the Horse Guards, says one; the Ordnance, says another; the Minister at War, says a third. But who is to blame if anything goes wrong? Lord Raglan, Lord Hardinge, the Minister at War, Doctor Smith, Doctor Hall, Lord Lucan, Major Dalgetty, any one, every one, just as it suits the whim of the moment. But, an army! Is it not the right arm of the nation? Is it not that portion of its own flesh and blood which is devoted to protect the remainder, and enable the body and brain to toil, and labour, and think, without fear of molestation? And what sane man is there who will go on through life's journey unmindful whether his right arm is suffering from disease or not? Yet we go on grumbling and finding fault, year after year, with every portion of our army, and never make a single reformation in it. We say our infantry make bad soldiers on the outposts; that our cavalry horses are unfit for war; that our artillery is defective; commissariat bad; the Ordnance Office a public nuisance, and the Ministry at War devoid of brains; and, satisfied with having said it, we leave bad alone.

Whence does this carelessness arise? Whence this feeling of the necessity that some great change should be effected, and this

apathy in having it carried out? Is it owing to that singular characteristic of the British people,—the jealousy they have of a national armed force? That they should have mistrusted Charles II. or his successor; the former when he instituted a standing army, in imitation of the rest of Europe; and the latter, when he enlarged it, and by its means defeated all the pretensions of the people's darling, Monmouth: was but natural. But this mistrust has, if anything, gone on increasing. In vain did William III. impress upon Parliament the fact that the feudal times and their customs had irrevocably gone by. In vain has every great English statesman, re-echoed the same. We, at the present day, still look upon the soldier, by profession, as an unconstitutional being, and firmly believe that when he accepts the shilling he sells his birthright as an Englishman.

To go back, however, to the beginning, and show how our army has come to be thus *disorganized*, would be a task beyond the limits of these pages: we must therefore rest satisfied with explaining its present position. Let us first analyse its administrative organization—the various functionaries, civil and military, and their respective duties.

The army is a force, voted annually by Parliament, for the keeping up of the worldly influence of Great Britain; and unless that vote is renewed, the army becomes dissolved. The task of asking for this vote, and obtaining the necessary supplies of money, belongs to the Secretary at War; but, once voted, the army is placed, or at least supposed to be, under the Commander in Chief. The Secretary at War, who is invariably a government member of the House of Commons, is, however, not satisfied with this arrangement, and he purloins a great many of the Commander in Chief's duties. The Secretary at War is responsible for the preparation of the estimates for the ordinary services of the army, and for the due application of the greatest part of the sums granted by Parliament on account of them; he directs the issues, regulates the expenditure, and settles the accounts. He receives and communicates to the army the royal pleasure on financial matters; and exercises a direct control over all arrangements by which any charge is created, in addition to, or different from, those which have had the sanction of Parliament. He takes the royal pleasure for granting half-pay or pensions to officers, their widows and children, or for depriving them of the same: he is the channel for publishing commissions in the *Gazette*, and recording military promotions: he prepares and introduces into Parliament bills relating to the army, and directs all law proceedings connected with the military service: he superintends, under the enactment of the Mutiny Act, all matters relating to



the apprehension and escort of deserters; his authority is required for all movements of troops; he is the proper channel of reference on all questions between the civil and military part of the community, and is the constitutional check interposed for regulating their intercourse; and he is especially charged with the protection of the civil subject from all improper interference on the part of the military. Out of these duties arises much miscellaneous correspondence upon subjects connected with the discipline, as well as the finance of the army, and often embracing topics of great importance, which the Secretary at War is called upon to explain and discuss in the House of Commons.

The Secretary at War is, however, but one of a number; and there is another great officer who disputes with him for part of the Commander in Chief's power—the Master-General of the Ordnance and his Board. We would we could separate these, but we cannot well do so, if we wish to show how things exactly are. Now this Master General and Board are supposed to regulate every matter which refers to the fortifications of Great Britain and her colonies; the armament of these fortresses; the making of gunpowder and of guns; the command over the gunners and engineers; and a few other small subjects, such as great coats for the army, their muskets and bullets, their beds and straw, their cooking kettles, and coals, and candles, and such like articles, which have, of course, nothing to do with artillery.

Turn we now to the Commissariat. The supplies for an army in war-time may have to be obtained either by the Government to which the army belongs, paying for the subsistence of the troops, and furnishing the provisions; or the Government paying for the supplies, which are furnished by the country in which the army acts; or the army obtaining its own supplies by forced requisitions. But with respect to an English army, whichever of these three modes may be adopted, the supplies have nevertheless to pass through the hands of the Commissariat, a body entirely distinct from the army, and under the control of the Treasury. Originally the Commissariat was a department of the army; but little by little the Treasury took forcible possession of it; and the quiet manner in which this possession was obtained is curious:—"From 1809 to 1816, the Commissariat was administered by a commissary in chief, acting in close communication with the authorities of the Treasury, who were also advised and assisted by the comptrollers of army accounts. From 1816 to 1831, the Commissariat was superintended by an officer, under the denomination of Agent for Commissariat Supplies, who occupied rooms at the Treasury, and acted under the immediate directions of the Board; constant reference being still made to the comp-

trollers of army accounts. . In 1834-5, the offices of agent for commissariat supplies and comptrollers of army accounts were abolished, and the administration of the Commissariat was *finally consolidated with the Treasury*,—an arrangement so conducive to the public benefit, that in 1850, the whole question was reopened, and no conclusion came at, until now that the pressure of the war has led to a partial separation. That a body of officers, whose duties have been defined by the Duke of Wellington as having for object the care of the stomachs “of the troops and their horses,” should not be under the control of the Commander-in-Chief in the field, does appear wonderful enough. But to keep all departments in the same muddling state, the Commissariat have manifold duties to perform. Besides providing provisions, forage, and fuel for the troops, they have in peace-time to see to the funds for the payment of the military, convict, and other establishments in the colonies, the expense of which falls on the mother country; they make the necessary advances to the regimental paymasters, the officers of the ordnance and of the navy; they pay in detail, the staff pay, forage, and other money allowances; Chelsea and naval pensions, salaries of the stipendiary magistrates, and of the officers belonging to the convict and other government establishments abroad. In fact, besides being caterers, they are also bankers.

The pay, discipline, arming, and provisioning of our army being under four different heads, it would scarcely be consistent if the medical care of our troops did not form a separate department, and we consequently have a Medical Department under the control of a Director General, whose office is at No. 13, St. James's Place. But this Director General is responsible to the Commander in Chief for the discipline of his surgeons, and to the Secretary at War for the financial expenses of the hospitals; and as the Secretary at War gets worried by the Treasury if a little too much quinine has been expended, he comes down upon the Director General, who in his turn stints the doctors of promotion and of medicine, but will spend five shillings in correspondence about a penny bottle.

To give the reader a clear idea of the involved arrangements of the system—these wheels within wheels, which have so choked up the machine, that it is next to impossible to get at them and set them going—we will quote a document laid before a Parliamentary Committee, in 1850, by the then Secretary at War, stating the apportionment of duties:—

“STRENGTH AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ARMY: Secretary of State.

COMMAND OF THE ARMY: Commander in Chief; discipline, Adjutant-General; Quartering, Quartermaster-General.

**PAY OF THE ARMY:** Secretary at War, through Paymaster-General at home. Commissariat abroad.

**CLOTHING OF THE ARMY:** Colonels of regiments of cavalry and infantry, by separate contracts. Colonial corps, by Ordnance.

**GREAT COATS:** Ordnance.

**PROVISIONS OF THE ARMY:** Ordnance contracts at home. Commissariat contracts abroad. Admiralty, on board ship. Secretary at War pays the regulated stoppages, and the excess is borne by Ordnance, Commissariat, and Admiralty, respectively.

**FORAGE, FUEL, AND LIGHT:** Ordnance in kind at home. Commissariat in kind abroad. Money allowances in lieu of forage for staff officers, by the Secretary at War.

**BARRACKS, AND HOSPITALS, AND LODGINGS.** Ordnance. Allowance to men not in barracks, by the Secretary at War.

**MEDICAL CARE OF THE ARMY:** Army medical department, under Commander in Chief and Secretary at War.

**HOSPITAL EXPENDITURE:** Secretary at War.

**DIVINE SERVICE:** Secretary at War, assisted by Chaplain-General.

**MOVEMENT OF TROOPS:** Secretary at War, at the recommendation of the Quartermaster-General.

**ADMINISTRATION OF MARTIAL LAW:** Judge-Advocate-General, as to court martials. Preparation of Mutiny Act, and articles of war, Secretary at War.

**MILITARY PRISONS** } Secretary at War.  
**DESSERTERS** }

**SCHOOLS AND LIBRARIES:** Secretary at War.

**ARMS:** Ordnance.

**PASSAGES OF OFFICERS AND MEN:** Admiralty: Coastwise at home, Secretary at War.

**PENSIONING THE ARMY:** Officers, and widows of officers, Secretary at War.

**PAYMENT OF PENSIONERS:** Secretary at War.

**AUDIT OF ARMY EXPENDITURE:** Effective services, Secretary at War, having an audit office clerk, to see that expenditure is appropriated to the proper vote. Non-effective services (except pensions of men), by Audit Office, in accounts of the Paymaster-General."

Never were a bankrupt's accounts in such disorder!

Leaving now the civil administration of the Army, let us pass to its military administration. Having seen by what functionaries it is paid, armed, provisioned, and supplied with surgeons and medicine, let us briefly consider the respective duties of those by whom it is commanded, disciplined, and led into action.

The command and discipline of the Army, at least such parts of

these important functions as have not been abstracted by the Secretary at War, devolve on the Commander in Chief in Great Britain. He is supposed to be the man to whom the Government refers in case they want general officers to command armies in the field or the colonies. He is supposed to keep a watchful eye over the interior economy of every regiment, and the conduct of the officers and men. But as this involves many complicated details, he is allowed the assistance of a staff.

There is the quartermaster-general, who has the direction of embarking and disembarking troops, their march, the direction of the localities to be occupied, all correspondence relative to maps, plans, dispositions for defence, &c. The adjutant-general, who has power over everything constituting the efficiency of the army, such as the daily state of the troops, their clothing, discipline, &c. The military secretary, who carries on the correspondence between the general and these two great lieutenants, or with the public. The aides-de-camp, who carry the general's letters and messages, carve for him, look after his comforts—in fact, are so many sons of the family.

In India, Canada, Ireland, &c., there is a general commanding in chief representing the great man in England, and each of these generals have their deputy-quartermaster-generals, and deputy-adjutant-generals, and military secretaries, and aides-de-camp. In Great Britain and the colonies, the colonels commanding regiments report to the House Guards through the general commanding the district; but in the field greater compactness is required. Two or more regiments are placed under a brigadier-general, and form a brigade. Two or more brigades form a division, under a lieutenant-general. The number of the divisions will depend on the strength of the army, the nature of the country, and the nature of the operations; but each division should be complete in itself in infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The cavalry is, however, formed sometimes in a division of itself, especially during a siege. The artillery is always portioned to each brigade, but the whole is under the command of a general officer of its own arm—at least it ought to be; and England is the only power which would attempt to insult a colonel of artillery with the command of some six thousand artillerymen. Had he been in the cavalry or guards, such a man as Colonel Dacres would long ago have been a lieutenant-general.

Thus far we have considered the division and arrangement of the duties appertaining to the superintendence of our military establishment. Let us now pass to the manner in which that establishment is manned; beginning, as will be here most convenient, at its foundation.

European armies are, almost everywhere, divided into *guards*, *line*, and *ordnance*; the first of these being men selected for long service and bravery, men to be depended upon in the hour of need; the latter, consisting of artillery and engineers, who support the two former both in attack and defence, and are supposed to bring into the field the scientific part of warfare. We give the definition as it ought to be. In England, however, we consider that lofty stature and money are the two best constituents of guardsmen; and instead of these troops of reserve being considered as such, they are looked upon in the army as the same as other regiments, and are generally the first to be sacrificed. Their officers are young men of the best English families, who have left behind them at Eton and Harrow a name for pluck and gentlemanly feeling, and who make first-rate company officers. They do what they are told; lead their men bravely into action; and never think, because—never having been taught to do so—they might, if they did think, probably think wrong.

The *line*, the real sinew of a British army, is divided into cavalry and infantry. The men are recruited anywhere and everywhere; the officers are furnished by such families as possess Horse Guard influence. It is a common mistake, and one which *The Times* has lately been led into, to fancy that army commissions are the property of the aristocracy. That the noble families of this country have pretty well monopolized the Foot Guards, is true; but people have but a small conception of the jealousy with which the Horse Guards distributes its patronage. The Duke of Rottenborough is a very great man in his own way; but old Squaretoes, of the "Senior," will beat his grace hollow at getting a commission. It is not merely putting the candidate's name down at the Horse Guards, and lodging his commission-money at Cox and Co.'s. You must get round the back premises. You must know somebody who will probably meet old Squaretoes at dinner next Friday, and who will ask Squaretoes to speak to the military secretary in your favour. Squaretoes has known the military secretary these forty years, and the last command Squaretoes had, he took the military secretary's son as his aide-de-camp; and though now he is a very plain old gentleman, who reads his paper daily at the "Senior," it is quite extraordinary the number of commissions he has obtained; and many a one, too, without purchase. One of his grandsons got a vacancy the other day in the Rifles, and another has been promised an unattached company; not bad things in their way, considering that Squaretoes has three sons, four nephews, and nine grandsons in the service. No greater mistake was ever

made than to suppose the Army belonged to the aristocracy. The fact is, it will not pay the middle classes to take it up as a profession, and unless you have been accustomed from your childhood to pass off as a fine gentleman, though without a screw, or that you have plenty of money to spare, the Army wont answer. Gunter will tell you, if you ask him, that men who are not of the aristocracy can get their sons into the Army; and what is more, that a man is no more bullied because his father is a pastrycook or a tailor, than if he were the son of the oldest family in England. This system of Horse Guards nepotism appears to have taken stronger root than ever of late, for on looking at the Army List, it is wonderful the number of names, amongst the lower ranks, you can trace as possessing a family affinity with the veterans of the last war. The Packs, and Beresfords, and Hills, and Coles, and Goughs, and Napiers, and Somersets, and Crokers, and Gilberts, and their cousins, and second cousins, and nephews, and uncles, and wife's brothers and cousins,—these are the men who officer the *line*; and it must in fairness be said that these names speak in favour of the present system, for they were every one made on the battle field.

The system of buying and selling commissions is one which must be duly considered before any change is effected. It bears seriously on many men's prospects in life; and it is urged by its advocates that the nation at large profits by it? Let us take any one regiment. A regiment may consist of one or two, or even three battalions; each battalion of six, eight, or even twelve companies. To each company there are about sixty privates, twelve corporals, four serjeants, a company serjeant, an ensign, a lieutenant, a captain. To each battalion a major and a lieutenant-colonel; the latter possessing a staff, consisting of an adjutant, a quartermaster, and a serjeant-major or senior serjeant. The promotion of a private to a corporal, a corporal to a serjeant, rests of course with the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, as he is best acquainted with the character of the men; but to rise from the non-commissioned officer to the officer rests with the Horse Guards. Now, from the first formation of the British Army, the commission of an officer has been his private property. He bought it; he has a right to sell it. And the following are the regulation prices:—

|             |                     | Lieut.-Col. | Major.   | Captain. | Lieut.  | Ensign. |
|-------------|---------------------|-------------|----------|----------|---------|---------|
| Cavalry     | Price of Commission | £6175       | £4575    | £3228    | £1260   | £1190   |
| of the line | Daily pay . . . . . | 23s.        | 19s. 3d. | 14s. 7d. | 9s.     | 8s.     |
| Infantry    | Price of Commission | £4540       | £3200    | £1800    | £700    | £450    |
| of the line | Daily pay . . . . . | 17s.        | 16s.     | 11s. 7d. | 6s. 6d. | 5s. 3d. |

When the colonel retires, he receives from the major, the senior captain, the senior lieutenant, and the senior ensign together, the sum of 4540*l.*, which, in the course of his life, he

had paid ; and Mr. Brown, on being gazetted to fill up the vacant ensigncy, pays the sum of 450*l.*, which will be duly credited to him when he sells out. The Horse Guards have, therefore, but few vacancies to give away to non-commissioned officers, and these only arise when a man has been cashiered, and loses his purchase money as well as his commission ; or when he is killed or dies in the service, and thus loses his purchase money as well as his life. The arguments for and against such a system seem to be as follows. The Government is anxious to retain the purchase system, firstly, because it would be a most enormous sum to disburse if every officer's commission was bought up ; secondly, because it gives them a certain security that the officer will be more strict in his duties : and it is not a bad exemplification of its working, that in the Queen's service you seldom hear of those constant court-martials which disgrace the East India Company's ; for it is a great check to a man that by a court-martial he may not only lose his income but also his capital. The argument on the part of the people is, that the highest honours in every profession should be open to all who deserve it, and that the purchase system renders the army a monopoly for certain classes. That the latter part of the argument is not entirely correct, is shown at once by what may be almost termed—the dislike that the manufacturing and commercial classes have of putting their sons in the army ; and surely money is not wanted among them. Of the soundness of the former part there can be no doubt ; but before raising non-commissioned officers to officers, render the army such that a different stamp of men will enlist. The men of like energy, of talent, and often of education, to those who are to be found in the ranks of continental nations, look out in England for something besides a shilling a day. Australia, California, the commerce of this country, afford a refuge and a future, which on the Continent is unknown. As affairs are at present, the first thing to be done is to improve the condition of both men and officers. Increase the pay of the private. Don't stop his rations, and his washing, and his wear and tear of boots and of clothing, and his pipeclay, and barrack damages, all out of his shilling a day. Raise the pay of the non-commissioned officer, who out of his scanty salary can scarce buy bread for his children after paying 3*s.* 6*d.* a week for a dirty whitewashed room in a slum at the back of the barracks. Then if as a means of transition—every two steps were given by purchase, and the third to merit, as displayed either in long or brilliant services, and if the commission of every man who died in the service were sold and given to his family, the service would derive great immediate benefit, and the pension list would be rendered much lighter.

For the obtainment of commissions in the Ordnance corps,

other influence than that of the Horse Guards is required. Money won't do it, but a little family interest is not a bad thing; nor is a general for an uncle out of place either. The Master-General having all the vacancies in the Woolwich Academy to give away, and changing, as he does, with each administration, likes to give away something to his old friends, and something, also, to his party. Lord Beresford being an Irishman, or Lord Anglesea having been a liberal Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, would fill the Woolwich Academy with Irishmen. Sir George Murray would swamp it with Scotchmen. But once in the Academy, the cadet has to work, and work hard, for these stiff examinations make great hollows in the cadets' ranks, and give the Master-General more cadetships to give away. "I remarked," said a cadet once, "that most of those who were sent away, were those who did not pay 120*l.* a year."

But how is the *staff* officered? Of course in the staff we have general officers—men whose good constitutions have enabled them to pass through the regimental ranks; but then a general can't do everything, and he must have his quartermaster-general, and his adjutant-general, and his military secretary, and his aide-de-camp. The selection of a general for service depends on the Government. The selection of the quartermaster-general and adjutant-general to serve under him, partly on the general, partly on the Horse Guards. That of the military secretary and aides-de-camp solely on the general. It is true that in theory these men are supposed to be selected in virtue of their proved fitness; and the Government has formed at Sandhurst a college where officers may be instructed in these branches; but the foolish officer who takes advantage of it may die in peace and comfort a worthy old captain, whilst the wise one, who does not, but trusts in Providence and his uncle, the general, will become covered with stars and ribbons, and be held up as a valuable servant to his country. Much had been said and written about these matters previous to the present war, and yet, if we take up the Army List for last October, and take a glance at the staff in the Crimea, we find the old story. Of thirty adjutant-generals, and assistant adjutant-generals, and deputy assistant quartermaster-generals, &c., but four had been to Sandhurst, the remainder being made up of the Horse Guards names of Doyle, and Colborne, and Airey, and Pakenham, and Wellesley, and Windham, and Wetherall, and Woodford, &c. How Lord Hardinge could have made the singular remark in the House of Lords, "that he had appointed *eight* officers from *Woolwich*, selected from a list of men unknown to him, to be on the Quarter-Master-General's staff," is very puzzling, as there has not been *one* such appointment beyond the Regimental



Deputy Assistant Quarter-Master-General of Artillery appointed by the Master-General.

It is most difficult from among such a staff to select Commanders in Chief. Interest puts a man on the staff, interest gives him a command. Who brought out the Duke of Wellington? Merit, or his brother the Governor-General of India? What gave Lord Raglan the command in the Crimea? Merit, or having been the Duke's secretary, and a brother to a Duke of Beaufort? We hear much of Edwardes and other Indian heroes. Have we not a Lord Melville and Sir Colin Campbell? Why is Major Tylden of the Engineers not raised to a command of a brigade? He did pretty well in the Caffre war. We have plenty of stuff in the British army to make generals of, if merit were worth anything. But how can it be expected that this should be taken into account in subordinate positions, when the very highest military appointment is the reward of political power, and not of merit.

Could our system be more forcibly exemplified than it was by Lord Panmure himself in the House of Peers, on taking office as Minister at War. "In replying to the observations of the noble earl who has just sat down (Lord Ellenborough), I must take leave, in the first instance, to point out to your lordships the great inconvenience of the course pursued by the noble earl, inasmuch as he has questioned me on several points with regard to which I had no notice given me beforehand, so that I might be able to give more satisfactory answers than I can possibly give off-hand." Now, what were these questions which a man, who had not very long ago been Secretary at War, had to answer off-hand as Minister at War? Were they questions of regimental detail, or of financial economy, to answer which accurately it might be necessary to refresh his memory or refer to office books? Will future generations, or foreign statesmen, believe that they referred to those topics which had been in every one's mouth for months: "Were the troops engaged at Balaclava to receive a medal? Was an order of merit to be conferred on the private soldier, as well as one on the general officer? Whether the land transport service memorandum, drawn out by Sir Charles Trevelyan for the Duke of Newcastle, might be laid on the table? Whether the term '*distinguished services*,' made use of in conferring reward on the officer, might be exemplified by the statement of the actual service done? Why officers suffered less than the men from cold or want of food? Why had General Simpson been selected to go to the Crimea, and in what capacity?" These were the questions, and they would not have puzzled any clerk in the War department. Yet here we had the Minister at War unable to state what he intended to do; and unacquainted with every-day

questions of the war. He told the House that General Simpson was appointed to fill the important office of head of the staff. But has not Lord Raglan got General Estcourt? Is that officer not *bonâ fide* filling the office of the *chef d'état major*, so talked of. The English translation of this *chef* is "quartermaster-general," and unless General Estcourt is a myth, he is the quartermaster-general in Turkey. He may be a bad one, but that is another point. At present, General Simpson is going under a new title to assist in being the head of an old department. Just another cook to spoil the broth. Then what does Lord Panmure say to the disproportion between the sickness of the officers and men? "I cannot, my lords, account for the disproportion in regard to the sick between the officers and men." Not able to account for it! Let him ask a Sandhurst cadet, and he will soon be informed. He will be told, first, that a man fresh from a public school has a better constitution to work with than the starving mechanic or labourer out of employ. He will be told that many an officer has got into debt to buy warm clothing, and obtains luxuries now and then, which the private can't afford. He will be told that the officer has friends to send him out fresh supplies, whilst the private has to trust to a Government who lets him die of want, because the members would quarrel as to who should have the privilege of feeding him. He will be told that the officer took opium and quinine with him, and that the regimental surgeon was often even unable to get a dose of chalk mixture or a cup of tea for a dying private. The officer trusted to himself, the private had no one to trust to. But did the Minister at War, forming part of a Ministry which had just been censured by the House of Commons, and which is now under a sort of open arrest, dare to say these matters? Would it not have undermined considerably his tenure of office. Yet this ignorance, real or pretended, which any ensign would have been ashamed of, was quietly taken for granted by the House. And why? Because they felt they were catechizing a man who was not at home in his business.

Let the nation, therefore, be wary of how it allows army reforms on any large scale to be effected previous to the completion of the searching-investigation now taking place; or it will have to reform the reformation, the confusion worse confounded, of a body of men whose ablest military official is unable to answer off-hand an every-day question.

The above description places in a sufficiently absurd point of view our ingeniously mixed system of selecting the agents for superintending, maintaining, and commanding our army—a system of selection in some cases, taking for its test *oratorical power* and *political creed*, in some cases *family connexion*, in some cases *seniority*, in some cases the *possession of purchase money*, and in

a few cases *merit*. But by way of *reductio ad absurdum*, we here give a vividly illustrative conversation carried on between a Committee of the House of Commons and the present General Anson:—

Q. "Is the Master-General of the Ordnance an ordnance or a cavalry officer?"—A. "He is at the head of the artillery, and field-marshal in the army. He is not an ordnance officer in any other sense than as Master-General of the Ordnance."

Q. "Has he been brought up in the artillery force?"—A. "He has had some practical knowledge of the artillery force in the course of the service he has been employed on."

Q. "Has he ever been attached to the artillery?"—A. "Never, except as Master-General of the Ordnance; but the artillery have served under him."

Q. "Who is the next senior officer of the Board?"—A. "The Surveyor-General."

Q. "Who is now the Surveyor-General?"—A. "General Fox."

Q. "Does he belong to the artillery?"—A. "No."

Q. "Has he ever been an artillery or engineer officer?"—A. "No."

Q. "Who is the next?"—A. "The Clerk of the Ordnance."

Q. "Yourself?"—A. "Yes."

Q. "Did you ever belong to the artillery or engineers?"—A. "Never."

Q. "In the practical working of the duties of the artillery, have you had any experience in the field?"—A. "I have had no experience in the shape of instruction with the artillery force. I have seen the movement of artillery in the field, and I know what their duties are."

Q. "As an artillery officer, you have never been employed?"—A. "I have never acted as an artillery officer."

Q. "Who is the next officer on the Board?"—A. "The Principal Storekeeper."

Q. "What is his name?"—A. "Captain Sir Thomas Hastings, of the Navy."

Q. "Is he an artillery officer?"—A. "He is not."

Q. "Has any member of the Board ever belonged to the artillery or the engineer service?"—A. "None of the Board."

Q. "And yet they have the sole direction of the details of the artillery and the engineer service?"—A. "The Master-General has the direction of the details."

Q. "Though they have never been in the artillery or engineer service?"—A. "No; but there are very few persons who understand more about ordnance than Sir Thomas Hastings."

Q. "Has he had any experience as regards the artillery on shore?"—A. "Yes."

'Q. "In what way?"—A. "When he commanded the 'Excellent' at Portsmouth."

What is to be expected from military establishments thus organized and thus officered? Any one of ordinary sense can foresee that such a system of administration must break down even under its every-day work, much more under the strain of a war. There is abundant evidence that our organization fails grossly even in meeting the home demands made upon it during peace. Let us take a few samples of the bungling results it works out. The foregoing confessions of General Anson will serve to introduce the first.

Fancy for a moment the whole of the details of the Ordnance burdening the shoulders of a cavalry officer, eighty-two years of age! For this Master-General, mentioned above, was the veteran Marquis of Anglesen, who, broken down by pain, old age, and domestic troubles, was supposed to regulate everything from the Minié rifle to the best coals and rushlights. And then this Sir Thomas Hastings, this great gunner, who had obtained his eminent practical knowledge of artillery on shore, from his experience when commanding the "Excellent" gunnery ship at Portsea!—how thoroughly he must have been at home in deciding whether the pole or shaft was best for field batteries; which was the most suitable kind of harness; whether the horse artillery could not replace their six-pounders by nines; whether the number of men sent to the Crimea was sufficient to get up the guns from Balaklava, and man them afterwards. Could it be believed it was the same man who amused the Committee by his lucid explanation of the tests for brass guns. Being asked, with respect to obtaining guns by contract, whether gun metal, though adulterated, might stand perfectly the proof which might be applied to it, but would not endure afterwards, his reply was—"Precisely; I happen to know an instance of that kind. When I was in the 'Excellent,' I was requested by the late Lord Yarborough to test a gun for him, and though it had the appearance of being a very good gun, when we came to work with the gun it was soon found that it would have been quite useless for general service. I do not know how the metal had been managed, but that was the fact." Unfortunately for *the fact*, the mentioning of Lord Yarborough's name seems to have excited the curiosity of the Committee, and they were desirous of knowing a little more about this testing of brass guns, as it would be something to speak about, after dinner next yachting season.

Q. "How can you state that the gun would not have lasted as long as one manufactured in the Queen's arsenal, if you did not test it?"—A. "I mentioned this incidentally, as showing that that

gun had been compounded at a cheaper rate to the contractor. The opinion of myself, and those who examined the gun, was that it was a gun not suitable to endure. *I may have been wrong in that opinion.*"

The actual fact was, that he had neither analysed the metal, nor tried its power of endurance with gunpowder, but had rejected it because of its ringing. Had Sir Thomas Hastings ever tried to act as number two of a gun, when firing six-pounders, he would have condemned them *en masse*; they ring enough to break the ears. But we believe this is the same gentleman who, before the Select Committee on Small Arms, talked of the *new Minié mode of rifling*, and admitted that though he was strongly in favour of making muskets by machinery, and acknowledged the error committed for the last forty-five years in not having this performed, an opinion *based* on the excellence of the American musket, yet he had never himself seen one.

What would the public think of Miller and Ravenhill, or Maudslay and Penn, if they confided the stewardship of their large manufactories to men who boasted of having seen an engine running to Brighton, or been on an excursion for a week to Birmingham! Yet the Government think no harm of this suicidal system. Never had the Marquis of Anglesea had more to do with artillery than ordering Captains A. or B. of the Horse Artillery to support this or that *charge*; never had General Anson seen anything more of it than any one would by a review on Woolwich common or a visit to Woolwich arsenal; Sir Thomas Hastings did not know that the Minié invention was a bullet and not a groove, and that this improvement in the Minié rifling was the beautiful Pritchett bullet;\* and yet these are the men whom the public look to as being the most competent to arm their army. What wonder, therefore, that a Nasmyth should have plainly stated his contempt of them.

Q. "Do you think that the system of entering into contracts for the small parts of a musket, instead of entering into a contract for the production of the finished article, is a bad system?"

—A. "As bad as possible."

Q. "Then the system which the Ordnance has been pursuing for many years past is, according to you, as bad as possible?"—

A. "It is most absurd, and I have no hesitation in stating that most broadly."

With such a state of affairs in the Ordnance Office, it is not to

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\* Captain Delvigne was the first person who introduced the idea of making bullets expand into the groove of the rifle. Minié improved upon this, by inserting an iron cup, which caused the bullet to expand with greater certainty, but Mr. Pritchett, junior, gunmaker, in the Poultry, in a manner which proved the scientific practical man, so altered the hollow of the Delvigne bullet, as to enable the cup to be done away with.

be expected that the ordnance military department should be in an efficient state. In former times, when a State required the services of engineers, it used to employ the great men of the day, as Florence did those of Michael Angelo. But we appear, within the last century, to have fancied that great engines of destruction, and the fortifications of kingdoms, are a mere matter of rote. Children are sent to Woolwich Academy to learn the same humdrum course that was taught nearly a hundred years ago; and after their heads are fairly puzzled by an amount of knowledge which could only be crammed, with great difficulty, into heads ten years older, they are turned from cadets to officers by means of a bit of parchment. They have received the basis of an education which, if carried on, might, one day, make them useful in their profession; but, once an officer, there is no further inducement to work, they forget what they have learnt, and thus more dead-weight is added to the service. After a few years' idleness, they perhaps take to their books again, partly as an occupation, partly in hopes that it may lead to something; but as their hair is turning grey, they find that it has led to nothing; and they throw up their work, and begin to think of entering one of the three courses open to artillerymen, and which are generally known as divided into "mad, married, or methodist." But still the work of the Board of Ordnance has to be done. Guns have to be cast, shot and shell have to be constructed. Brown, Jones, and Robinson have been extremely annoying at the Ordnance Office about some new inventions—indeed, one of them wrote to *The Times*. The Commander-in-chief and the Minister at War are troublesome about those siege-guns, which are wanted. All these things must be attended to, and the time of the Board is amply taken up with contracts for coals and candles, and deal boards, and assessing barrack damages, and making the accounts square for the year. Artillery officers have therefore to be selected to look after the engines of war—but who is to be chosen. Not the young officers, for they are too young and inexperienced; not those who are working in order that it may lead to something, for that might make them presumptuous; it is much safer to select them from the family connexions of those in office, or their hangers-on. It is true they have grown too old for the work; it is true they have mostly forgotten the little they did once know; but then they have no crotchets of their own, and don't bother the Board with new-fangled notions, and small estimates showing how steam is cheaper than handwork. And thus the work goes on from year to year, in the same good old way, when suddenly a war breaks out, frightening all these old gentlemen out of their equanimity. Guns are wanted, and carriages are wanted, and horses and harness, and a thousand other matters, which drive

the Board and the heads of department fairly out of their senses.

The public might fancy the above all exaggeration, but the following anecdote will perhaps better illustrate the system. The Minister at War, seeing in *The Times* that the Russians at Inkermann had made use of 32-pounders, thought it proper that we, also, should possess a 32-pounder battery. Not deigning to inquire whether these were 32-pounder howitzers or not, he orders the Board of Ordnance to have a 32-pounder iron gun battery equipped for immediate service. A company of artillery, which had, with great trouble, been formed into a 9-pounder field-battery, is ordered up for this purpose. Daily accounts appeared in the paper of this wonderful new battery, the number of men and of horses it was to be composed of, and the victories it was to achieve. A month after, it was not decided whether the horses were to be yoked two abreast or four; but in the meantime the horses had not seen their harness nor the men their guns, and finally it began to be thought that it was no joke to pull 46 cwt. of iron over roads which it appears are too difficult for the butchers' and bakers' carts. The whole of this chaotic bungling would have been spared had the Duke of Newcastle known the slightest thing about war, or the Board of Ordnance about artillery.

Not even a tallow candle could be issued without the Ordnance and Commissariat quarrelling as to who should do it; and at last the Secretary at War was obliged to satisfy them by arranging that the one should do it at home, and the other abroad. What wonder, therefore, that the poor Duke of Newcastle could not get on. He wants a regiment from the Cape of Good Hope, and sends out a ship for it, without telling Lord Hardinge to write to the general commanding on the station. Had the Duke of Newcastle dined at a mess, he would never have thought of slighting General Jackson, the grim old commander of the Carbineers, who never cared a fig for any man but his commanding officer. Again, if the Minister at War wanted boots or coats, he had to write to the Ordnance Board; but they liked to have their own way, and it was very unpleasant to be dictated to. Did not their patents grant them unlimited power over their own department? And so his grace had to wait—and so on to the end of the chapter.

After all this, can any one think the state of our army in the Crimea a mystery? Is it not a natural, nay, a necessary result of the state of things which we have exhibited? With a War Office knowing next to nothing of military affairs, military tactics, military contingencies, is it likely that our soldiers should be properly

provided for, or a right apportionment be made of means to ends? Is it a wonder that an army should have been sent out without a war being intended? Is it a wonder that a siege of one of the most powerful fortresses in this world should have been undertaken without a sufficient force? What is a siege? It is a town defended by a certain number of men, which is attacked by another number of men; but the latter must be in sufficient numbers to enclose the defenders, and be able, besides, to defeat any force which may come to their rescue. That is a siege. And a Napoleon or a Wellington would have decidedly refused to attack a town in any other way. The Allies had but men sufficient to attack one side of the town, and had none to keep off a succouring force; and of the two sides to be attacked, they selected the one which, though presenting the greatest advantages to them, was also the most advantageous to the Russians, as it left them their great northern road. The consequence, therefore, was what such men as Sir John Burgoyne foresaw—viz., that the siege of Sebastopol became the siege of Balaklava. That Lord Raglan was ignorant of what the result was to be, no one but Lord Raglan can affirm. *The Times* has affirmed that Lord Raglan is to be blamed for the failure of the whole thing. But a moment's reflection will show how difficult it would have been for Lord Raglan to do otherwise than fail. Mr. Cobden, in a speech he made at Leeds, on the 17th of January last, quoted the following letter from the Crimea:—

“Our sick still continue to be of frightful amount. The following is a reliable statement of the present condition of the 40th regiment. They landed, on the 10th of November, 706 strong; they found a detachment of 101 already in the country, and they received a draught since of 34; in all 841. They have now short of 300 effective men. The officer who gave me these details attributes this state of things to *overwork, continued wet, and insufficient food.*”

*The Times* implies that Lord Raglan is to blame because the men are overworked in the trenches, because they do not get shelter when their work is done, and because their rations are improperly supplied. But is it the commander-in-chief's fault that he has not men sufficient to work in the trenches and to make a road also. The fault lay with the Government, which would persist in making war with a peace establishment, and in employing its engineer officers anywhere but at the seat of war. Is it his fault that the Government ordered this extraordinary expedition to take place in the month of September, and appear never to have contemplated that the town would hold out for the winter; leaving its army without clothes or covering, or men to make clothes or to erect sheds? Is it Lord Raglan's fault, when he



applies for more artillery, and when his request is laid before the Duke of Newcastle, that it is rejected by that soldier statesman? For it has been stated that, previous to sailing from Varna, his lordship wrote home for two more field batteries and another troop of horse artillery, and that the adjutant-general of artillery, having laid the demand, as a matter of form, before the Minister of War, the latter, then fresh in office, put his ministerial pen through the demand. Is it his lordship's fault that the Commissariat is not under his control, nor under that of the Horse Guards in England, nor under the Minister of War, but under the Treasury?

Amongst other criticisms to be passed upon the conduct of the war is one which, though but indirectly bearing on the question of our military organization, deserves, in virtue of its intrinsic importance, a brief space. We refer to the constant disclosure of the proceedings of the Allies. If there is any one point on which a general *must, for the safety of his men and the eventual success of his measures*, be more particular than on any other, it is that the enemy should be kept in entire ignorance of his future movements. That the enemy will employ innumerable spies, that he will spend a vast amount of money to obtain this information, is certain, but it will take time to do this, and a spy knows that, if caught, he will be hanged. Yet, together with our Crimean army, was embarked a man who was employed by the most powerful paper in Europe to disclose to the world at large every act and, if he could, every thought, of the commander-in-chief. That the British people should have been anxious to hear what *had* occurred, that they should like to know how their friends were, that they should endeavour to alleviate the miseries of wounded soldiers, is not only natural, but these were matters in which a British general would give all his assistance. Lord Raglan must have been but too glad to find that, by means of the press, the Government at home was forced to send out a waggon train, to send fresh food and warm clothes, to remedy the state of transports, and send nurses and comforts for the sick, for these are matters notorious in every army that ever takes the field. But what Lord Raglan has to complain of is, that this *Times* correspondent should have had the indiscretion to betray the movements of the army, by which future operations may be impeded, and that *The Times* should have been imprudent enough to print them. For instance, we find the correspondent stating, September 15th, "It has been decided to garrison Eupatoria, and Captain Brock and 800 marines have been sent away for that purpose. The Captain is to be governor of Eupatoria." September 16th: "They (the allied generals) were in bewilderment as to which spot of the Crimea presented the

best natural facilities for landing and for *forming their base of operations*." September 29th: "Let us hope that the operations against Sebastopol may be speedy and successful, for to hold the field at this season, and under present circumstances, when each day claims its victims, must finally thin our ranks beyond the proportion of our reinforcements, and materially impair the efficiency of our operations. Yesterday twenty siege guns were landed at Balaclava, and the whole number to be landed is one hundred." September 30th: "Our force, such as it is, cannot be expected to surround the fortress on all sides, and, under the best circumstances, it is to be feared that the Russians will always have a line of retreat." October 11th: "The British troops broke ground on the extreme right and centre of our position. . . . It is almost incredible that no one was hurt all day yesterday, but our divisions were all screened by the heights from *the direct range* of the guns." October 12th: "The guns of this work will command the docks and creek. . . . All their shot and shell at present *fly over* these works, and fall on the hill-side behind them. A heavy battery of eight Lancaster and 10-inch naval guns, *placed at a distance of 2500 yards* from the enemy's lines. . . . A heavy gun has been placed in position on the heights to command this road." In fact, the whole of the 12th October letter was worth everything to Menschikoff. Lord Raglan remonstrated against these proceedings; the Minister at War remonstrated. *The Times* took credit for having given way, and yet the very day it did so its telegraphic despatches announce that "The Flagstaff battery had been mined by the French, who only waited a favourable opportunity to blow it up."

We are far from making these observations in an unkind spirit, for we gladly recognise the great services which that journal has rendered to this country. We have spoken freely on the subject, simply because we feel that in this one case *The Times* is doing serious injury to the public service, and that after the discussion which took place of late in the Houses of Parliament, and the appeal made to it by the most influential men of both political parties in this country, it ought not, on the 16th of February, 1855, to have published that "it is beyond doubt that whenever the assault takes place the fleet will run in to draw off the effects of the fire of the north forts on the south side of the town. . . . It is believed that the large screw line-of-battle ships can break the boom and force their way through the *chevaux de frise* of amputated masts and spars by running at them full speed; but any failure in such an attempt would lead to the most disastrous consequences to the vessels, whose progress would be necessarily arrested at a fixed point under the fire of the northern forts."

No one knows better than Prince Menschikoff that *The Times*

correspondent is generally well informed, and we have no doubt the above hints will not be lost on him.\*

Returning from these somewhat digressive remarks upon the share which the press correspondence has had in producing disasters as well as in remedying them, let us look at some of the further evils of the campaign which have resulted from our mal-administration of military affairs. Besides the insufficiency of force, due to lack of judgment at head-quarters, there is also want of generalship, due partly to a like lack of judgment, and partly to the effect of routine. The whole British army knew that Lord Raglan was no genius, yet it was no use exposing his blunders. Unfortunately for Lord Raglan's fame, the Russians thought Sebastopol worthy of a struggle, and, defeated at Alma, they retired in splendid order to Simpheropol. It was a fine move on their part; much finer than our flank march (which flank march, by the by, is not very clear just yet). For if the Allies attacked Sebastopol on the north side, the Russians could, from Simpheropol, cut off the Eupatoria line; if the Allies attacked on the south side, they could, from Simpheropol, reinforce the town with troops and provisions whenever they pleased. But for the evils that have resulted from Lord Raglan's want of skill as a tactician, we must blame those who appointed him. That he, accustomed from his boyhood to consider himself but as the amanuensis of one of the greatest warriors that ever lived, should have turned out, when left to himself, to be but a soldier, is very probable. But did he ever lead the British people to imagine him otherwise? He had always been accustomed to receive orders and see them obeyed: so when he went to Constantinople, he obeyed orders; when he went to Varna to see his army rot by thousands, he obeyed orders; when at last, without any definite plan, he landed in the Crimea to take Sebastopol, he still obeyed orders. For let it not be forgotten that, if we send armies and generals, our ministry at home will rule the operations—playing at soldiers is so interesting a pastime.

It is a very good and ancient maxim in warfare that one bad general is better than two good ones; and before we can look for success, our whole army system must undergo an immediate and complete reorganization, on something like rational prin-

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\* Since this passage was in type, a letter from *The Times* correspondent in the Crimea, dated Feb. 19, has been published, in which the various allegations made against him are almost all satisfactorily refuted; in respect of the information given to the enemy, however, we think that, though he describes himself as having "refrained from communicating any facts which might by any possibility be useful to the enemy," the above quotations show that he has in some cases inadvertently done what he intended to avoid.

ciples. This siege of Sebastopol is but the first step of a long and desperate struggle. The Continental blood is getting aroused, and it will not be cooled down again easily by any arguments of the Peace Society. Let us, therefore, prepare to meet it, by reforming our military departments, and then we shall obtain an army disciplined, fed, and clothed. It is true that the Ministry at War was instituted for this purpose. But the Horse Guards would have nothing to say to it, nor the Secretary at War, nor the Ordnance, nor the Commissariat; consequently, the confusion became worse confounded, and when ministers assembled the Parliament on an emergency, and passed two important bills, the one to enlist foreigners, and the other to enable the militia to go abroad,—measures passed on account of the necessity of *immediate* relief to the army in the Crimea, it had not been decided a month afterwards what militia regiments were to go, or what branch of this divided military department was to have the direction of raising these foreign mercenaries!

But there needs something more than a bureaucratic change. This system of general officers reaching their rank by means of purchasing regimental commissions, and a hardy constitution; the bestowing of staff situations upon cousins and nephews; the bravery and ignorance of company officers; all this may be very English and constitutional, but it does not form an army. For an army, steady well-disciplined soldiers are required; and by this we not only mean men who can sleep in a marsh or on snow without a murmur, but men, who, besides being well drilled, can cook their rations of pork in a dozen different ways, and who can run themselves up a shelter without reference to an Ordnance storekeeper. We need company officers, who, besides being brave and well up in their outpost duty—that most serious and difficult of duties—can watch their men's health and comfort as well as abuse him on parade about a button or a strap being one-hundredth of an inch out of its place; colonels of regiments, who, besides making their men march past in slow time, will dare look upon them as a public trust confided to them, and who will not be above making serious representations in the proper quarter when their men suffer from official neglect—colonels who will not allow themselves to be bullied by an aide-de-camp or military secretary—colonels who will look upon the regimental surgeon as something besides a saw-bone. We must have generals who are promoted on account of brilliant services or great common sense. And there should be generals of infantry and generals of cavalry. The public can understand the difference between a barrister famous for his practice at the Court of Chancery and another who has his name at the Court of Common Law. They are both lawyers, but they

have been made. Queen's Counsel in two various directions. So also we want our infantry generals, and our cavalry generals, and our artillery generals. A Picton would keep his brigade under fire where an Anglosca would have lost his temper. For the first you require cool steady courage and great firmness of mind; for the latter the courage and eye of an eagle. Some generals are famous for their vigilance on the outposts; others for the indomitable energy with which they will preserve intact their rear-guards. A major-general commanding a brigade must be a first-rate drill; a lieutenant-general commanding a division must not only be a first-rate drill, but have first-rate common sense. Yet when we sent our cavalry-generals to the Crimea, did we take these matters into consideration? A good deal has been said about the Balaclava blunder. It has been put upon Lord Raglan, Lord Lucan, and Captain Nolan. Now, a commander-in-chief can't be everywhere, and the meaning of forming a cavalry brigade under a general of its own arm is that that man should to a certain degree use his common sense; and posterity will think but little of that general who threw away his cavalry as a man might a handful of peas against a brick wall. Had Lord Cardigan seen much service and possessed a reputation for bravery in the field, which, however, no one ever denied him although he was untried, he would not have lost credit by refusing to obey the insane order he had received; though in obeying, he did his duty.

And until we have a radical reform in the education, discipline, and selection of our company-officers, colonels and generals, how can we expect to find proper commanders-in-chief amongst them? The office of a commander-in-chief is no easy berth. To the consummate soldier he must add the abilities of the politician and of the financial economist. Not a mere knowledge of history, and geography, and reading, and writing, but the education of a good practical man of business as well as of a soldier. He must be thoroughly acquainted with the private—his capabilities and his wants; he should understand the character of every commanding officer; he should have a thorough knowledge of each branch of the Army; he should know the country he is in—its resources, its revenue, its obstacles, in fact, everything relative to its powers of cantoning, provisioning, and defending the soldier.

In respect to judicious measures for providing fit staffs, generals, and commanders-in-chief, we may take a lesson from our enemies. Amongst those officers who deserted Napoleon in his hour of need, after the Russian campaign, was one Jomini. Having earned his bread, and even his rank of general in the French service, though a Swiss by birth, he thought that Russia would

be a more comfortable asylum. Now this Jomini is to soldiers very much what Euclid is to the engineer. He appears to have had an intuitive genius for war. He saw that, as in all other human affairs, we might draw certain results from certain given data, even in warfare; and he has written a very magnificent work on the subject. This work forms the chief study of the Russian officer, and as every officer in the Russian service has passed through the military college, there was not one who was not aware that Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud did a very foolish thing in attempting this Crimean expedition without proper means. But do we teach the science of warfare in our military colleges? Not a word of it. We teach mathematics, and German, and French, and drawing, and a little fortification. But as to strategy, and tactics, and outpost duty, and the various points of the Quartermaster-General's department, not one word. And will an officer study these matters when he finds that at Sandhurst and Woolwich they are unknown quantities, and when he feels it will not assist him in getting on in the service? For as the guardsman, with his comfortable allowance, does not care to work, the linesman, with his uncle a general, does not see why he should either. Working won't find out who will exchange, giving a handsome difference; working won't assist him in being in the right spot and time to get made a brevet-major; working won't put him in the despatches and make him a C.B. Work! who would work for nothing?

The very hospitals present the same spectacle. No nation in Europe could form a more admirable medical corps. Hospitals and lecture-rooms are to be found in every city. Edinburgh and London and Dublin possess their Simpsons, and Brodies, and Guthries, and Crumptions. Why is not a board of such men appointed? Why is not the entrance into the army and naval medical professions rendered an honourable one, and given as rewards to the great medical schools? It is true that in the army, surgeons are treated as gentlemen, which in the navy they are not; but how do they get in? By interest. How do they get promoted? By interest. How do they escape bad climates? By interest. Interest! and with whom? With old Dr. Smith, of St. James's Place. And if the regimental officers don't work, no more do the doctors. What is the use of serving in colonies, or reading up to the present day, or paying unusual attention to the sick? Johnson, of the "Tigris," has been through two epidemics in the West Indies; he loves his profession, and is never absent from his work. He has been some fourteen years an assistant-surgeon on *seven and sixpence a day*. For this he had to attend some seventy fever patients in hospital, he had to go two miles in the country to see the colonel's children, and he is roused

nearly every night to attend some soldier's wife in the back slums of the town. But Johnson got his commission, and with that his interest ended. No men work harder than the medical men of the army. No men undergo greater dangers. And what are their thanks? None. What is their pay? Why, a sum for which the mason and carpenter has many a time struck.

This must be amended. As mere pounds, shillings, and pence, our men are worth looking after; and it is not so long since that, in times of perfect peace, a staff surgeon of the first class died from consumption brought on by overwork in Cephalonia, during cholera times. How many will die of over-work before this war is over? Two and three doctors will not suffice to look after a thousand men dying like sheep with the rot. Their pay must be increased, their influence must be more recognised, but above all, the Smithsonian interest must be annihilated.

An amusing proposition has lately been made in *The Times* for feeding the Crimean army at the rate of three shillings and threepence *per diem* each man. Three shillings and threepence for rations! Out of what? A shilling. Is the golden time really coming when the subaltern can face his tailor, and spend five shillings out of half-a-crown a day? Well, the change is wanted. The amount of patience and misery which soldiers have undergone, even in Old England, of late years, has been fearful. Many and many a man has had to keep his wife and children at a shilling when meat was tenpence a pound, and many of them have seen them die off for want of a *little* more. It is true, and a wonderful thing it is to relate, that when the artisan is getting his four, five, and six shillings a day at home, the artisan's brother is lying in a Barbadoes hospital for a shilling. Honour and glory are fine things, but will they pay for a broken constitution and a broken heart. Will a medal pay Macdonald, of the "Unicorn," when he finds himself senior lieutenant, year after year, having gone through three campaigns and been wounded, and sees young Agar purchasing over his head. Agar is a very good fellow, but Mac's wife would like some warm clothes for the children, as the regiment is ordered home; and seven and sixpence a day don't go far when that has to be done. Even Joseph Hume said they ought to have more.

Let the officers of the British army, whether of the line, ordnance, commissariat, or medical department, feel that they can rise by sheer hard work, and they will do it as manfully as it is done in every other profession. The army has been slandered as idle and debauched. It has been said that officers will prefer drinking, and smoking, and women, to spending their evenings in endeavouring to perfect themselves. And why should they work? Why should they endeavour to become competent

officers? Who is there who will toil and labour when the profit is *nil*? Look at those hundreds of young men who have just enough interest to obtain a commission, and just enough money to buy it, but not one grain more of either; what have they to look forward to? The mere beggarly interest of a few hundred pounds. Let them face the deadly fever of the West Indies, or the cholera of the East, or the frosts of Canada, or the debilitating agues of the Ionian Islands; what is their reward? After fifteen, twenty, ay, twenty-five years' service, the "competent officer" may possess the noble sum of ten shillings a day, and have to spend double that. Will that keep his wife and children? will it even keep his own debilitated body free of debt? Give a man something to look forward to. If you place him in a certain position in society; if you will insist that it is degrading for an officer to mix with any but gentlefolks; if you consider that, like any other human being, he should be able some day to possess a home, and that the prospect of it will keep him from dissipation—give him a chance. At present he has none. The officer, without money, or powerful interest, is as much sworn to celibacy as ever was the Knight Templar; and his oath is a far more terrible one: for it is the internal feeling that it is wrong to bring a woman to share the miseries of gilded poverty. Yet this the nation can alter. It can open all staff appointments to those who will pass examinations for them. Not only examinations in trigonometry and Euclid, but in a knowledge of the duties of the quartermaster's and adjutant-general's departments. Do away with that nepotism which is not only shackling the energies of the line soldier, but also rendering the artillery a useless, cumbersome mass, and thus depriving the nation of those resources in war which it ought to possess. Our Nasmyths and Petos raise their heads above the crowd, and the people cheer them and aid them in their endeavour; but let the officer, without interest, endeavour to do the same, and those in power, afraid of being thrust from their official seats before they fall out of them from mere incapacity, will hasten to crush him and wear out his energies before the public can perceive it and stand by him.

And what changes are there not required in the Commissariat? Of all departments, it is the most important, for no man can endure fatigue without proper food and shelter. Yet, in spite of our great experience during the wars at the beginning of the present century, and the care which the Duke of Wellington bestowed on the Commissariat in the Peninsula, it is still the department which throws the greatest obstacle in the way of any operations in the field, and we shall therefore enter more fully on the subject. Even Sir Charles Trevelyan, whose authority on Treasury matters demands the deepest consideration,



thus expressed himself respecting the commissariat before a Parliamentary committee on ordnance and army expenditure:—

“The charge of providing food, forage, fuel, transport, and pay for an army in the field, is sufficient to occupy the entire energies of a separate body of officers, and the main object for which a commissariat is maintained would be hazarded if other secondary duties were to be united in time of war with those which are primary and essential. The providing all that was necessary for an army in the field, with respect to the daily use and consumption, severely taxed the energies of the commissariat even during the limited operations of the Caffre wars and the Canada insurrection, and the pressure on the department is still greater when war has to be conducted on the scale of the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns.

“The commissariat must therefore be maintained on the footing of a separate department; *and the only question for decision is, whether the superintendence of that department should be vested in the Treasury, the War-Office, or the Ordnance.*”

No man will question the necessity that an army must have a body specially devoted to providing it with food. It has, however, been many times stated that the French owed their great success during the last war to their carelessness in regulating the provisioning of their armies; that unencumbered by magazines, they made rapid marches; that the French soldier has a peculiar genius in obtaining his own daily supplies. This system of warfare was, however, far from intentional, and arose from a very different feeling. When the Revolutionary wars broke out, large armies were organized and marched beyond the several frontiers; but though to a certain degree under the command of their generals, their movements were far more controlled by the Directory and its Commissioners. These men, understanding nothing about warfare, looked to accounts of victories, unheeding whether the soldier was fed or clothed; and the general commanding ran too great a risk of his head, to make many complaints on the subject. But that the French armies, in consequence, did not suffer utter annihilation, arose more from the heavy, slow movements of their adversaries, than from any other cause. In 1792 and '93, Dumouriez was without provisions or clothes. In 1799 the army of Liguria more than once mutinied, and threatened to return to France, owing to its being on the verge of starvation. In 1800, the army of the Rhine, under Moreau, was without magazines; a matter which appears to have been nothing unusual, for St. Cyr observes, “that they are always adventured without subsistence being secured to them; and that in the present instance it was further aggravated by their having neither hatchets, camp kettles, nor tin cans, for they were supposed to obtain these

things from the inhabitants; by which discipline is very soon annihilated." It is true, Napoleon considered that an army invading a country should be provisioned at its expense; but this did not mean an undisciplined plunder, but a most careful organization at the expense of that country. It was a system which Dumouriez, when in Belgium, had in vain endeavoured to impress on the Directory; but Bonaparte with an iron will introduced it on his own responsibility. No man was a greater disciplinarian, and as soon as by a few brilliant victories he had obtained a firm basis in Italy, he turned his attention to the manner in which the contractors did their duty. Scrutinizing the smallest detail, verifying even the accounts of a company, he made severe examples of any defaulting contractor. With what care and precaution did he, in his splendid campaigns of 1805 and 1806, not only prepare and accumulate enormous magazines in strongly garrisoned fortresses, but officers were sent forward on the line of march to provide provisions at each halting station. He never forgot he should have to retreat but once, and the annihilation of his army was the consequence. Any species of plundering he strongly condemned; and Davoust, the sternest of his marshals on this head, had always the best organized corps. Not that it is to be supposed that the entire of his gigantic armies were always regularly rationed; for we find such men as De Brack, who, always with the outposts, had never received a single ration from the magazines of the army; but this was the exception, arising from the impossibility of distributing provisions regularly to a body of men most irregular in its movements; and even these were impressed with the conviction that improvidence in peace-time was wrong, but in war-time—crime.

It will doubtless strike the reader, that the position of our Crimean army during the first four months of the campaign, was very analogous to that under Moreau, so graphically described by St. Cyr, and from nearly the same causes. They were without clothes, or shelter, or food. The only army of the greatest power in the world was as beggarly as an army could be. Yet this want of the necessaries of life, these hungry men and starving horses, this horrible state of things, merely arose from its not having been decided whether the *superintendence of the Commissariat should be vested in the Treasury, the War Office, or the Ordnance.*

Passing from the Commissariat to the other administrative arrangements, we find the like urgent need for reform. Why the Commander-in-Chief should not recommend men for pensions or promotion; why he should not direct the proceedings of courts martial; why he should not have authority for the apprehension and escort of deserters; why he should not direct

the movement of troops; why he should be no longer an Englishman, and should require another individual to stand between him and his countrymen; why, in fact, he should be a mere automaton,—a mere filling up of an official name, doubtless the House of Commons can *not* say.

Is the Admiralty worse governed, or in worse odour with the nation, because the First Lord of the Admiralty has no one between him and it. He has a Secretary of the Admiralty, but this secretary is, as he should be, subordinate to the First Lord, and not his master. We can understand a financial Secretary at War. We can understand a man entrusted by the nation to see that the votes for each military item are properly expended. But, in the name of common sense, let him not interfere with the duties of the soldier. How can the Commander-in-Chief fulfil his trust, if he have nothing to do with the food or clothing, or health or education, or movements of the soldier; not even his promotion or pension. Yet the public never hear anything of this powerful secretary, who, from behind the scenes, pulls all working strings of the Horse Guards puppets: and if it is so easy for a Fox Maule or a Sidney Herbert to settle all these matters, could not a Hardinge or a Seaton do the same? England trusted the first of these latter with all her Indian possessions, and the second with that of the Canadas during a trying rebellion; yet she will not believe that because a man wears a red coat, he need not have a third party to keep the people in good temper with the Horse Guards, and *vice versa*.

The fact is, that before any good can be done, the power at present possessed by the several departments must be wholly abolished by Parliament, and the responsibility which falls to the Secretary at War—that is, the financial trust given him by the House of Commons—must be given to the Minister at War. The minister must then be made to remember that his duty is to maintain the number of men voted by the State in the most efficient manner, and not to interfere in military operations. The Horse Guards should become the residence of the Commander-in-Chief of the troops in Great Britain and Ireland only. This officer should have the sole control of their discipline and their movements, in the same manner as if he were in the field, and should be allowed to use his own discretion in all matters of detail, responsible, of course, to the Minister at War. The Commissariat, disburdened of its many extra duties, should become the provisioning department of the army, and look after all its stores of clothing, food, and fuel. The Ordnance, disencumbered of its clerk, surveyor, and storekeeper-general, should be represented by a Lieutenant-General of Ordnance, responsible to the Minister at War for the efficiency, not only of the discipline

of the artillery, but in all that relates to the artilleryman's duties, such as the supplies of shot and shell, and guns and small arms, and gunpowder, for which purposes he would have the proper officers under him. And finally, the Minister at War must be a soldier. Why should the army be ruled by a Duke of Newcastle or a Lord Panmure? Would the bar accept them as Lord Chancellors? The country, tired of these absurdities and numerous departments, will surely rouse itself to reorganise the whole system; but above all, let it open the roads to military distinctions to those who are willing and able to work, and the nation will then find that a redcoat is as faithful a minister of war as a blackcoat; and there can surely be no doubt that he will be a more practical one. We hear much of the advantages of the French system, and the Austrian, and the Prussian. Why? They have placed their armies on a national system. Instead of copying, place the British army on a British system, and we shall then possess an army worthy of the country.

In closing, we have to regret that this article must be sent to press before the ministerial scheme of reorganization, just announced by Lord Panmure, is made public. It is to be feared that, coming as it does from those who have shown so little practical knowledge of the requirements, and devised as it is whilst yet the investigations of Mr. Roebuck's committee are incomplete, it will not be satisfactory. Next to that "froward retention of custom," which, as Bacon says, "is as turbulent a thing as an innovation," the most dangerous thing is an innovation made without due thought and inquiry. It is a strange anomaly, that whilst by its constant appointment of committees, and printings of blue-books, our Government professes its anxiety to get evidence on which to legislate, even in the least important cases, it should here, in one of the most important of cases, propose to legislate before the data are obtained. After all, however, we need hardly wonder. Do not the disclosures now in progress show that if there is a stupid course to be found, it is the one sure to be followed?

Meanwhile we hope that the facts contained in the foregoing pages will aid—not, perhaps, the official mind, but the public—in forming a judgment respecting the needful reforms. And as touching the question of evidence, we may here draw attention to the work of Mr. Thomson, named at the head of this article—a work which, as far as we can judge by glancing through it, can hardly fail to be of service at the present crisis.

## ART. IV.—LORD PALMERSTON AS PREMIER.

1. *Speech of Lord Palmerston on the Resignation of Lord John Russell.*
2. *Speech of Lord Palmerston on Inaugurating his own Ministry.* Public Prints.
3. *De la Conduite de la Guerre d'Orient.* Paris.

IF personal aggrandisement or ambition, if the prostration of foes and the humiliation of rivals, were the great aims of political life, there are few who ever attained such signal and eminent success as Lord Palmerston. When last we made this personage the theme of mingled biography and criticism, his lordship had just been ejected from the Whig administration, with somewhat of contumely, by the acknowledged chief of the party. The cause for which he was ostensibly ejected forbade at the same time any appeal to popular or even parliamentary opinion. Repudiated by the Whigs for Bonaparte leanings, denounced by the Ultra-liberals for his provocative and adventurous policy abroad, which were redeemed by no very progressive views at home, Lord Palmerston was at the same time an object of peculiar aversion to the Peelites, who had chosen his sempiternal rival, Lord Aberdeen, for their chief. The Tories coquetted with him, but with doubtful sincerity and respect. No man was so ill received at Court as Lord Palmerston, the origin of his difference with Lord John Russell being the suspicion in which he was held there, a suspicion alleged to take its rise in the advice of Sir Robert Peel himself. The positive order of the Court, that no despatch from the Foreign Office should proceed to its destination till it had been formally submitted to the royal perusal, marked a distrust of the Secretary of State, and was a reflection upon the Premier. Nor were Lord Palmerston's antagonists confined to England. Abroad, if Orleans statesmen and the Orleans dynasty had considered him their especial foe, the Austrian Emperor and Austrian statesmen now professed the same personal enmity; the Czar had objections no less profound. To bear up against such potent and such numerous adversaries, Lord Palmerston counted on a few, and but a few, staunch adherents in Parliament, whilst in public he was supported by that small minority, which is inspired with warlike spirit in a time of profound peace, and

whose imagination revels in all the heroism of an adventurous foreign policy, when the rest of the world is engaged in pecuniary speculations and industrial enterprise.

When we consider also the time of life at which Lord Palmerston thus found his fortunes at so low an ebb, great is the marvel that he should have stood up against the triumph of adversaries and of adverse opinion with confidence and courage unabated. And greater still is the wonder, that fortune, accused of having such exclusive predilection for the young, should have so favoured the veteran statesman, as to enable him not only to outlive every calumny, refute every accusation, and see every rival prostrate in the dust, but to be in a position to assume the proud office of Prime Minister himself, for the purpose of carrying out that very policy of a war with Russia, in alliance with a Bonaparte, for which he had been scouted and almost hunted down, like a beast of prey.

And yet, however hard as a measure of justice, and utterly mistaken as one of policy, we may now admit Lord Palmerston's ostracism in 1851 to have been, it would be difficult for any one, taking a survey of men and things at that period, not to admit, that his lordship must then have appeared a great obstacle, either in the way of pursuing a policy or forming a government. At home, the Whigs had been so weakened by the crusade against the Catholic prelates, their want of skill and generosity in conciliating the Ultra-liberals, their aristocratic and social exclusiveness, and their want of first-rate ability in finance, that a coalition with the followers of Sir Robert Peel had become a *sine quâ non* for the continuance of a liberal administration. Lord Palmerston formed one of the greatest obstacles to this. The Peelites had placed Lord Aberdeen at their head, and of course made the most personal and pointed objections to sitting in a Cabinet with Palmerston. If thus the sacrifice of his lordship was the necessary preliminary towards the formation of a strong Cabinet, it became equally demanded in foreign policy, in which the great desideratum of the moment was, if not to conciliate the Czar, at least to win back Austria from that inveterate aversion to Great Britain, which was the result of its diplomacy in 1848 and 1849—a diplomacy identified with Lord Palmerston. This was no doubt the dominant anxiety of the British Court,—an anxiety in which it was strengthened by Lord Aberdeen. And however subsequent events may have shown that Lord Palmerston's system of playing the French alliance against that of the Eastern powers was feasible and wise, nevertheless, at that epoch, when France had so lately counteracted and defeated us in Greece, and when its government was pursuing

an exclusively French and Catholic project of raising up a kind of religious suzerainty at Jerusalem and at Constantinople, there was really no reliable probability or proof, that St. Cloud might be depended on in antagonism to St. Petersburg or Vienna.

But however warranted by policy and necessity the sacrifice of Lord Palmerston may have appeared at the close of 1851, the result showed, that adherence to old friendships and connexions would have been far better for Lord John, than either from policy or from the impulse of anger, to alienate a colleague; for not a single one of the results expected from the sacrifice of Palmerston was attained. The adherence of the Peelites was not secured, for Sir James Graham and Lord Aberdeen rose in their demands, in proportion as the Whig chief weakened his following. Neither was Austria to be whistled back by a change of names; and the retorts from Vienna to Lord Granville were just as sharp as those previously fired at Palmerston. Neither was the jealousy entertained by Radical of Whig more allayed than Austrian ire. The ejected minister soon showed his skill in debate, his knowledge of parliament, and his capacity to lead the malcontents, to expose the blunder of the minister, and leave him in dangerous minorities. Nor was the Court, when it found Lord John unable to conciliate Austria, as grateful as might have been expected from the many sacrifices that he had made for it. Lord Aberdeen was the favourite there, as well as upon the Radical benches. And a session spent by Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston in the mutual tripping up of each other, resulted in such total Whig discomfiture, that the Tories were enabled to walk into vacant places, and thus, without a majority or a policy, kept possession of the government for well-nigh a twelvemonth.

No liberal politician need regret the accession to power of the Tories at this time. This dreaded event, so far from producing any of the results expected, led, on the contrary, to one of the strides in advance, which time compels even the most retrograde parties to make. This was no less than the total abdication by Lord Derby, his colleagues and supporters, of every one of those essential attributes and principles which previously distinguished them. The Tories in our annals are known as the extreme upholders of agricultural immunities at home, and of official control in colonies, whilst they are the unswerving allies of antique despotism abroad. Under the guidance of Lord Derby, the Tories, in 1853, made a solemn recantation of all their hereditary prejudices. They declared themselves resigned to accept free-trade and to sanction colonial inde-

pendence, whilst they flung themselves into not merely the French, but the Napoleon alliance, with a precipitation and a clamour, which was as offensive to the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg, as any liberal missive that had issued from the cabinet of Lord Palmerston.

The Tory chief was not successful in his bold manœuvre. And although there is much in Lord Derby's conduct that Liberals must approve, or at least rejoice in, his party had no reason to congratulate themselves on the results. The sacrifices of principle were, in fact, without any corresponding profit. It merely sowed lukewarmness and dissension in the ranks of the Tories themselves, and now neither fresh adherents amongst politicians, nor a new confidence from the country. The aim of Lord Derby had been to conciliate those who, under Peel, had seceded from the old Tories, and thus to reconstitute that party which was once so strong in talent and in numbers. But this direction sought to be given to the helm by Lord Derby, was neither followed nor seconded by the leader in the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli. That gentleman did all in his power to repudiate the Peelites, in despite of the effort of Lord Derby to conciliate them. Mr. Disraeli, though young in power, did not shrink from entering into direct antagonism with Mr. Gladstone, and manifested that avowed inclination for returning to indirect taxation, which completely separated him from the school of Peel. At the same time, Mr. Disraeli in his long speeches on the subject of that quarrel which has terminated in war, did not conceal his leaning to Russia, and did not shrink from both defending the Emperor, and taxing the Whigs with rudeness and mistrust towards him. This want of harmony, and divergence of aim, in the chief of the Tory party, is important to mark, as it has led to the failure of Lord Derby, almost in the days when we write; to form an administration, by the reunion of the old Tory party.

Previous, however, to his effort to conciliate the Peelites, a task not to be achieved in a day, Lord Derby sought, and from the very first, to win over Lord Palmerston. The Tory chief offered to him the Foreign Secretaryship, which Whigs and Peelites pertinaciously denied him. It was a flattering and a tempting offer; but in the then ambiguous and transitional state of the Tories, it was impossible for honourable men of the middle party to join them. Lord Palmerston, in accepting office under Lord Derby, could have been no less than leader in the Commons, representing the opinions of men with whom he had so long differed. And besides, however liberal Lord Derby might be in his foreign policy, it was not to be hoped



that his party would adopt the policy of resistance to the encroachments of the military and despotic powers of the East of Europe, which was Lord Palmerston's ruling thought, and, according to his detractors, his *monomania*. Lord Palmerston therefore declined; and though practising a certain degree of courtesy towards the Tories, his lordship took part in those damaging votes upon the distribution of the electoral franchise, which proved Lord Derby to want the confidence of Parliament, and which prepared the way for his downfall.

There then ensued one of the most singular coalitions that ever took place; in which the Whigs flung away what was considered most dear to them—their pride—in order that they might retain ascendancy and power; in which Lord Palmerston consented to humiliate himself by taking office under his old antagonist, Aberdeen, on the condition that Lord John Russell should bare his neck to the same yoke, and in which the small band of Peelites with about thirty parliamentary followers coolly assumed the mastery over the Whigs and their numerous followers. This, however, was more for show than use: for if the Peelites had the lead in the Cabinet, the Whigs had the majority; if the Prime Minister wielded the sceptre at the Treasury, the Whig chief held the real sceptre on the Treasury Bench of the House of Commons; if the Peelites were in possession of the Finances, the Colonies, the Admiralty, Lord John Russell had stipulated that he should fill the Foreign Office with a man of his trust and party, and till he could find one, that he should hold the office himself. In fact, the Coalition ministry was a machine, put together of checks rather than springs. It was a bond of mutual suspicion, not communion accord. It was a collection of sentries, standing armed to keep watch upon one another, not a company of soldiers to march or fight in line. Whenever any one minister wanted to do anything in furtherance of his own peculiar plans, there were two or three others ready and powerful enough to prevent him. If Lord John Russell proposed Parliamentary Reform, he soon found a majority in the Cabinet to outvote him. If Lord Palmerston himself was for drawing close to the Emperor Napoleon, there were Sir Charles Wood and Sir James Graham open-mouthed to denounce him. When the Peelites mainly depended on the support of the Irish Catholics, Lord John was given to flout and sneer at them. And the Austrian alliance, another great card in Lord Aberdeen's hand, was declared a delusion and a snare by his Whig colleague. One of the great duties of a Premier is to appoint the bishops, and manage the Church. But Lord Aberdeen was a Presbyterian, and precluded from discharging either function. Then his lordship might dream of conciliation and alliance;

but he had no power or way of carrying them out. Never was a ministry so ingeniously put together for the doing of nothing. And the only excuse for its formation was, that it had really nothing to do.

There prevailed, indeed, a vague idea that the self-elevation of Louis Napoleon, and his accession to power, had disturbed the foundation of European peace. The panic which had been created by the alleged insufficiency of our defences, suggested to successive ministers the necessity of organizing the militia—a serious and yet undecided question. For on the final organization of the national militia must depend that of the army itself. But all this, like Louis Philippe's war-preparations in 1841 and 1842, became a mere pretext to place funds at the disposal of the War Office, and to give a martial attitude to diplomacy. No one dreamed of what was coming; when the very event, which the Court looked to as the grand security for the consolidation of peace, led to a rupture and an explosion.

The death of the Duke of Wellington, and the removal of Lord Palmerston from power, had already awakened the Emperor of Russia to a sense that the time was opportune for putting a pressure upon Turkey. English ministers had imprudently suspended their active influence over Turkish affairs; whilst French ministers and envoys as imprudently struggled to recover that ascendancy which the Latin church once enjoyed at Jerusalem, but which the Greek church, in consequence of the long European war, had inherited. Lord Derby recalled Lord Stratford, and would have made him his Foreign Minister, had not M. Bunsen, in the Czar's name, strenuously interfered. Sir Stratford Canning in Downing-street, would not have suited Russia's book. Her policy was already prepared; and no sooner was the nomination of Lord Aberdeen as Premier made known at St. Petersburg, than the Czar began to open himself to Sir Hamilton Seymour. What the Czar was not aware of was, that his propositions, instead of being poured into the ear of Lord Aberdeen, or of a foreign minister who obeyed Lord Aberdeen, would, on the contrary, be communicated to one of the most faithful sticklers for British and for Continental liberty that England possessed.

Russia, within the century just elapsed, had conceived plans, made proposals, and carried into execution schemes, for the partition successively of its three weakest neighbours. It proposed the partition of Poland, the partition of the Swedish monarchy, and lastly the partition of Turkey. With regard to the partition of Poland, the world has been long amply informed. It is but the other day that a document was published from the Swedish archives, revealing the project of the great

Frederic and the Court of St. Petersburg to serve Sweden as they had served Poland. Nothing can be more similar than the conduct and language of the Czar from his first proposal for the partition of Turkey in 1844, to his development of it in 1854. The basis of his proposal was, that England and Russia, as the great maritime and the great territorial powers, should come to a mutual agreement, which Austria would not fail to accede to, and against which France would not have the power to demur. It is to be feared that Nicholas, in 1844, did not receive in this country the categorical reply, that we would enter into no separate agreement, apart from the rest of Europe, or without its cognizance. In January, 1853, Lord John Russell did make that categorical answer. And the having made this reply will for ever remain his proudest claim to the character of a frank, high-minded, liberal British statesman.

The great difficulty with the Czar was to him an opportune time, when the government of England was on bad terms with those of France and of Austria, and when, at the same time, the conduct of the Porte offered a fair pretext for Russian interference. In 1844, England and France were squabbling, but the Porte was inoffensive. In 1853, however, there appeared to be the desired estrangement between England and the new Bonaparte emperor, whilst the Porte, by its vacillation in the question of the churches at Jerusalem, had given Russia pretext for provocation. Lord Aberdeen was Prime Minister—the most pacific and protocolizing of British statesmen. The opportunity was not to be lost: and although Lord Aberdeen appeared too timid to give his co-operation in dividing Turkey, his tolerance and exertion might be reckoned upon to make the Sultan yield, rather than precipitate hostilities.

It is impossible at present to penetrate the secret of what influence Lord Palmerston may have had upon the acts and language of the Cabinet. Such a document as Lord John Russell's answer, must have had his full approbation. Colonel Rose, the *chargé d'affaires* at Constantinople, was Lord Palmerston's follower and friend. His summoning the British fleet to Constantinople, was an act completely in the spirit and according to the policy of his patron. But the ultra-cautious Admiral Dundas, who refused to obey that order, and the Aberdeen portion of the Cabinet, who approved of that refusal and condemned Colonel Rose, triumphed. And here it must be noticed, that in selecting one of the Whig party to be Minister for Foreign Affairs, Lord John Russell's choice fell upon a statesman of great ability, no doubt, but of that gentleness of temper, and amenity of views, which led him far more to abet a conciliating and temporizing policy, than one that was bold, decisive, and peremptory.

The Foreign Minister, however, of that Coalition Cabinet, had the difficult task of reconciling the conflicting tendencies of Palmerston and Aberdeen. And not only had he to reconcile these, but he was compelled to render each decision and each act as palatable as might be to the Court, notoriously anxious and interested in every move. When we remember that Lord Clarendon reproved Colonel Rose for his zeal in summoning the fleet, and praised Admiral Dundas for withholding it; when we recollect that the repeated and fervid entreaties of France for more decided interference at Constantinople were rejected; and that, in fact, the French fleet sailed thither alone, we may feel pretty well assured that Lord Palmerston, however acquiescent, would have desired bolder measures; and that had not the outrageous conduct of Prince Menschikoff shocked and drove even the mildest to resistance, Lord Palmerston would have found his whole policy defeated. Until the Secret Treaty proposed by that Prince became known, the English Cabinet preserved neutrality between France and Russia. It was merely the Czar's entering first upon provocation and then upon invasion, single-handed, that flung the Aberdeen Cabinet, in its own despite, into the arms of France. It was the Czar that knitted the bonds between France and England. And Lord Palmerston must have smiled to see Nicholas verifying his policy and doing his work, whilst the pacific Lord Aberdeen was himself, unconsciously, compelled to lay the foundation of a war-alliance.

In the middle of the year 1853 the Russian army entered the Principalities. It was not for a twelvemonth after, that any British and French troops sailed to the Bosphorus, although the Porte declared war in October, and the disaster of Sinope marks the last days of November. For the space of one twelvemonth, in fact, the British Cabinet entrusted the care and management of this Eastern question to Austria, which took possession of it, manipulated it, and mumbled over it, without advancing a single step towards the solution. The fleets, to be sure, were ordered into the Black Sea towards the close of 1853; but the Admiral, like the Prime Minister, looked to the solution of the quarrel rather by protest at Vienna, than by either sweeping the Black Sea or menacing the Russian ports. Far from rendering himself master of that sea, the British admiral allowed the Russians to send forth cannon, transport troops and munitions of war to and from the coast of Circassia, and on one occasion across the mouth of the Danube, without any attempt being made to impede their manifestly warlike manœuvres. In fact, we might as well have had a fleet on paper as in the Black Sea. —

Had even the year during which the Coalition Cabinet pursued the policy of entrusting all action to Austria, been employed in preparing for the eventual war, which might at least, if it must not come, there would have been some excuse, as well as some profit in the delay; but unfortunately not one military care seems to have possessed the Government. Although Russia was known to have expended immense sums in equipment and commissariat, not a single precaution of the kind was taken by the English Government. Neither depôts were prepared, nor means of transport looked to. Even the militia bill was allowed to linger, and the facilities for recruiting and disciplining such an army as might, with any chance of result, be employed against so great an empire as Russia, were totally neglected. On this subject, the recent evidence of Sir De Lacy Evans is conclusive. "The army," he declared, "must have been sent to Varna by a government which was under the impression that there would be no war, and that the utmost to be required of the troops would be a military promenade. Those who sent the army," said Sir De Lacy, "must have treated it as certain, that there would be no fighting and no wounds, no marching and no need of transport." To prevent Russia from capturing Constantinople was the extent of English purposes at first, evinced by the project of fortifying Gallipoli. It was totally forgotten or unperceived, that defensive or passive war, though it may prevent conquest, still is precisely that kind of warfare which is calculated to prolong itself, and not lead to peace. But our whole system of war under Wellington had been defensive, and the men of 1815 who swayed both the Treasury and the Horse-Guards could not admit the necessity or possibility of any other.

From Lord Palmerston's precedents, character, and opinions one would suppose that he must have stood up in the Cabinet and protested against such obstinate somnolence—such reluctance to arm and such tardiness to act. He could scarcely have permitted that blind trust in Austrian zeal and sincerity, which kept London and Paris for a twelvemonth waiting on Vienna. If Lord Palmerston really felt any such impatience, or if he showed it in Cabinet councils, he certainly allowed none of it to escape either in Parliament or in his converse with the world. Those who spoke with his lordship throughout that period, heard him rather excuse Austria and profess confidence in her, than betray either impatience or suspicion. The expression of such very natural sentiments seemed indeed confined to Lord John Russell, who gave abundant symptoms of how ill he was at ease, and how much he deplored the sluggishness and fatuity of the Cabinet, to which he acted the part of parliamentary leader.

Had their division in the Coalition Cabinet been the natural ones between liberal Tory and moderate Whig, it would have been simple and intelligible. But they were far more complex, and the dissensions and divergences between the Whigs themselves were greater than between them and the followers of Sir Robert Peel. For a long time a notable portion of the Whig party had considered that what is called *progress* in England had proceeded quite far enough. The events and results of 1848 confirmed them in that sentiment, and they deprecated any schemes for strengthening the party by accession to popular opinion or by any collision with radical men or radical ideas. Lord John Russell was the terror of these conservative Whigs. He took a view, altogether different from what they did, of the events of the Continent. He maintained that if Louis Philippe had liberalized his franchise in time, and had the sovereigns of Europe granted even a small portion of the desires of their middle classes, no convulsions would have taken place, whilst liberty and happiness would have been secured. The Conservative Whigs, on the contrary, seem to have fallen back upon the doctrines of M. Guizot. Lord John Russell would not abandon his opinions; and this led him to propose a further extension of that franchise in England, accompanied by such reforms as would content the party of progress, and admit within the pale of the constitution the higher ranks of the earning class, as well as the lower ranks of the proprietary body. This scheme of Lord John Russell's was, however, far from popular in Parliament, as it dealt roughly with many boroughs, and seriously interfered with existing parliamentary interests. It required a strong breeze from without to fill the sails of such a measure so as to pass the shoals and counter-currents of parliament, and that breeze was wanting. What, however, was remarkable and strange was, that whilst Lord John Russell in these and other liberal projects found himself opposed by the old Whigs, he was supported on the contrary by Sir James Graham and the Peelites, and by Lord Aberdeen himself. So strangely were parts and parties entangled and interverted, the member of the Cabinet who took the most prominent part against Lord John Russell on this occasion was, we are sorry to say, Lord Palmerston. He would not hear of the new Reform Bill. He thought it unseasonable, uncalled for, suicidal. He threatened to resign, and he did resign, in consequence of its being persevered in. And he won on that occasion such golden opinions amongst the Conservative Whigs, that he has been enabled at last to rally them to him as Premier, and to step into the position of Lord John himself as head of the party.

Whilst Lord Palmerston's views of domestic feeling conciliated the stationary and influential portion of the Whigs, his candour and opinion in the cabinet with respect to the management of the war, were considered to be less directed to throw out or criticise Lord Aberdeen, than to conciliate him and the Peelites. This was more especially the case latterly; thus when the war ministry was created, and the Duke of Newcastle unfortunately appointed to it, and when Lord John Russell raised his hands in amazement and dissatisfaction at such a choice, Lord Palmerston not only said nothing himself, but induced Lord John to remain silent, and when Lord John Russell's pent up impatience forced a vent in the shape of an explosion that blew up the cabinet, we have seen Lord Palmerston show indignation at his Whig colleagues and sympathy with his Peelite ones, as if these had been the injured and the innocent, and as if Lord John was the most unreasonable of men in seeking to place the war department in more efficient hands.

In all the conduct of Lord Palmerston we are sorry to discern more skill than frankness, and far more policy than liberalism. After the monstrous blow that Lord John Russell had dealt in dismissing him, we cannot but say, that Lord Palmerston was fully justified in taking revenge, and in looking to his own personal elevation. But when we contrast the frankness of Lord John Russell, his faithful attachment to reform, his defiance of Russia and straightforward rejection of its proposals, when we see his honest impatience of the Aberdeen humbug at Vienna and of the Newcastle humbug at the War Office, all blurring out in despite of the habitual discreteness of the statesman; when we observe how that Lord John showed himself prepared to sacrifice all pride, to be contented with any place or none, provided he could serve the cause and the party, we cannot but draw from all these a high idea of the political honesty and magnanimity of Lord John, and cannot but contrast it with the more successful astuteness of some of his colleagues. And yet, such is the justice of contemporaries, that Lord John Russell has been accused of being tricky and time-serving by writers who represent Lord Aberdeen as a very Solomon, and Lord Palmerston as the most ingenuous of politicians.

A considerable difference of opinion exists as to whether Lord John Russell was right in displaying so great an indifference on the subject of official rank, and whether he has introduced a beneficial or a pernicious precedent, by showing himself prepared to descend from the high office of Prime Minister, and accept a subordinate place under another states-

man, many of whose tendencies and connexions were certainly opposed to his own. All will acquit Lord John of practising such condescension for the love of emolument, of place, or even of power. In so doing, he sacrificed his pride to his party and his cause, and kept the Tories from office. But public respect has certainly grown less both for the high office of premier and for the men who have filled it. Above all, men have ceased to hold in much esteem the Whig party, which, although so thickly planted with grandees that there was scarcely room for a shoot of humble birth to rise out from beneath its shade, nevertheless was willing to make itself small and humble, and marshal itself behind such a mere Tory clerk as Lord Aberdeen, who was without commercial talents or statesmanlike qualities of any kind, except that he knew how to bow at Court, and because about a score of Peelite officials had mustered beneath his lead. Had this been done for a great, a good, a potent purpose, it would have been something. But it was purposeless. Free trade was secured by Tory admission. Progress and reform were tabooed in the Cabinet more than in parliament. There was no public object, but that of resisting reform, as its ambition began to loom in the horizon. But for this aim the Coalition Cabinet and the chiefdom of Lord Aberdeen was certainly the worst machinery, the most incapable, and unfit, that could have been conceived or put together.

People in high places and of wise reputation thought and said, that coming differences were for diplomacy to settle, and that no one was so fit for that task as Lord Aberdeen. Here was the first and the grand mistake; these differences were not for diplomacy to settle, but for resolution and even menace to render impossible. It has been said, and we thought with great truth, that had either Lord Aberdeen or Lord Palmerston been minister, with full power, the war would not have taken place. It is very probable. Lord Aberdeen would have adopted Lord Grey's plan of advising Turkey to yield to Russia the right of protecting the Christians, which it sought. Russia it was plain, would in all and every case wield the Protectorate *de facto*, and to consign the right in a Treaty, did not add any real advantage to the position of Russia. Lord Palmerston with full power, at least the Lord Palmerston of old days, would have said, Russia's entering the Principalities is war, and 50,000 French and English shall occupy Varna the moment that invasion is known. In either case we should not have had the present war.

Lord Palmerston, however, had not the power, and perhaps he was not the same statesman we took him for. We believe him to be the only man in the Cabinet, who saw from the first



that war was coming, and that it was inevitable. Moreover, there was no need that he himself should occupy the first place, in order to provoke it. Even with Lord Aberdeen as Prime Minister, and acting the part of conjuror to exorcise it, that spectre must advance and take possession of Europe. Lord Palmerston saw this, saw that it was far better that the catastrophe should come without his intervention. And he therefore sat himself down in his quiet corner of the Home Office, whilst the tide of circumstances was driving the pacific Lord Aberdeen into a declaration of war, and an alliance with the Emperor Napoleon. Lord Palmerston was so absorbed and delighted with the spectacle, and so interested in watching European policy and affairs gradually come to a point, which rendered his own policy the only possible one to adopt, that we cannot be surprised to find him neglecting his special duties of Home Minister, and falling into error, which his experience ought to have avoided.

But here we touch upon what in our opinion will be found a great drawback to Lord Palmerston's usefulness, and the great obstacle in the way of his success as a leading minister. His lordship lived an official life previous to 1815. He was a member of that government which carried on the successful war of the opening of the century, and which triumphed over Napoleon in 1815. That war was carried on, and that triumph achieved by a Tory party, acting on Tory principles, by the concentration of power and patronage in a few hands, and by the bribing of large interests, such as the landed, the West Indian, the monied, to support a system by which they profited. Of popular liberty, progress, and of freedom, even commercial, not a word was breathed. The powers of administration were centralized. If a great town called a meeting, it was ridden over by dragoons; if a lord-lieutenant impugned the Government, he was dismissed.

There are many people, nay, a school of politicians in England, who think that war can only be carried on in their views, in other words, that the Tories alone, or statesmen adopting Tory principles, can carry it on. The Tories think so themselves. And they abet the war, not that they hate Russia, or would put down despotism, but because they deem war to be that state of things, and to constitute that atmosphere, over which Tories must preside. Now our fear is, that Lord Palmerston is also of opinion, that war is to be carried on by a strong government, rather than by a liberal one, and with the support and by means of the aristocratic, the monied, and the

upper classes, rather than by popular effort or adhesion. Accordingly we find, that when Lord John Russell persisted in widening the franchise, and in a scheme of internal improvement which could not interfere with war, Lord Palmerston opposed both it and him. Then in his Police bill, the Home minister showed an inclination to override and supersede all local authorities, whether against magistrates or grand juries, and substituted a French scheme of centralized police. This was attempted without a due consideration of the details, and it was defeated. But the most striking proofs of what we fear are to be found in the mode in which Lord Palmerston afterwards composed his administration. And what we fear is simply this, that Lord Palmerston, though a man of energy and activity, is not a man of progress. Whilst it is more necessary for a statesman to have advanced ideas in order to make war successfully, than to administer the affairs of a country in peace.

In order to convey a full idea of what we conceive the mission and duty of a statesman at present, we must say a few words of the war. And these are necessary; for the people of England, it is evident, have no adequate idea of what war is, and what it requires.

In the last two hundred years we have waged several wars; but it was merely as a naval power, or as auxiliaries by land; the great nation putting forth but a tithe of its strength, paying indeed for gigantic armies, but employing in the field diminutive ones, which were as nothing compared to the great masses that were elsewhere moved. Fortune indeed favoured these our small efforts with victory, and crowned our few heroes with glory—so that our annals lead us to suppose, that we beat Louis XIV. with some 30,000 men, and Napoleon with some 40,000; and the tradition remains amongst us, that we can fight and conquer with such handfuls of men, as any of our humdrum, aristocratic governments can raise and can manipulate, the great people of England remaining mere distinct spectators of the martial effort.

We cannot, however, always hope to wage war as auxiliaries, and whilst we do so, we must make up our minds to have secondary weight in the resolutions or conditions of peace. Let us take an example, and picture to ourselves what the present state of things may lead to, though we sincerely trust it will not. We engaged in the present war with the rank of principals. We affected to undertake the expedition to Sebastopol in conjunction with the French, and on an equality with them. But such was our economy and want of either foresight or resources, that the French have this moment 100,000 men in

the Crimea, while we have at most 25,000. We know how much the quarrel of France with Prussia was a personal one. The Czar Nicholas had in marriage-negotiations and other affairs, put grievous shame on the Emperor Napoleon. He consulted England respecting the partition of Turkey, and treated France as a second-rate power, that must abide by decisions and facts, taken and accomplished without her cognizance. Suppose that Alexander II. makes amends for all these, and mollifies the French Emperor, where are we? We should be just in the same position that we were in 1814 and 1815, unable to prevent the absorption of Poland by Russia, of Saxony by Prussia, and of all Italy by Austria, which forbade even a constitution of British making to be continued in Sicily. We were the dupes and the plaything of the despotic powers then. And we may be so to-morrow, because we have no army and no military force capable of independent action. We are keeping up the pretensions of a first-rate political power, with but the military establishment of a third-rate one.

We are far from desirous of seeing England become a first-rate military power. We should much prefer (so far we agree with Mr. Bright) learning that the offers of the young Czar had been seriously entertained by the conference of Vienna, and that the result should be Peace, on the basis of the Four Points, with such guarantees as the freedom of the Black Sea, and the cessation of Russian menaces as could be agreed upon. We sincerely desire this, for even with this termination of the war, Russian supremacy will have received a severe check. Germany with all its powers will have been comparatively freed from the diplomatic yoke of Russia; and that country, despite its retrograde government, must advance, grow powerful, united and sensitive, until it can undertake of itself that restoration of its Slavonic neighbour and brother to independence, which is necessary for justice and for the balance of power in the East of Europe, but which would cost England and France too severe an effort to accomplish, ill fitted as both France and the German powers are at present to accomplish aught for the emancipation or liberty of other peoples.

It may be, however, that Russia will not, and that its young Emperor cannot, yield: it may be that Austria will shrink now more than ever from coercive measures. As to Prussia, its last demand of the German Diet, was that Mayence and Rastadt should be fully garrisoned and placed in a state of defence, a plain indication that it looked to hostilities from France, and not from Russia. If such be the prospects of 1855, Great Britain must come forward as a first-rate military

power. She cannot content herself with contingents of 25,000 men. She must, in order to keep her position among the other powers of Europe, send into the field an army of 120,000 men, which employs as many more to support or recruit them. Let not the cost alarm us. Our military estimates are as large as those of France. The estimates for 1855 amount to forty millions sterling, or a *milliard* of francs, which far surpass the estimates of France, and is far more than the annual revenue of Russia. The rate of labour and the price of provisions, are now on a par in both countries. We have cheaper means of equipment. Our colonies make up every difference between the populations of France and England. And we have a large standing army in India, disciplined and officered, and every way capable of a campaign, either north or south of the Caucasus.

The problem, then, is to find this large army for England at the same price as continental armies, paying, as France does, its soldiers by contingent prizes and promotions, not merely tricking the destitute into becoming food for powder, but enticing by fair chances large bodies of the population for a brief portion of time, to undergo the ordeal of war. This it is plain cannot be done under the existing system. We are now raising 40,000 or 50,000 men a-year, and we are spending quite as many. We undertook a siege in the winter months—that is, we went to meet the enemy in the circumstances, where there was most advantage to them and least advantage to us, and we did this, because we had no means of moving an army in the field, and therefore could undertake nothing, save stationary war. Now, no great conquest, no vast political result was ever obtained by a siege however successful. Napoleon never formed a siege in his great campaigns, and never tarried for one. And the allies in conquering him followed the same tactics. A victory in the field wins an empire, whereas the destruction of the strongest fortress never decides anything, beyond affording a good and new basis of operations. But as we were unable to march to the Danube, we perforce must sit down before Sebastopol. And what has been the result of our sitting down there? Some glory, no doubt, achieved at the Alma and at Inkermann, but profit none, save that of rendering war impracticable and peace impossible.

What we want is an army, and the means of giving to it life and movement. The present system of government in England is incapable of giving us that. It can neither raise the men, nor feed them, nor move them. Its utmost powers extend to the putting together of a small model army of gentlemen officers, and servant soldiers, the one consisting of the

porcelain clay, the other of the mud which settles at the bottom of our social basin. Both classes are exhaustible whilst the mind and pith of the nation is to be found neither in one nor the other. The middle class of Englishmen is at present excluded from the army. And the middle agricultural class, the farmer and the farmer's sons, the smaller, poorer, and decayed gentry; these, too proud to enlist in the present condition of the soldier, and too poor ever to hope to be officers,—these with their kindred non-agricultural class, the daredevil sons of the industrious, who bend themselves with difficulty to dull earning and industrious life,—these, which the colonies take unbroken and unreclaimed, would form one of those armies, at the head of which Cromwell fought, and before which the Cavaliers and their servile followers were swept like chaff before the flail. What England could produce is not, indeed, an army of *sans culottes*, like those first armies of the French revolution, which did fair but no wondrous service; but armies like those which came after them, into which the young of the entire middle population were swept, and which raised up its own officers and its own generals in a few campaigns of irresistible conquest and of glorious victory.

Who will give us an army like that? Alas! not the Whigs, not even Lord Palmerston,—not the Tories, though they boast Lord Ellenborough as another Carnot. All these are men of routine—men who have studied war as it was waged fifty years ago—men who, like Lord Panmure, declare the present regimental system the perfection of military organization, and, like Lord Hardinge, might permit one old, staid, maimed sergeant-major in each regiment to become ensign, but who would think the service disorganized if a dashing young sergeant was to be promoted for mere bravery.

The greatest element of success in war is novelty. No country and no commander ever achieved great ascendancy or won great triumphs, except by inventing a totally new system of manœuvring and of fighting. Gustavus Adolphus, Marlborough, Frederic the Great, Napoleon, all conquered by inventing each a new science and a new mode of war. And the new science included a new military organization. Neither the Raglans nor the Canroberts, nor the Austrian General Hess, nor Gortschakoff, are men to do this. And these feathered and epauletted gentry are capable of poddering through ten campaigns with a yearly sacrifice of 200,000 soldiers, without deciding the fate of empires or making any change in the position of affairs and politics in the East. A man may, indeed, rise in England or in Turkey, or Austria or Russia, who would change the whole aspect of affairs. But the chief and almost

only chance of such a man is that infusion of democracy into an army, which calls forth all the military talents of a nation. At present the French, the Austrian, the Russian, and the Turkish, all afford greater facilities and more numerous chances for merit to assert and elevate itself than an English system. With us the development of a great military capacity must be a miracle, at least whilst our admirals and generals, as well as their lieutenants, are appointed as at present. And we do not see that either Lord Palmerston or Lord Panmure are likely to make the least change.

Whilst saying this, and declaring that the present men and the present system are unequal to the task of calling forth and utilizing the energies of the country in a national and a great war, we must admit that no one is so well calculated to work the whole system to the very best that it is capable of, as Lord Palmerston. His whole soul must be in the struggle. As a Secretary at War of many years' standing, he must be acquainted with the machinery and the routine. And if Austria and France so bestir themselves, that we shall merely have need to furnish some 30,000 or 40,000 men, Lord Palmerston can do that, for he is personally most active, and intelligent, and experienced. But 40,000 English soldiers will not subdue Russia; nor will an ally like Austria seriously lend a hand in the subjugation of Russia, so that we are incredulous and fearful of the result.

Then be it taken into account that Lord Palmerston being the very best man, the most accomplished representative of the present system, should he fail, the system fails. The summons to war has roused the people. They are deeply interested and excited. They watch every move; they appreciate every blunder. Nothing is any longer hidden from them. And the incapacity of generals, commissaries, admirals, staff-officers, and harbour-masters, are as familiar to them as to the employers of these miserable functionaries. Should this misrule continue unremedied, and should it continue to produce the same effects of opportunities lost, armies sacrificed, millions flung away, and the nation stamped with incapacity and disgrace, then we may depend upon it the people will, in some way or other, take the matter into their own hands. We have no need of insurrection or troubles in England, in order to effect changes that amount to revolution. The public voice from one end of the isle to the other has but to raise a shout, and what can stand before it? Not certainly either the aristocracy of birth, or of official experience, to which a seat in the Cabinet has become a vested interest. Not the aristocracy of wealth, or that band of successful speculators who purchase

themselves into Parliament, and certainly not the men of any particular party; for there is not a single parliamentary party which, as such, can command the confidence of the people. And here we think that Lord Palmerston threw away a great opportunity, and gave deplorable proof of his not being equal to the crisis. No man, indeed, can have manœuvred more ably during the last year, or paved the way with more skill for his own elevation to high office. And when we say manœuvre, we imply nothing dishonourable or underhand. He tripped up no friend; he over-reached no colleague. He never showed coldness even, except to those who had first shown enmity to him. But the patience, the activity, the address, the moderation in word, the apropos in act, which raise men to great places, were never more fully displayed than by Lord Palmerston in his tardy ascent to the chief office of the State. His conduct in attaining supreme power was perfect; it was the use he has made of that power in forming a ministry, which makes us doubt him.

Nothing can be more manifest at this time, than that the great claim to office is capacity. We have a proof of it in the buoyancy and success, up to a very recent period, of the Peel party, which, with little more than a score, or four-and-twenty votes in Parliament, have forced themselves into office, rendered the Tories unable to hold it by keeping aloof from them, and made up Whig deficiency by their support. They, indeed, presumed too much upon this, deeming that they had a perfect monopoly of cleverness. Good accountants, fair economists, fluent, if not eloquent, speakers, carrying red tapeism to perfection, they imagined themselves to have all the qualities of Jupiter and Mars, as well as of Mercury and Minerva. They shared between them the great business of the war. They would have it all to themselves. They would not allow a Whig to meddle with it. Knowing that they reigned by the grace of their capacity, they were resolved to prove it, by organizing victory and directing armies, as never army was directed. Poor Peelites, the thunderbolt which they tried to wield scorched their puny hands. Even the mercantile business of feeding and transporting troops they did not understand. They were cheated on all hands; steam-packet company, commissary and contractor, all put ministers in their pocket. And whilst Mr. Gladstone was higgling for pence with the capitalists of the city, these same capitalists or their brethren were getting millions out of his colleagues. Each soldier sent to the Crimea has cost us a thousand pounds; and when we got the precious thousand pounds' worth of humanity there, we threw him away by refusing him a halfpenny's worth of bread and a great cost.

It was public acclamation and impatience that demanded

the dismissal of these men ; the same public acclamation that pointed to Lord Palmerston as the most zealous and active chief to direct both diplomacy and war. And yet Lord Palmerston, never looking beyond Parliament, stood up as the defender of these men—nay, feigned to be their accomplice, in order to win their adherence. He failed, fortunately. And then he had the magnificent opportunity of flinging himself on the country by the formation of a ministry independent of party, without any recommendation save fitness—a ministry *ad hoc*, of men untried by precedent, unfettered by connexion ; a man of practical military knowledge like Sir De Lacy Evans, for War Minister, and a man of business to stop the horrible dilapidation of the transport and provision service. It will be said, Parliamentary parties would have crushed such a ministry forthwith. They durst not. Lord Palmerston's hold of power depended then, as it depends now, upon one condition—viz., success in war. Nothing else will uphold him ; and that would have equally upheld a ministry of new untried men.

Indeed, we are far from thinking that the old parliamentary parties would have been severe towards a ministry of no party. If the Tories declined to form a ministry, and if the Peelites took the first opportunity of retreating from the one just formed, it was in no small degree owing to the belief that Sebastopol could not be taken ; that it was extremely hazardous to storm it, and that even its subjugation, if achieved, would annihilate what disease had spared of our gallant army. Lord Derby shrunk from such risk and such responsibility. As to the Peelites, they felt that to have a share of further reverses and greater disorder would sink them for ever. In this state of opinion, prevailing amongst parliamentary men, a ministry, composed on no other ground than capacity, would have commanded respect in Parliament, and it would have had a better chance than any other to ensure success in the Crimea.

There was one man, indeed, quite bold enough to have formed a ministry, and have incurred any risk—that was Lord John Russell, who seemed unaware that he had alienated the Conservative-Whigs by his Reform Bill, and by those sudden acts and resolves which he was in the habit of taking without consulting them. When Lord Derby gave up the task of composing an administration, Lord John undertook it with the greatest simplicity, and the grave Conservative Whigs, although they liked not his lead, still shrunk from saying nay to one who had been so long their leader. It was only when Lord John Russell came to Lord Clarendon, that he met from that personage a frank refusal to serve under him. This refusal from the youngest of the party, from one whom he had himself



appointed, had such an effect upon Lord John, that he at once abandoned his enterprise. Perhaps he saw then, for the first time, that the Conservative-Whigs had withdrawn their preference for him; and that with the Court resentful for his overthrow of Aberdeen, the Peelites equally angry from the same cause, his Premiership was impossible. When it was proved to Lord John that what was denied to him, was granted to Lord Palmerston, that the Whigs would rally to him, the Peelites support and the Court tolerate him, the old Whig chief at once took the crown of chieftainship from his own head, and transferred it to that of his more fortunate friend, rival, and colleague.

The frank disinterestedness of Lord John threw every chance into Lord Palmerston's hands. He was sure of the Parliament within, and of the people without. There was nothing he might not have done. But Lord Palmerston did not look beyond the walls of St. Stephen's. He heard not the voice of the country, and recognised neither its exigencies nor its power. His acts during the previous year, especially those anti-liberal ones by which he opposed reform and checked Lord John, had endeared him to the Conservative-Whigs, and to them he had recourse the moment that the Peelites fell off from him. Never was the country so astonished and disappointed, when, having learned the previous day that Lord Palmerston had been thus deserted, because, forsooth, he could not stop inquiries, they found him on the morrow have recourse, not to the country or its capacities, but to the old, worn-out dregs of Whiggism, to men who most of them were as inveterate enemies of change or reform as the Tories themselves, to men whose very religion is nepotism, whose ideas and whose politics are all in the past. A ministry which the old borough-mongering Parliament would not have tolerated, was thrust down the throat of a Reformed Parliament and of an impatient country. Woe to such a ministry, when it shall prove, as it must, even more superannuated and feeble than its predecessors. Woe to the system that could be so blind and so effete as to put forth such a Cabinet. And alas! for Lord Palmerston himself, that having climbed the rounds of office for fifty years, he could do no better, on reaching the summit, than call the halt; the lame, and the blind of his acquaintances to act as the advanced guard of the country in the most serious of war struggles, which evidently requires all the youth, vigour, invention, resolution, all the daring and desperate spirit of the British race.

In the midst of these throes and struggles of old parties and ancient politicians in England, to keep the game of power in their own hands, as if youth and vigour were dangerous

qualities, certain to destroy all they undertake, there has occurred abroad one of those events, which change the whole aspect of things, and which substitutes youth for age, on one of the greatest thrones of Europe. A chance cold has removed from the throne of Russia the prince who, in pursuing a policy of encroachment, had contrived to offend and alarm all Europe, and to unite three potent kingdoms against him. A great obstacle to peace is thereby certainly removed; and yet, if a vigorous prosecution of war were the surest and shortest way to peace, it has also raised obstacles in the way of active war, which are likely at least to retard it. Even if England and France be inclined to show no greater measure of forbearance to the young Czar than to his predecessor, this can scarcely be expected of the young Emperor of Austria. Austria, indeed, gains too much by her alliance with the West, to admit of the possibility of her deserting it. Austria gains the opening of the Danube; she succeeds to the supremacy which Russia has lost in the Principalities. Shutting out Russia and its influence from Servia, she can proceed undisturbed in her designs upon the Slavon tribes of the Danube. Austria has, moreover, shown herself more liberal and patriotic than Prussia, a truer representative of German feeling, and a more vigorous champion of German interests. The Emperor Ferdinand will not give up these advantages and forfeit this position; but he will keep them and it, in giving as little offence to Russia as he can well do; for after the war is over, and the fleets and armies of the West withdrawn, Austria will be left in presence of Russia, its rivalry and its vengeance, both of which might be indulged in so many secret and dangerous ways, that Austria runs considerable risks, and must cling to the Western alliance. But if summer, or even if spring, still retain our armies in the Crimea, it is to be feared that Austria will not stir from her present neutrality.

It is not our Cabinet—no, not even with Lord Palmerston at the head of it—that will rouse Austria from this torpor; for the Emperor Napoleon is said to have exclaimed, on being made acquainted with the conditions that Lord John Russell was conveying to Vienna, “That such *mollesse* would encourage Austria in temporizing and wearing out the summer.” But however soft and supine a government of Whig veterans must inevitably be, there is one spirit in Europe that knows no rest, and which will stoop to no concessions. There is the Emperor Napoleon, who raves of the great strategical manœuvres of his uncle, and who has prepared all for a march to the *stula*. One hundred and twenty thousand French at Cracow, together with a large military and naval division in the Baltic, are the true and only preliminaries of a solid peace.

So thinks the French Emperor. And he has not scrupled to risk the opposition of Prussia in obtaining permission for the corps to pass through Germany, a permission which Prussia has strenuously refused and opposed. If Prussia, Belgium, and Saxony would grant the use of their railroads, and the Belgian line might be even done without, a French army and its appurtenances could be conveyed in a very short space of time to Cracow, or to the Russian frontier. Should Prussia refuse, it would be compelled to take the route of Lombardy, and would find small railroad assistance till it reached Vicenza. Austria is said to have frankly offered the use of this route in case of need. Prussia, on the other hand, has replied to it by calling on the Diet to arm and garrison the federal fortresses on and near the Rhine. The Emperor Napoleon has replied to this by creating an army for the East; and what he means by the East, appears from the cantonments of the said army, which extend from Paris to Saar-Louis. The Imperialist *Constitutionnel* has given an account of these proceedings, and has summed up those of Russia with the apothegm, — *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*.

Such a state of relations between France and Prussia must greatly augment the desire of England for peace. Had Nicholas lived, he would have furthered a breach between Prussia and France with all his might, in the hope that a French invasion of Germany might arouse the people of that country, as well as of England, to their old jealousy of France. We trust that Alexander the Second will not pursue this dangerous game; for France might issue such a manifesto, upon entering the Palatinate, as would perfectly satisfy the Germans, especially when it was done in concert with Austria; and Prussia finally would have to pay the forfeit of abetting Russia in her ambitious pretensions and unwarrantable aggressions.

One consideration, however, should restrain the zeal of the French Emperor. No one is more anxious than he to avoid awakening either popular spirit or national war in any part of Europe. Did a spark of that kind burst anywhere into flame, there is no conceiving where it would stop; and were Germans arrayed one against the other, battles fought, armies discomfited, a national army would be formed of itself, and almost by magic in Germany, which would soon display aims of its own, and would not long want a commander. If such a flame was lit in Germany, we may imagine what would take place in Italy, as well as through the regions peopled by the Slavonic race. There are thousands in Europe anxiously awaiting such a chance; and here is the grave dilemma of the French Emperor,—the war ended without marked results, with advan-

tages confined to the Danube and the Principalities, and the modification of treaties, advantages unintelligible to the masses of the French people, does not strengthen the Imperial throne. Napoleon the First had always something to show. His wars not only gratified the national pride, and gave a glorious exercise for his despotism, but it brought wherewith to pay and reward the thousands of officers and generals whom the war had created. But a war ending on mere diplomatic rearrangements, and with the necessity of reducing an army of 700,000 to one-half the number, begets a spirit of comparison and malcontent.

Yet if the French Emperor refuses to conclude such a peace as this, he must go the length of continental war. And continental war must not only set on foot German armies, but awaken a German spirit. It may be said at the Tuileries that the campaigns of Jena, of Austerlitz, and of Wagram did not do this. But the Germany of 1855 is as unlike the Germany of 1805, as the France of the present day differs from the France of Louis XIV. Victories like those might indeed awe people as well as princes into submission to him that gained them. But what was the origin of these victories? A general dissolution of society in France, a destruction of the old government and its hereditary classes, an army penetrated by democracy, and a calling forth of all its energies to make war and war alone, to the neglect of everything else. These were the French that won the victories of Napoleon I. Where are such French to win the victories of Napoleon III? Surely not the reluctant conscripts, and the mediocre generals who have been grubbing up the earth before Sebastopol.

The great decision of peace or war, and if war continues, of a general continental one, must after all rest mainly with the new Emperor of Russia. If he be desirous of peace, and bold enough to make the indispensable sacrifice of that policy of Catherine, of Alexander, and of Nicholas, which sought to extend the Russian empire to the Bosphorus, France could not, England would not, gainsay him. But by the time that this is published, the world will be able to form a judgment from Lord John Russell's movements of what we are to expect. We, for our part, fear a continuation of the war in the Crimea. There, it seems, we purpose marching to attack the Russian army that is outside of the fortress, which we are then to return to invest. But suppose the Russians refuse to combat, and either shut their whole army in Sebastopol, or retreat amongst the mountains and elude pursuit, time will be thus gained for the large reinforcements that must arrive. And how are we advanced? Austria remains *arme au bras*, awaiting the success and support of the Allies. In this case we cannot but tremble

for the prospective laurels of Lord Palmerston, and we doubt his success as a war minister. Not but that he will give the utmost efficiency to our military system such as it exists, and as much vigour to our alliance as it is capable of. But Lord Palmerston is not prepared to give England such a national army as would place that country as foremost in the art and achievement of war as it is in other pursuits, where the national mind and energies have had full sway.

Let us then for every reason hope for peace, peace that may secure independence and an impassable frontier to Turkey, without enslaving the Danubian tribes and provinces to any one power. We have frankly stated our belief, and our reasons for believing, that Lord Palmerston will not make a triumphant war minister abroad, nor a progressive minister at home. At the same time let us say, we know of no statesman more likely to exercise a favourable and liberal influence in the negotiations and the questions which must arise and claim prolonged attention in the gradual settlement of the East. That settlement includes the form of government and the degree of independence to be given to the Principalities of the Danube, and it also comprises the kind of administration which shall be applied to Turkey, to Bulgaria, and indeed all its European provinces. We must confess, that we should have no satisfactory hopes of the nature of this settlement, were the governments of France and of Austria left to apply their principles and dictate their wishes. The only hope of anything national or liberal, or solid, allowing self-development to the oppressed Christian races, reposes upon England. And no fitter minister can represent England in this respect than Lord Palmerston. He has ever been the champion of constitutional liberty in Greece against the efforts of Russia, the intrigues of Austria, and the caprice of France. The Sultan himself has never had so liberal advice as from Lord Palmerston. And though his lordship has shown a firm belief, even to the verge of Quixotism, in the political wealth and wisdom of the Turks as a race, this has still not prevented him from recommending and even forcing upon them an abandonment of all their old Turkish habits of misrule, which some fear to be too intimate a part of Turkish nature to be ever eradicated or separated from it.

If Lord Palmerston has ever been a liberal friend and counsellor to Turkey, we cannot forget the true and courageous sympathies which he expressed for Hungary and for Italy—sympathies which won for him at the time, and since, the confidence of the British public, and the hatred of every European despot. Although his lordship's hopes of the regeneration of Italy, and of the constitutional independence of Hungary, may have vanished, and although the faith which he placed in the treaty

of 1848, have perforce been transferred to surer allies, such as Louis Napoleon and the Emperor Francis Joseph, we must admit that circumstances are more to blame than aught else. Lord Palmerston has shown himself ready to lay hold of every instrument and every ally that presented themselves, for the emancipation of Europe, and for the ascendancy of the civilized West over the despotic and barbarous East.

In Lord Palmerston, therefore, as a Prime Minister, directing and controlling the foreign policy and diplomacy of the country, we have great confidence. We are sorry to find him hampered by so many colleagues from amongst the Conservative Whigs; sorry that he did not summon to his side some new men of liberal and popular sympathies; sorry that he should place more dependence in the Vernon Smiths and the Cornwall Lewises, than in the Layards and the Lowes; and that he should base his power upon connexion rather than upon vigour and talent. Still we know of no better combination than Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell for arranging the terms of peace, and exercising an influence over its many important corollaries and consequences.

Such are our reasons of satisfaction with the new Cabinet, and we as frankly state our reasons for dissatisfaction. We hail Lord Palmerston as a Foreign Minister, but do not share in the public expectation of him as a War Minister; whilst we agree with all but the Tories in considering him, as a Home Minister, opposed to progress and reform. Few think this a recommendation in one who is to be a second Pitt, destined to weather the storm. But we see small similitude between our own times and those of Pitt, except in the incapacity which the aristocratic system and class displayed at both epochs to organize an army, or achieve satisfactory results in war. The Duke of Wellington was a happy accident; so was that state of things, which, rousing all Europe against Napoleon, allowed us to combat portions of his army,—those not the best led, or best organized, whilst the greater energies and talents of the foe were employed at the other extremity of the Continent. This is a chance that we are not likely to enjoy again. England must not expect again to wage a great and successful war, without throwing the whole of the national energies into it. And this our aristocratic system knows not how to do; and even if it did know, it would shrink in terror from the experiment.

But we have no wish for revolution, not even for a quiet one. The country progresses in peace; its enlightenment augments, and so do the middle classes. And we had rather make quiet progress in peace towards a just equality of classes, than attain that end within a briefer period through the miseries of war.

Let Lord Palmerston, therefore, give us peace, and a good peace. We do not promise that, as Prime Minister, he will long survive it. But it will be a glorious epitaph to have upon his tomb, that it was his policy that first mistrusted and challenged Russia, and that it was his administration which accomplished the humbling of that power to just and normal dimensions and pretensions, by a wise, a temperate, and not inglorious treaty.

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#### ART. V.—VICTOR HUGO AND HIS WRITINGS.

1. *Œuvres Oratoires de Victor Hugo*. 1853.
2. *Napoléon le Petit*. Par Victor Hugo. 1852.
3. *Châtiments*. Par Victor Hugo. 1852.

NO history, after that of their own country, should interest Englishmen so much as that of France. The points of intersection between the stories of the two countries are more numerous than unite any other nations of Europe. There is a running account between them of some centuries standing. It would be invidious, perhaps, to attempt to specify which nation of the two is the more deeply indebted to the other; but we cannot deny the origin of our civilization to be a French graft on the old Saxon stock. The Norman chevaliers implanted in this island French laws, French manners, French customs, and the French language. Ever since the Norman conquest, the nations have grown side by side, with a constant reciprocity of influence. Great men in the one country have sprung up to answer great men in the other; great ideas on the one side the channel have been reverberated with greater emphasis from the other; a generous rivalry, first in war, and next in literature, arts, and science, has considerably assisted in refining and solidifying their material and intellectual strength. Their political interests are becoming more and more convergent, insomuch that the hostility and distrust of ages are now buried in a common league against the aggrandizing ambition of a *parvenu* among the old family of European states, and Muscovite ambition finds the armies and the fleets of hereditary foes united together in defending the violated liberties of Europe. Independently of these considerations, the French national spirit, the rapidity of their social transformations, the indomitable energy and daring with which they attempt to solve the weightiest problems of government and social order, would otherwise point them out as the people whose ways of thought and springs of action we should, above all others, endeavour to comprehend.

What a part has France played in the history of mankind for the last sixty-five years! The world has hung upon her actions by turns with terror and admiration. What crowds of illustrious men has she called into light! statesmen, orators, generals, philosophers, poets, historians, artists of every grade!

"Salve magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,  
Magna virum."

And yet how has premature death, exile, proscription, thinned the serried ranks of these sons of genius on their march! What valiant men, mighty with the sword and the lyre, the tongue and the pen, have been arrested in mid career! How often has the great mother had to weep for a gifted son, the centre of a nation's hopes, snatched away in her hour of need, who might have uttered the mournful exclamation of André Chénier, "*Pourtant il y avait quelque chose là!*"—not to speak of the crowd of heroes engulfed in the vortices of the French revolution: ἀνάγκης στερρόαις δυνάεσσι; nor the many since that period, cut off in the vigour and strength of manhood. What an army of men of genius and ability—her greatest statesmen, her greatest generals, her greatest orators—are at this present moment wasting their lives either in exile or inactivity. And yet, notwithstanding this prodigal destruction of genius and capacity, what nation, nay, what epoch of the world, can show a page of history equal to that of France since 1789, if we regard either her external or internal action?

History being, from one point of view, as Emerson says, resolvable into the biographies of a few earnest persons, nothing would throw greater light on the present state of opinions, hopes, and convictions of the French nation, than the lives of some of the great actors of their history properly set forth, so that we might trace their intellectual and moral progress amid the shock and clangour of conflicting ideas. Nearly all the great men of France of this century commenced life as ultra-Royalists and ultra-Catholics; and nearly all have ended by becoming the champions of freedom and equality, both in Church and State. We cannot explain away this uniformity of change by the ordinary baseless assumption of the national fickleness of the French character; for the change in all was gradual, in the same direction, and moving with the events, and they held to their new convictions with the resolution and strength of martyrs.

We purpose to cast a retrospective glance on the life and works of Victor Hugo; not with the view of accurately determining his place in the literature of Europe or his country, but in some way to estimate the tendency of his actions and writings. He is indisputably great in almost every department of letters. His influence and reputation in France, since his admission into public life, have rapidly increased, and are increasing; and we



believe him to be a man of probity, truth, and sincere conviction in the opinions he professes.

Victor Marie Hugo, in the first piece of the "*Feuilles d'Automne*," thus sketches his early predilections and parentage,—

"A L'EMPEREUR DRESSANT DANS L'OMBRE UN TEMPLE.

Aimant la liberté pour ses fruits, pour ses fleurs,  
Le Trône par son droit, le Roi pour ses malheurs,  
Fidèle enfin, au sang qu'ont versé dans ma veine  
Mon père vieux soldat, ma mère Vendéenne."

He was born in 1802, in Besançon, "*vieille ville Espagnole*," as he somewhere calls it—his father being the colonel of the garrison in that town. The infant was so feeble and sickly, that it seemed doubtful whether it would live at all. Soon after his birth his father was removed to the Isle of Elba, and there Victor Hugo remained till his third year, his infant language being the Italian he had learnt to stammer in that island. After passing the next four years with his mother, at Paris, he went with her to join his father, who was appointed governor of the province of Avelino, a wild district between Naples and Puglia, full of such monstrous rocks, sombre chasms, and bandits, as Salvator Rosa loved. But these latter, however much in keeping with the locality, it fell within the general's duty to extirpate—a duty he so well performed, that the redoubtable *Fra Diavolo*, of operatic notoriety, was swept with his troop out of the fastnesses in the Apennines, to die beneath the bullets of the French musketry. The child left these scenes in his eighth year, his young soul deeply imbued with the environment of the men and nature from which he was removed. The natural glories of that land which has the fatal dower of beauty,—the never-ending interchange of fairy-like and gigantic scenery, the chestnut forests on the mountains, the thickets of the golden-orbed arbutus and myrtle on the hill-side, the toppling crag, the giant cliff, the gloomy defile, and precipitous torrent, impressed on the open tablet of this young mind, must have become "*a joy for ever*." Add to this, the glitter and variety of military life, such as he paints it in the following verses from his first poems—

"Parmi les chars poudreux, les armes éclatantes,  
Une muse des champs m'emporta sous les tentes,  
Je dormis sur l'affût des canons meurtriers,  
J'aimai les fiers coursiers aux crinières flottantes  
Et l'éperon froissant les rauques étriers.

"J'aimai les forts tonnants aux abords difficiles,  
Le glaive nu des chefs guidant les rangs dociles,  
La vedette perdu en un bois isolé  
Et les vieux bataillons qui passaient dans les villes  
Avec un drapeau mutilé."

After leaving Italy, two years were spent in Paris, in a house in the cul-de-sac des Fenillantes, Faubourg St. Jacques, under the care of his mother, a woman gifted with a manly strength of character, and from whom Victor inherited his independent and unbending nature. She lived retired from the world, in order to be more free to attend to his education and that of his two brothers. In this seclusion and peaceful occupation, a startling incident came to trouble the serenity of their youthful years. The General La Horie, a friend of their father's, who was compromised in the conspiracy of Moreau, had eluded the vigilance of the police, and came to find a retreat in the domicile of Madame Hugo. La Horie was well-read in philosophy and ancient and modern literature, and his chief pleasure, in the quiet circle of enjoyments which his life of concealment necessarily abridged, was the instruction of young Victor; at that tender age, the precocious child made his first acquaintance with Tacitus, on the knees of the fugitive. After two years of refuge, a treacherous friend revealed the secret of La Horie's retreat; he was arrested in 1811, and thrown into prison, from which he was led to die. In the spring of 1811, Victor departed with his mother and his brother for Madrid, his father being major-domo to Joseph king of Spain, and governor of two Spanish provinces. He lived at the Macerano palace, and it was at the academy of the nobles, among the sons of the hidalgos of Old Castile, that Victor continued his education. He had been destined to occupy a station in the court of King Joseph, but in 1812, when the star of Napoleon began to pale, and his stupendous fabric of empire, with the dependent thrones grouped around it, shook on every side, Madame Hugo brought her two younger sons, Victor and Eugène, to Paris, the eldest remaining a sous-lieutenant under his father. They entered into their habitation in the Fenillantes, and re-commenced their classic studies, of which Tacitus and Juvenal were always the favourites—hot draughts of those inexhaustible wells of Roman indignation sinking deep into their spiritual nature. From their mother, a strong-minded Vendean woman, a stout royalist, and a firm Voltairian, they received small religious culture; but her vigorous good sense, the energy of her belief in the future of her sons, and her noble character, rendered her an excellent guide and example in their moral and intellectual progress, and an object of the most enduring affection. The father, as was from his career probable, was a Buonapartist; this, and other causes, seem to have thrown discord into the *ménage*, and during the Hundred Days, the father had recourse to the imperial authority to take away the children from their mother. At the commencement of the Restoration, they went to the college of Louis-le-Grand, when both Victor and Eugène showed great aptitude for the study of mathematics. While there, in his

twelfth year, he competed for a poetical prize of the French Academy, to which Le Brun, Casimir Delavigne, and others, were aspirants. Victor Hugo's piece was considered the best; but the assertion in the piece that the author had barely attained his twelfth year, was considered so incredible, that it passed for a ruse, and lost Victor the prize. At this early age, the poet was as precocious in love as in all else. A little girl was the object of this early passion, who appears to have been loved with the fervour of Dante, but with a happier result; for she ultimately became the wife of her boyish lover. Assuredly, this chequered and diversified life was not without its effects on the susceptible spirit of young Hugo.

Almost born in the camp, the "*alumnus legionum*," the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war, were the playthings of his youth; the romantic scenery of the mountains of Calabria, the sunny splendours of the Sierra, could not but have stimulated into action his naturally precocious intellect. His residence in Spain seems to have had more effect in colouring his imagination than his other experiences. It has been remarked that Victor Hugo has always retained much of the haughty bearing and *tenue* of the noble Castilian; and his tragedy of "Hernani" breathes much of the still not utterly extinct spirit and chivalry of the hidalgos of Old Castile. The betrayal and execution of General La Horie, and Victor's separation from his mother, by inspiring him with feelings of dislike towards the imperial *régime*, prepared the way for that violent royalism which distinguished his earlier productions. But more especially to understand the frame of mind with which Victor Hugo entered upon literature, we must take into consideration the state of things against which his earlier poems and literary essays were at once a protest and revolt. No better exposition will be found of the general degradation of the tone and sentiment of the French intellect, and the absence of all belief in anything but material force, under the iron rule of Napoleon, than in the following passage of Lamartine:—

"But let us only speak of poetry. I remembered that as I entered the world there was but one opinion as to the irrevocable fall, the dead and already rigid condition of this mysterious faculty of the human mind. It was the epoch of the Empire, the hour of the incarnation in government and manners of the materialistic philosophy of the 18th century. All those geometricians who then laid down the law, and who overwhelmed us young men with the insolent tyranny of their triumph, thought that they had eliminated for ever in us that which they had succeeded in beating down and making away with in themselves,—all the moral, divine, and harmonious aspirations of human thought. Nothing can portray to those who have not experienced it the haughty sterility of this epoch. It was as the satanic smile of an evil spirit who had succeeded in degrading a whole generation, in the entire extirpation of natural enthusiasm, in the annihilation of a

virtue from the world: these men had the same feeling of triumphant power in their hearts and on their lips when they said to us:—"Love philosophy, religion, enthusiasm, liberty, poetry, all these are nothing. Arithmetic and force, the cyphering-table and the sabre, they are everything. We believe only so much as we can prove, and feel only that which is to be proved. We feel only what can be touched: poetry is gone dead with the spiritualism of which she was born." Everything was organized against the resurrection of the moral and poetical sentiment: it was an universal alliance of the mathematical studies against thought and poetry. The instrument of calculation (*le chiffre*) alone was permitted, honored, protected, and acquitted. As calculation is not reasoning, as it is an admirable passive instrument of tyranny, as it never asks for what purpose it is employed—never examines whether it is being made use of for the oppression of the human race or its deliverance, for the annihilation of the soul or for its emancipation—the military chief of this epoch wanted no other missionary, and no other age for his purpose, and this age served him well."

During the Empire, four great souls fought manfully against this unconditional subjection of the most exalted of the human faculties—Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Le Mercier; and all that was noble, enthusiastic, and aspiring among the youths of France, roused by those spiritual wants that are not to be satisfied by bread alone, prepared to follow in their steps. We have seen what circumstances, besides the ardent royalism of his mother, contributed to disgust Victor with the imperial *régime*. His impulsive and enthusiastic nature led him to reject republicanism, with which he connected the dry dogmas of the Encyclopedists, and the excesses of the Revolution, which he has described as "*mélant les lois de Sparte aux fêtes de Sodome*." His love and reverence for antiquity, and the lessons of his mother, could not but lead him to royalism. Ardent, absolute loyalty to the house of Bourbon, inflamed by the recitals of the war of La Vendée, and the deeds of La Rochejacquelin, Cathelineau, Stofflet, and Charrette, which his mother loved to recount to him, with which liberty, however, was to subsist, in some mystical manner—such a creed as Coleridge came to after a life of reflection, under the terms of "pure monarchy of the reason, in which the liberty of the subject shall be efficient in the apparent will of the king," (!)—formed the sum of his patriotic and political creed at this period.

As to religion, the sterile creed which was the legacy of Diderot and D'Alembert, fitted not the enthusiastic soul and warm heart of our young poet, who found rest for a time in submitting to the authority of the Roman-catholic Church, reserving to himself the right of liberalizing her dogmas to meet the wants of his social and expansive nature. Soon after, Lacrennais, in his "*Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion*," clothed in eloquent language the thoughts that were brooding in all hearts. The powerful

reasoning, ardent faith, and noble style of this great writer, met with a prompt and ample admiration in Victor Hugo, as in most of the youth of that period.

This royalism and religion of the imagination and the heart, which had Châteaubriand for its high priest, and Lamennais for its apostle, and which rejected all appeals to the reason militating against unlimited reverence and trust in the race of Saint Louis; passionate longings and endeavours to re-establish the traditions of royalty, and contempt for modern and vulgar liberalism, were the form of creed and the principles held by what were called "*la Chevalerie Dorée*," at the beginning of the Restoration. The father of Victor Hugo seems well to have comprehended that such a state of things for Victor could have no permanence. "Let him speak," said he, on one occasion, after a burst of Vendéan enthusiasm from his son; "the child is of the opinion of his mother, the man will be of the opinion of his father." After having gained several prizes "*aux jeux floraux de l'Académie*," he published his first volume of royalist and religious odes in 1822. These, inferior as they are to his subsequent productions, and the offspring of his boyish delusion, arrested at once the public attention, and called from the great Châteaubriand himself the tribute of "*l'enfant sublime*." They are for the most part, odes on public occasions, rhythmical anthems of the creed of young France. As of all forms of composition the ode is the most difficult, and as among the countless productions of this kind there is, with the exception of three or four of Pindar, as many of Horace, one of Dryden, and the ode of Tennyson, barely one that is worth the reading, it will not be supposed that Victor Hugo's success at eighteen was very great,—especially as his source of inspiration was of so ephemeral and fictitious a nature. To lyricize a nation which had before its eyes for fifteen years the Roman brow and features of the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz, into mediæval loyalty and devotion to a respectable but incapable stout old gentleman, whose principal qualification was a turn for letters and Latin poetry, and who had as much as he could do to compose the court squabbles, and the mad reactionary efforts of the ultra-royalists, was a feat which no human genius could hope to accomplish. Nevertheless, these odes, when measured from the point of view for which they were written, contain as much poetry as one can well expect. Whether the reader is or is not prepared to admit that every wearer of a crown is worthy of apotheosis, and that the actual monarch is perfect king and priest, the veritable vicegerent of God on earth, and that "*messieurs les tueurs des rois*" are worthy of all this expenditure of indignation, he will not fail to admire the mingled ingenuity and fervour which have contrived to introduce so much poetry into such unpromising

subjects. Some of the latter of the odes and ballads, written in his twenty-fourth year, on family and amatory incidents, such as "La Grande Mère," "A Son Nom," have great grace and purity of thought and sentiment. The royalist fever is already abated, and Victor Hugo is evidently not the man to go stumbling through life with a dead past lumbering at his back. "Les Deux Femmes," and "La Fête de Néron," will be found worth perusal.

We are aware, now that in the educational programme of English youth the former smattering of French has been superseded by a smattering of German, it is the fashion to speak of French poetry with contempt. The tender grace of *Iphigénie*, the fierce love of *Phèdre*, the noble ferocity of the *Horaces*, meet with supercilious neglect. The Attic purity and elegiac pathos of *André Chenier* and *Millvoie*; the vigorous and graphic little sketches of *Alfred de Vigny*; the melodious verse of *Lamartine*; the sweet melancholy of the "Consolations" and "Pensées d'Août" of *Sainte Beuve*; the sparkle and grace of the versatile *Alfred de Musset*, who, by the way, sometimes out-Byrons *Byron*; we fear find few admirers on this side the channel. The prevailing notion seems to be that the French language is incapable of poetry—an opinion in which we by no means coincide. We can however fully appreciate the difficulty which a mind nursed in the natural and vigorous dialect of *Shakspeare* and *Goethe* has to overcome in order to appreciate the more laboured productions of the Gallic muse. Modern France has many great poets, though no great poem; but although the new era of French poetry, inaugurated by *André Chenier*, *Lamartine*, and *Victor Hugo*, has not produced any work of transcendent merit, yet the elasticity, suppleness, and strength imparted to the French language, by the taste and industry of these writers, has increased its capacity for poetic expression tenfold. Whatever may be thought of the poetical worth of *Victor Hugo's* productions, his most hostile critics—and he has had them in France—have not denied his great merit in having exalted the value of the French language, as an exponent of poetic thought. By distillation, at three successive epochs, to suit the punctilious taste of a *Malherbe*, a *Racine*, and a *Voltaire*, the French tongue had been reduced to a dry, insipid, clear, colourless medium admirably adapted for the use of reason and philosophy, but not for that of poetry. *Victor Hugo*, by steeping the modern dialect in the old Gallic sources of the language, has enriched and invigorated it in a most incontestable manner; at the same time, he handles his implement with the most perfect masterdom. Witness his "Preface to the *Mélange de Littérature et Philosophie*," and his admirable "*Etude sur Mirabeau*." Ranked by universal consent among the French lyric poets, he

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did not say with Horace, "Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseris," and feel "he struck the stars with sublime head," but he made an essay in dramatic composition. This was "Cromwell," written in his twenty-fourth year; though not designed for the stage, it has passages of dramatic beauty; it is, however, chiefly remarkable for the preface, written in the height of the fierce war of the Classicists and Romancists, and long remaining one of the favourite weapons of assault of the Romantic school. The "Orientales" were written when he was twenty-six; and it is in them that his power of pictorial expression and his thorough mastery over the language are most manifest. The indolent luxury of the harem, the barbaric splendour and ferocity of the old military pashas—the smoke and frenzy of the Grecian war of independence—are by turns presented to the reader in finished and spirited pictures. The versification is throughout harmonious, but with too great a redundancy of glaring colours and monotonous reverberation. The intellect soon gets cloyed with these objectless and manifold miniatures of Eastern life. Even Goethe has failed in producing, on the same subjects, in the "West-Ostlicher Divan," poems of sustaining and enduring interest. Hugo's terrible picture of "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné"—in which, like Sterne, he takes his prisoner alone, and looks at him through the bars of his prison door—was written the year after the "Orientales." He is clearly meditating reforms in other things besides art. In the earlier part of his career, assisted by his brother and some friends, he conducted a review called "Le Conservateur Littéraire." His increasing reputation soon brought him into contact with Chateaubriand, Lamartine, De Lamennais, De Bonald, and all the first writers of that day. Louis XVIII., a lover of letters, having read his odes, granted him a pension, on an event, and in a manner, equally honourable both to the author and the king. An old schoolfellow of Victor Hugo, implicated in the conspiracy of Saumur, and condemned to death, was endeavouring, by concealment, to escape the scaffold. Victor Hugo, hearing of his necessity, wrote to the mother of the proscribed, offering his apartment as a refuge, and adding, "I am too much of a royalist, madam, that they should think of seeking in my chamber." The letter fell into the hands of the police, and was placed before Louis XVIII., who, on reading it, said, "I know this young man; he is a man of honour, and he shall have the first vacant pension." In the "Feuilles d'Automne," "Chants du Crépuscule," "Voix Intérieures," "Rayons et Ombres," all published at different epochs, subsequent to 1830, all is changed: to the childlike faith in the unspeakable mysteries of Christianity, to his mystical chivalrous loyalty for the sons of St. Louis and the lilies of France has succeeded reflective manhood with its glories, its

pains, and its perils—the demon of Doubt has whispered distrust into this loyal soul. We have obstinate questioning of the seen and the unseen, blank misgivings of what formerly seemed so plain, the bitter sentiment of the mutability of things, and the deep melancholy consequent on the sense

. . . . of the burthen of the mystery,  
The heavy and the weary weight,  
Of all this unintelligible world.

In these later compositions we find great progress in art, in depth of emotion, in expansion of view. He has fought his doubts, he has "faced the spectres of the mind," and if he has not been able to lay them, he has at least gathered strength from the contest; if day has darkened somewhat as he has ascended, yet his horizon has grown larger. Having now become a father, he sings of the peaceful, tranquil joys of the family, and of his delight in the gaiety of his children; and the bright and cheerful flashes of the domestic hearth first irradiating pleasant infantine faces, spread in widening circles over multitudes of men and women, and at last embrace all humanity in their illumination.

He looks at society from another point of view. Sympathy with the worker—the hewers of wood and drawers of water for mankind—has replaced the Quixotic royalism of his boyhood. Contrast these first lines from the odes, with those which follow—

"O rois, comme un festin s'écoule votre vie,  
La coupe des grandeurs que le vulgaire envie,  
Brille dans votre main,  
Mais au concert joyeux de la fête éphémère  
Se mêle le cri sourd du tigre populaire,  
Qui vous attend demain."

The following advice to royalty was given before the revolution of 1830:—

"O rois, veillez, veillez, tachez d'avoir régné,  
Ne nous reprenez pas ce qu'on avoit gagné,  
Ne faites point, des coups d'une bride rebelle,  
Cabrer la liberté, qui vous porte avec elle,  
Soyez de notre temps, écoutez ce qu'on dit,  
Et tachez d'être grands car le peuple grandit."

At the time when the government of Charles X. suppressed his drama of "*Marion de L'Orme*," they offered to raise the pension given him by Louis XVIII., from 2000 to 5000 francs. Victor Hugo refused it, declaring he desired nothing more than his independence as writer and artist. The revolution of the three days of July, came to carry forward this spirit, already moving in the same direction. He was unfortunate with another drama, "*Le Roi s'amuse*." This piece being considered likely to be



prejudicial to the respect in which kings in general should be held, its performance was also forbidden. Royalty now receives this sort of badinage. "The government of July is quite a new-born babe; it is but thirty months old; it is still in the cradle; it has felt the little passions of the child! It does not seriously merit that we should display against it much manly passion. When it shall be grown up, we shall see!" Six weeks afterwards, Victor Hugo produced "*Lucrezia Borgia*," with the preface—*Voilà mon fait vis-a-vis du gouvernement de Juillet*. The Catholicism of 1818 has likewise received its transformation.

Among his latter poems the following seems to us one of the most fitted for selection; it has a dying fall, like the rising and sinking of the swell of a summer sea lapping on a solitary crag.

"Puisque nos heures sont remplies  
De trouble et de calamités,  
Puisque les choses que tu lies,  
Se détachent de tous côtés,  
Puisque nos frères et nos mères,  
Sont allés où nous irons tous,  
Puisque des enfants têtes chères  
Se sont endormis avant nous,  
Puisque la terre où tu t'inclines,  
Et que tu mouilles de tes pleurs,  
A déjà toutes nos racines,  
Et quelques unes de nos fleurs.

"Puisque à mesure qu'on avance,  
Dans plus d'ombre on se sent flotter,  
Puisque la menteuse espérance,  
N'a plus de conte à nous conter,  
Puisque le cadran quand il sonne,  
Ne nous promet rien pour demain,  
Puisqu'on ne connaît plus personne,  
De ceux qui vont dans le chemin.

"Mets ton esprit hors de ce monde,  
Mets ton rêve ailleurs qu'en bas,  
Ta perle n'est pas dans notre onde,  
Ton sentier n'est pas sous nos pas.  
Quand la nuit n'est pas étoilée,  
Viens te bercer aux flots des mers,  
Comme la nuit elle est voilé,  
Comme la vie ils sont amers.  
L'autre et l'abîme ont un mystère,  
Que nul mortel ne pénétra,  
C'est Dieu que leur dit de se taire,  
Jusqu'au jour où tout parlera."

Nor is his power of description confined to the subjective. For a graceful landscape, read the following, taken at hazard:—

"Une rivière au fond, des bois sur les deux pentes,  
Là des ormeaux brodés de cent vignes grimpants,  
Des près où le faucheur brunit son bras nerveux,  
Là des saules pensifs qui pleurent sur la rive,  
Et comme une baigneuse indolente et naïve,  
Laisent tremper dans l'eau le bout de leurs cheveux."

Few, we think, can fail to be pleased with the following:—

|                        |                            |
|------------------------|----------------------------|
| "L'aurore s'allume,    | "Tout chante et murmure,   |
| L'ombre épaisse fuit,  | Tout parle à la fois,      |
| Le rêve et la brume    | Fumée et verdure,          |
| Vont où va la nuit;    | Les nids et les toits;     |
| Paupières et roses.    | Le vent parle aux chênes,  |
| S'ouvrent demi-closes, | L'eau parle aux fontaines, |
| Du reveil des choses   | Toutes les haleines        |
| On entend le bruit.    | Deviennent des voix."      |

The verses beginning "Dans l'alcove sombre," have the same lively rhythm and gay colouring. The following lines have a playful tone mingled with deep affection. It is called "A des Oiseaux envolés."

"Enfants! Oh revenez tout à l'heure, imprudent,  
Je vous ai de ma chambre exilés en grondant,  
Rauque et tout hérissé de paroles moroses.  
Et qu'aviez-vous donc fait, bandits aux lèvres rosées.  
Quel crime? quel exploit? quel forfait insensé?  
Quel vase du Japon en mille éclats brisé?"

"Que faire? lire un livre? oh non! dicter des vers?  
A quoi bon? Emaux bleus ou blancs, céladons verts,  
Sphère qui fait tourner tout le ciel sur son axe,  
Les beaux insectes peints sur mes tasses de Saxe,  
Tout m'ennuie, et je pense à vous. En vérité,  
Vous partis, j'ai perdu le soleil, la gaieté,  
Le bruit joyeux qui fait qu'on rêve, le délire  
De voir le tout petit s'aider du doigt pour lire,  
Les fronts pleins de candeur qui disent toujours oui,  
L'éclat de rire franc, sincère, épanoui,  
Qui met subitement des perles sur les lèvres,  
Les beaux grands yeux naïfs admirant mon vieux Sèvres,  
La curiosité qui cherche à tout savoir,  
Et les coudes qu'on pousse en disant: Viens donc voir!"

"Espiegles radieux que j'ai fait envoler,  
Oh! revenez ici chanter, danser, parler,  
Tout groupe folâtre, ouvrir un gros volume,  
Tantôt courir, pousser mon bras qui tient ma plume,  
Et faire dans le vers que je viens retoucher  
Sailler soudain un aigle aigu comme un clocher  
Que perce tout à coup un horizon de plaines.  
Mon âme se réchauffe à vos douces haleines;

Revenez près de moi, souriant de plaisir,  
 Brûler et gazouiller, et sans peur obscurcir  
 Le vieux livre où je lis de vos ombres penchées,  
 Folles têtes d'enfants ! gâtées effarouchées !"

"La Pente de la Rêverie," and "La Prière pour tous," are both well worth perusal. The latter is distinguished especially by a depth of piety and sympathy for his kind, which exalts the rich play of poetry and harmony which runs through the piece into tenfold beauty.

If now we turn back to take a retrospective view of the whole of our poet's lyrical works, one observation we feel bound in justice to make, which is, that few writers would be more benefited by a thorough retrenchment and purification of all unnecessary matter—and this not only in the earlier, but also in the later productions. There are many poems, whose only theme from beginning to end is a maudlin sentiment capable of being expressed in half-a-dozen words stretched out into many lines by aid of interpolated descriptions and tedious enumerations. Nevertheless, after the severest scrutiny, much true poetry would remain. It cannot be doubted that Victor Hugo's genius is essentially lyrical, because his nature is so sympathetic and emotional. He is not one of those great calm souls, upon which men and nature are mirrored as truly as on the unruffled crystal of a mountain-lake. It is when strong feelings and enthusiasm sweep through him, and have shaken his spirit to its inmost depths, that he is greatest—and what he gains in moral elevation, he then loses in fidelity of rendering. Although in happy moments, many a touch of natural truth and beauty has been put in with the unerring hand of a master, he is so much the slave of his emotions, that he mixes up his own nature with whatever he represents. He cannot free himself from the present, and lifting himself above the care, discord, and faithlessness of the time, survey them and his emotions objectively. And this shows us why he fails. For in the words of Schiller, "Only the cheerful and tranquil soul accomplishes the perfect. However great be the storm in the poet's breast, sunny clearness must float about his brow,—*Müss seine Stirn umfließen.*"

Nevertheless, we doubt whether this so much vaunted power of going out of one's self, so as to portray external things without leaving the least trace of the individuality of the poet in the representation, is not purchased at the expense of some of the highest qualities of man. Let any one imagine, if he can, Homer, or Shakspeare, or Goethe, the three pre-eminently gifted with this faculty, fired with such enthusiasm for the good and true, as to brave poverty, dishonour, bonds, and death in their behalf. Can he imagine these men acting and suffering as

St. Paul, Dante, Luther, Milton, Shelley acted and suffered in support of their convictions? Now, after reading the poems of Victor Hugo, it is Victor Hugo the man, and not Victor Hugo the poet, who is the primary object of our approbation. Sincerity and faith are stamped in unmistakable characters on his poems, as on all the rest of his works; and the generous love and sympathy of a large heart is displayed in many a melodious verse. But harmonious and tender as are most of these poems, they are as the plaintive notes of the bird that sings "in shadiest covert hid," at the time of dawn. The writer struggles manfully against the uncertainty which hangs over man's destiny; but he is overcome with sadness at the thought that "the phantom, man, passes without leaving even his shadow on the wall." The atmosphere in which you are, is laden with gloom. It is tainted with the residuum of the sulphureous vapours thrown out at the eruption of the French revolution. The faith of the poet is not pure, cheerful, spontaneous, and rock-built, like that of Milton or Schiller. It seems to be a possession of which he is afraid of being deprived, and which therefore he asserts with heat and vehemence. If the strains of Milton or Schiller are as clear and pure as the waters of Bandusia or Clitumnus, those of Victor Hugo remind us of the stream at the foot of Vesuvius, clear and sparkling to the sight, but with a strong taste of the volcanic soil from which it springs. There is also a great absence of humour. We have here and there poems, the expression of a playful and deep affection, but never a laugh. He does not seem to feel with Maître François, that "*rire est le propre de l'homme*," and that he who wants humour, wants one of the most human of faculties. This want, and his inflexible goodness, make a continuous perusal of his poems monotonous—and we feel that even an occasional touch of the misanthropy of Byron would give his variety.

It would doubtless appear an act of unpardonable presumption for one who is both a foreigner and a contemporary, to attempt to assign the ultimate position of a poet like Victor Hugo, in the literature of his country; but nevertheless, we cannot refrain from attempting some estimate of his merits relatively to his most distinguished competitors. Alfred de Musset and Lamartine are, we imagine, the only names that can be put forward as having claims to our consideration; for no one, we are well assured, will demand that the good veteran Béranger, who has united the lyric genius, the satire, and the humour of Burns, to the good sense and pure taste of Horace, shall descend from the height and repose of his classic renown, to contend as a rival against his younger brethren of the lyre. Henri Heine, in his charming Parisian letters, collected under the title of

"Lutezia," places Alfred de Musset, as a poet, higher than Victor Hugo; but he makes use of such unseemly personality to justify his judgment, that his decision would seem the result of private pique rather than calm reflection. Alfred de Musset is unquestionably one of the greatest poets that France has produced; but few, we think, will coincide with the judgment of the German Aristophanes. The poems of Alfred de Musset display greater ease, more brilliant colouring, more wit, more humour, than those of his rival: they offend, it is true, also much less against good taste in point of poetical expression, while on the other hand, they contain many a scene which the most *blasé* reader of "Don Juan" would hold as offending against a more indispensable good taste in point of decency.

It is indeed a wonder how the fair muse which produced "La Nuit de Mai," "La Nuit d'Août," "A quoi rêvent les jeunes filles," and other charming pieces, could send forth such immodest effusions as are to be found in close company with the faultless poems we have named. The majority of his collection have the air of having been thrown off in the intervals of debauch. We should have no difficulty in conceiving them to be written, as Salvator Rosa dashed off many of his wild pictures, after a nocturnal carousal, to pay the tavern score. They have, it must be admitted, a great genuineness about them; that is to say, they are the genuine produce of a highly vivacious, sensuous, and reckless temperament. With Victor Hugo, on the other hand, every poem bears the stamp of being the production of one with whom poetry is the serious business of life: we have not, as is too often the case with Alfred de Musset, affected cynicism, misplaced mockery, and irreverent humour, but a moral elevation which, if it sometimes surprises us with monotony, never fails to attract our esteem. Alfred de Musset may be said to be more national, while the enthusiasm of Victor Hugo has not seldom in it something of the strained and affected. But we must remember, that Alfred de Musset never aims to be great, while Victor Hugo never descends to be low; and that it is easier to find twenty men to act with greater propriety the rattling and wild Mercutio, for one who could, without forcing his part, give full expression to the soul-absorbing passion of a Romeo. If we estimate a poet as he should be estimated, not for his sparkling verse, and occasionally brilliant descriptive power, but for the depth of his moral nature, his earnest love and reverence for his art, his deep and universal sympathy, his courage in grappling with the unsolved mysteries and problems of human life, and his adequate expression of all these, we cannot hesitate to place our poet far above his light and fascinating rival. We doubt not to most students of French literature, Lamartine will appear a far

more formidable antagonist; but before the tribunal of manly taste, Victor Hugo will still bear away the laurel. We are far from denying that Lamartine is a highly poetic nature, and has justly merited the great reputation he has obtained; but we doubt whether posterity will support it at its present altitude. Lamartine's reputation in France, like that which Byron had in this country, was greatly amplified by the fact, that he fulfilled a national want at a very peculiar juncture. He awakened France out of the poetic lethargy into which she had fallen under the iron dominion of Napoleon. When Lamartine came forward with the "*Méditations Poétiques*," in 1820, and supplanted the nebulous heroes of Ossian, and the dreary rhapsodies of Pindar Lebrun, with his "linked sweetnesses long drawn out," about Jehovah and his spiritual hopes and fears, the acclamation, as was natural, was universal and immense, and the popularity thus suddenly acquired has suffered little diminution. To fully appreciate the service he rendered to France, we have but to attempt to read the so-called poets of the Empire, after whom the strophes of Lamartine resound in the brain like morning songs of joy and hope. Harp in hand, the young lyricist charmed away from the gloom-laden soul that veil of cloud and darkness which had so long blotted out the stars from the blue heavens. When, however, at the present time the reader, after the study of English or German literature, or even after the more vigorous productions of Victor Hugo, takes up the "*Méditations*," he finds in them a sad lack of energy and power of exciting emotion. To us they are no longer strains of hope, but they invite us

"To lead our hearts and spirits wholly  
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy."

We read and read stanza after stanza of mellifluous verse, and we recognised the verse as the truthful expression of the harmonious play of emotion of a poetic nature; but on coming to the end of the poem, we are sensible of no distinct and abiding impression. We feel somewhat as if we had been listening to the fitful and drowsy play of the breeze on an *Æolian* harp; the sound is sweet and soothing to the ear, and lies as gently on the spirit as the music of the *Lotus Eaters*, but when the tones have ceased, we in vain endeavour to recal the melody which lately trembled from the chords. One is lulled into a sort of half-dream, such one might feel, rocked on the heaving bosom of the Indian Ganges, where the atmosphere is clear, but heavy with the breath of the thick-blossomed spice-trees, which steal with delicious languor into the brain. The pre-eminent faculty to which the verse of Lamartine owes its merits, is sensibility—an unaffected and delicate sensibility whose natural language is harmony. He

has spoken to us in "numbers, for the numbers came:" he owes little to art in contrast to Victor Hugo, who owes much. The one flows like Pactolus or Hydaspes, bearing along on its waters the golden grains which it never sought; the wealth of the other has been hewn deep out of the earth with reiterated effort and obstinate will, but the mine he has reached is one of inexhaustible value. To the one, when cloyed with that effeminate softness which the Italians well express by the term "*morbidezza*," we feel inclined to say in his own verse,—

"Brise, brise à jamais cette corde amollie;"

while the other displays not merely a manliness and strength which entitle him to be ranked among the world's great spirits.

Of his romances and dramas, we have not spoken, and shall not speak at any length; they are not illustrative of Victor Hugo's moral and political progress in the same degree as are those parts of his writings on which we have touched. The novel, "*Notre Dame de Paris*," was placed by the great Literary Dictator of Europe amongst the "*Literatür der Verzweiflung*," but time has not ratified his judgment; for few stories are more universally read on the Continent or in this country. It is placed by French critics at the head of their three best historical romances, and few, we think, who have perused it in the original, will deny the extraordinary power therein exhibited. Those powerfully painted scenes through which the fairy Esmeralda trips like an angel of light, leave an impression which is not easily effaced. The beautifully conceived tableau where Esmeralda gives water to the thirsting Hunchback in the pillory, before the savage sea of un pitying faces, even surpasses in grace and interest the picture of the glee-maiden balanced on the foot of the Duke of Rothsay. The terribly pathetic tale of *Chantefleurie*—the night attack on *Notre Dame*—the fall of the priest from the Cathedral—are put before the reader with the most intense scenic power. The historic detail, is equal to anything in the *Waverley* novels; while the language is moulded with a dexterity superior to that of their great author. The defect of *Notre Dame*, as contrasted with the *Waverley* novels, would seem to be in this. The novels of Sir Walter Scott are healthy, whole, and sound; the atmosphere through which his personages move is clear and buoyant; the air which breathes in them is as fresh as that of the mountain heath he loved so well, his characters move unrestrainedly—each has his own free will. Whereas in *Notre Dame*, there is a sickly glare and oppressive atmosphere over all; the stern features of cruel necessity, of "*sæva Necessitas*," bearing the "*clavos trabales*," in her dreadful panoply, lour through the gloom. The world of the poet seems inextricably involved in the iron net of Destiny.

Of his dramas, the best perhaps are "*Hernani*," "*Marion De l'Orme*," and "*Les Burgraves*;" they abound in dramatic scenes and eloquent diction, but there is too much of glaring antithesis and of the harrowingly pathetic. We are aware, of course, that any Englishman on the strength of having a *Shakspeare* on his shelf, may raise the ready sneer, but until we can show any plays since the Elizabethan age equal to them which have stood the test of representation, we had better criticize their merits, and not their deficiencies. Besides "*Le Rhin*," published in 1842, and which contains some admirable descriptive passages, Victor Hugo did not publish any literary work, between the years 1831 and 1848, in addition to those we have mentioned. He has written, at all periods of his career, essays and fugitive pieces in great abundance, so that his collected works amount to thirty volumes. He was elected member of the *Académie Française* in 1841, and created *Vicomte of France* in 1845, as a tribute to his illustrious talents. He spoke five times in the Chamber of Peers, once in defence of unhappy Poland, and once for the recall of the exiled family of the *Buonapartes*. Like *Lamartine*, he attached himself to no political party before the revolution of 1848; but pursued independently his own line of action.

While any representative of royal power remained he was faithful to his oath as peer of France. When the Republic was established, he recognised it, but did not come forward as a candidate for a seat in the Legislature, although several times requested, until the month of May, 1848, when he was elected by 60,000 votes for the department of the Seine. When he speaks to the electors, it is not in the vulgar bombast of the tribune, but in the dignified language of independence. "I will not commit the cowardice of turning my back to those who lose and my face to those who win; never! never! no one shall ever see me like a vile courtier follow the parasites of the people: me who have never followed the parasites of kings." His declaration to his constituents on his election is a fine piece of composition, in which he portrays the two Republics, the one of terror, and the other of civilization, thenceforth possible, and offers his life to assist in establishing the one, and hindering the other. The infamous *Baroche*, by reading a garbled extract from this programme, endeavoured to make it appear that it was the Republic of Terror that Victor Hugo had engaged to support; this may be taken as a sample of the scandalous system of misrepresentation and insult used by the leaders of the "Right" towards the minority. From the time of his election, Victor Hugo was indefatigable in his efforts to establish the Republic on a firm basis, to alleviate poverty, to organize labour, to remove the



punishment of death—that is, in his words, to break up the scaffold after having broken up the throne, to encourage art, and assist manufacture—these were the objects for which he combated. His history from this time is the history of the Assembly. The credulity and fatuity of the majority, the fanaticism of the Legitimists, the discontent of the Orleanists, and the cupidity and want of principle of the Buonapartists, were fit subjects for the machinations, and fit tools for the execution of the plans of Louis Napoleon. Scarcely was he housed in the Elysée, when he commenced to weave together the threads of those designs, which have resulted as we see. From his election to the coup d'état, the life of the President was one long conspiracy with the majority, as long as he could make them the dupes and instruments of his schemes. His creatures in the Assembly used every trick, violence, and calumny to exasperate the Republicans, and to widen the breach between the opposite sides of the Assembly. By playing upon the hopes and fears of the majority, he caused them to violate article after article of the Constitution, until it became evident to all, that the Constitution was the flimsiest of fictions. Nevertheless, part of the majority became at length aware of the mad nature of the reactionary course to which they committed themselves, and the revision of the Constitution was rejected. From this moment the resolution of Louis Napoleon was made up, and he no longer cared to keep terms even with the majority. The coup d'état was the last act in this strange drama. On that day of slavery, “et libertatis impio prospere repetite,” amid the ruthless murder and butchery of the Boulevards, the devotion and personal courage of Victor Hugo did again what it was in man to do—he offered his heart in defence of Liberty to the bullets of the prætorians in the street, as he had shielded her with his speech at the Tribune. But all was in vain. On that day, gold, the cannon, the sabre, the musket, outweighed the cause of truth, justice, and freedom. And France has again fallen under the yoke of an enlightened despotism tempered by the Epigram and the Vaudeville.

After the fatal second of December, he retired to the island of Jersey,

“Que la libre Angleterre  
Couvre de son vieux pavillon.”

He there pursues those literary labours which were interrupted by the Revolution of 1848. Doubtless, if we were to criticize “Napoléon le Petit,” and “Les Châtiments,” as destined for posterity, as deliberately composed and issued as finished works, instead of regarding them as the fervid outpourings of a heart running over with bitterness and distress, much might be said against them. Their sameness has been objected to; but is

not this the necessary concomitant of invective? Do not the crushing blows of the "*In Pisonem*" weary us with their sameness of direction and irresistible force? And if Juvenal had written a satire against Piso, after the "*In Pisonem*," must they not have had many points of resemblance? Are not the tremendous tirades of Burke against Warren Hastings somewhat monotonous? Is not the polished irony and invective of Junius, against the Duke of Grafton, palling now-a-days? Every cry—every complaint to those untouched by the grief or wrong must seem tiresome. The most sacred causes of sorrow—a mother grieving for her children, a wife for her husband—cannot prevent the long continuance of tears and lamentations from boring the spectator, however sympathetic his nature. To estimate those satires properly, one must be a Frenchman, with his love of country, love of honour and justice, wronged and violated by an infamous trick. What would be the feelings of any lover of England, in waking up some morning and finding the Clodii and Catilinae of the day established in absolute despotism over the country,—to find our liberties and institutions, the product of centuries of toil and patience, annihilated at one fell swoop. The "*Châtiments*" are evidently given to the world as they were produced;—the daily overflowings of a soul seething and foaming with fierce and constant indignation. Does Victor Hugo wish them to go down to posterity fittingly, they will require considerable revision. Nevertheless, there are splendid passages of polished satire and poetry, which will be read with pleasure as long as the French language exists; and he may be said to have secured the fulfilment of his boast, "that he would lead the rascal down to posterity by the ear." The opening of the poem called "*L'Expiation*,"—the descriptions of the Flight from Moscow, of the Battle of Waterloo—are passages of intense power. There is the same lack of humour as in his other poems. There is wit, bitter irony and satire, cutting to the bone; but the ridicule of Horace, and the tremendous laugh of Juvenal, which rankled in the wounds they gave, find no place here. He is too earnest to laugh. With sad and reproachful face, he points to the blood upon the hand that wields the sceptre and sprinkles the holy water; like the witches in *Macbeth*, he summons up from the charnel-house the ghosts of the victims in whose blood this bastard empire was baptized. Both in the "*Châtiments*" and in "*Napoléon le Petit*," he unweariably reiterates the truth—that treason is treason, crime is crime, and murder is murder, whatever may be their results.

The following passages are from the "*Châtiments*."

"O grand penseur de bronze (*Juvenal*) en nos dures cervelles,  
Faisons entrer un peu ces morales nouvelles;

Lorsque sur la Grande Combe ou sur le blanc de zinc,  
 On a revendu vingt ce qu'on a payé cinq,  
 Sache qu'un guet-à-pens, par où nous triomphâmes,  
 Est juste, honnête et bon, tout au rebours des femmes,  
 Sache qu'en vieillissant le crime devient beau,  
 Il plane cygne apres s'être envolé corbeau.  
 Oui, tout cadavre utile exhale une odeur d'ambre,  
 Que vient-on nous parler d'un crime de decembre  
 Quand nous sommes en juin ? l'herbe a poussé dessus.  
 Toute la question, la voici : fils, tissus,  
 Cotons et sucres bruts prospèrent ; le temps passe,  
 Le parjure difforme et la trahison crasse,  
 En avançant en âge ont la propriété  
 De perdre leur laidesse et leur difformité,  
 Et l'assassinat lache et tout souillé de fange  
 Change son front de spectre en un visage d'ange."

"Quand l'Italie en deuil dressa, du Tibre au Pô.  
     Son drapeau magnifique,  
 Quand ce grand peuple, après s'être couché troupeau,  
     Se leva république,  
 C'est toi, quand Rome aux fers jeta le cri d'espoir,  
     Toi qui brisa son aile,  
 Toi qui fis retomber l'affreux capuchon noir  
     Sur sa face éternelle !  
 C'est toi qui restauras Montrouge et Saint-Acheul,  
     Écoles dégradées.  
 Où l'on met à l'esprit frémissant un linceul,  
     Un baillon aux idées.  
 C'est toi qui, pour progrès rêvant l'homme animal,  
     Livras l'enfant victime  
 Aux jésuites lascifs, sombres anants du mal,  
     En rut devant le crime !

"O pauvres chers enfants qu'ont nourris de leur lait  
     Et qu'ont bercés nos femmes,  
 Ces blêmes oiseleurs ont pris dans leur filet  
     Toutes vos douces âmes !  
 Hélas ! ce triste oiseau, sans plumes sur la chair,  
     Rongé de lèpre immonde,  
 Qui rampe et qui se meurt dans leur cage de fer,  
     C'est l'avenir du monde !  
 Si nous les laissons faire, on aura dans vingt ans,  
     Sous les cieus que Dieu dore,  
 Une France aux yeux ronds, aux regards clignotants,  
     Qui hait l'aurore.  
 Ces noirs magiciens, ces jongleurs tortueux  
     Dont la fraude est la règle,  
 Pour en faire sortir le hibou monstrueux,  
     Ont volé l'œuf de l'aigle !"

His orations are to us the least perfect part of his works—not that they are not good—they are too good. Here the difference of the intellectual organization of the two countries is most apparent. When the honourable member for Gabbledom rises in his place, and puts his hands under his coat-tails, the House of Commons, with the usual patience and endurance of our race, prepares to make a night of it. Endurance on the part of the speaker, patience from the listener, seems all that is demanded. The patience displayed is like that of the boys in the *Serpentine*, fishing among muddy waters without hope or prospect of sport. Six lifeless columns of the honourable member's speech are at thousands of breakfast-tables the next morning; you may travel painfully between the ink rails, and find one dead level from head to tail—not one figure of rhetoric or new fact from beginning to end. A few elderly gentlemen, perhaps, who are out of occupation except on Sundays, will attempt to dose through it; if they were of the other sex, they would be sleeping over their crochet, or their knitting. The French, however, are quick-witted, and certainly not patient of dullness. So Victor Hugo's speeches are usually about five-sixths shorter than those of the honourable member for Gabbledom, and consist of a succession of bon-mots. But the ear, after listening for some time to Victor Hugo, gets satiated with good things, and longs for plainer food. A speech, above all things, should have a free and natural air; and it is also essentially necessary that its style should be varied; here, loose, easy, *déagé*, enveloping the subject in large folds; here, curt, sharp and short; here, argumentative; here, figurative; here, calm; here, impassioned. But Victor Hugo lets off his biggest guns at every moment. The startling apostrophe, the smart epigram, the crashing antithesis, the biting sarcasm, are wedged together so tightly, that it reminds us of nothing else but a picture made out of a mosaic of precious stones. Instead of the unstudied grace of Lamartine whose phrases fall in as gracefully and simply as the sweep of the drapery of an antique statue, we have such a structure of stiff brocade and gold lace as would befit the most pompous court dignitary. "Not one pennyworth of bread to all this sack." Then, the tone throughout is imperative: he never reasons, or, if he does, it is in bon-mots and striking analogies which would weigh only with those already convinced. There is little conciliatory in his address,—an immense defect, considering the times he spoke in; hence, men of less mark, Michel de Bourges, for instance, were heard with greater attention, and had greater effect. Whatever was the mood of the assembly, Victor Hugo must whip out his Damascene sabre, with its jewelled hilt and guard, and its diamond-sword knots, brandish its blade in the face of the Assembly, whether they would or no. Hence, the

most violent scenes in the Chamber during some of his speeches ; not, however, that the greater part of the fault lay with him,—far from it. Yet, at times, a milder tone, appeals made oftener to their generosity and reason, abstinence from jarring upon discordant chords, would have made his discourses infinitely more effective.

The peculiar qualities that distinguish Victor Hugo, as we gather from his private and public life, and his writings, are, independence, enthusiasm, and deep affection which has expanded into true philanthropy; constancy, firmness, rectitude and consistency. The sincere religious convictions adopted in spite of the education of his youth, and the absence of any religion on the part of his mother; his Vendean royalism—adopted in spite of the stern Buonapartism of his father—speak both for his independent and enthusiastic character. The early affections of the boy, cherished for years under untoward circumstances and adverse parents, with a singularity and ingenuity of devotion, and at last ripened into marriage, have no parallel, except in the depths of the childish love of Dante for Beatrice. All intercourse being stopped between the youthful pair, “Hans d’Islande” was written to maintain a correspondence, the full value of which could only be understood by the initiated. His filial piety to both his parents was not less remarkable; one of the best of his youthful odes was written in one night, while watching his mother dangerously ill. She went to sleep, expressing regret that he had not competed at the “Jeux Floraux;” on her awaking, she found the ode completed; and it gained the prize. His “Ode à la Colonne” cheered the last days of his father, as a worthy tribute to the hero of his life. From the preface of *St. Beuve*, his many poems to V— II—, we gather his capacity for inspiring a generous and devoted friendship. As to his constancy and consistency, if all that he has written, said, or published, some thirty volumes, be collated or compared, not a passage will be found antagonistic to a gradual and continual progress of his social and political convictions in one direction. If he is now a sincere Republican, it is because he conceives it to be the only government amid the jarring pretensions of contending factions possible in France—because he thinks the Republic is the only government to which the conscientious of the most enlightened men of France tend. He is not of opinion that there is any stereotyped form of government suitable to all nations. Long before the Revolution of 1848, before he had a seat in the House of Peers, he declared, if ever he should have a voice in politics, it should be used to postpone political to social questions; and to that doctrine he is still faithful. In France, the revolution of 1848, and the coup d’état have unfortunately necessitated the previous solution of the political problem. One of his last speeches contains this exposition of his present political creed:—

"All my political creed is this in a word:—A certain degree of poverty must be suppressed in the social order, and a certain kind of ambition in the political order. Let us have no more paupers and no more monarchs. France will not be tranquil until, through the strength of institutions which shall give labour and bread to the former, and take away hope from the latter, we shall have seen disappear from the midst of us all those beggars and fortune-hunters, who are for ever holding out the hand."

"A certain degree of poverty must be suppressed in the social order, and a certain kind of ambition in the political order! If honourable deputies and noble peers would but *will* to accomplish that! Nothing easier if they had, but the Will." Such is the faith of French Republicanism and Socialism, and it is in such a faith that lies, as it seems to us, the root of the chronic disease which infects the politics of France. The repeated failures of constitution after constitution leave the faith of our gallant neighbours in the omnipotence of legislation as vigorous as ever. It seems impossible for them to understand that so long as French nature—as well as human nature at large—is what it is—peers and deputies will decree the suppression of "**poverty**" and "**ambition**" in vain, and that only those institutions are at once possible and durable which come directly out of the organic nature of the people, and which are therefore the fruit and expression of their physical, intellectual, and moral condition.

Victor Hugo is no exception to his countrymen, but he is at least one who, though

"He touched a jarring lyre at first,  
Yet ever strove to make it true.

After nourishing his youth and early manhood, apart in silent thought and meditation, he has buckled on the cæstus, and come down into the dust and toil of the arena. In this last trial, his manly worth, gallantry, probity, and honour, have raised him far above the height of his former reputation. Before this latter proof, he was considered only a sweet singer, a poet, a man of letters. He was not thought, except by those who knew him, to be of that stern stuff out of which true patriots are made; but his courage before the barricades, on the days of June, his intrepidity on the 2nd and following days of December, while a shadow of hope remained, his indignant refusal to be bought over, by any offer of place or pension, to the cause of him whom he thought an usurper, have heightened intensely the interest and respect of all good Frenchmen. At the present time, after all his terrible philippics, after all his terrible shafts, pointed by the same indignation which made the verses of Juvenal, his return to France would be counted by Louis Napoleon one of the greatest of triumphs, and no place would be deemed too high to obtain the acquiescence in his

dominion of a man of such mark and reputation. But to our poet, we may apply the sublime mediæval Latin of the great Florentine, who, after declaring that there is but one way by which he can ever enter Florence, says,—

“Quod si per nullam talem (viam) Florentiæ introitur nunquam Florentiam introibo. Quidni? Nonne solis astrorumque specula ubique conspiciam? Nonne dulcissimas veritates potero speculari ubique sub celo? Me prius inglorium, immo ingloriosum, populo Florentiæque civitati me reddam? Quippe nec panis deficit.”\*

As to the latter point, no deficiency would seem likely to fall to the lot of Victor Hugo: 5000*l.* have been offered him for a novel he has announced, to be called “*Les Misérables*”; and everything he writes meets with immense pecuniary success.† This, no doubt, elevates him several degrees in the opinion of many “McCrowdy’s,”‡ whose object in life is to “make money,” and not break the seventh commandment, so far as yet taken notice of at the Old Bailey; but even were it otherwise—if Victor Hugo knew, as the great Tuscan did, “how salt the taste of another’s bread is,” as we fear some of his countrymen do, it would be a waste of words on the “McCrowdys,” and offensive to most others, to set about proving that a good and high-minded man, in his lowest abasement, is incomparably happier than any “McCrowdy” in his most rapturous moment, whether it was a speculation on the rise of tallow, or whether it was the arguing of Higgles and Biggles, unless happiness be defined to be the possession of a well-rounded pig’s cuticle. For, as Victor Hugo himself says,—

“Le Paradis du pore n’est-ce pas le cloaque.”

And what more can be said on that point? Yet, to the patriot, no pecuniary prosperity can compensate for loss of country. To quote himself again—

“On ne peut pas vivre sans pain,  
On ne peut pas non plus vivre sans patrie.”

And yet henceforth France, for whom he has thought, felt, and laboured, to escape an inglorious old age of unrenown§ among whose sons has been his proudest aim, must remain henceforth unvisited by him—the land of his devotion, his idolatry (for no one is more intensely French), must remain an object of sad

\* But if I can enter Florence by no such way, never will I enter Florence. What? shall I not everywhere behold the light of the sun and the stars? shall I not be able everywhere under heaven to speculate on the most pleasant of truths? Must I first restore myself inglorious—nay, infamous—to the Florentine people and state? In truth, bread, too, shall not fail me.”

† The tragedy “*Hernani*” produced, by sale and representation, 2000*l.*

‡ See *Latter-Day Pamphlets*.

§ ἀνώνυμος γῆρας ἐν σκότει.—*Pind.*



contemplation from our English isle. These lines are some of the last notes of the "Châtiments."

"Oui, tant qu'il sera là qu'on cède ou qu'on persiste,  
O France ! France aimée et qu'on pleure toujours,  
Je ne reverrai pas ta terre douce et triste,  
Tombeaux de mes aïeux et nid de mes amours !

"Je ne reverrai pas ta rive qui nous tente,  
France ! hors le devoir, hélas ! j'oublierai tout,  
Parmi les éprouvés je planterai ma tente :  
Je resterai proscrit, voulant rester debout.

"J'accepte l'âpre exil, n'eût-il ni fin ni terme :  
Sans chercher à savoir et sans considérer  
Si quelqu'un a plié qu'on aurait cru plus ferme,  
Et si plusieurs s'en vont qui devraient demeurer.

"Si l'on n'est plus que mille, eh bien, j'en suis ! si même,  
Ils ne sont plus que cent, je brave encore Sylla ;  
S'il en demeure dix, je suis le dixième ;  
Et s'il n'en reste qu'un, je serai celui-là !"

"Ne doutons pas ! Croyons : la fin, c'est le mystère.  
Attendons. Des Nérons comme de la panthère,  
Dieu sait briser la dent. .  
Dieu nous essaie, amis. Ayons foi. Soyons calmes,  
Et marchons. O désert ! s'il faut croître des palmes,  
C'est dans ton sable ardent !

"Parce qu'il ne fait pas son œuvre tout de suite,  
Qu'il livre Rome au prêtre et Jésus au jésuite,  
Et les bons au méchant,  
Nous désespérons ! de lui ! du juste immense !  
Non ! non ! lui seul connaît le nom de la semence  
Qui germe dans son champ."



# ART. VI.—RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

1. *Reports of Committees of Inquiry into Public Offices, and Papers connected therewith.* London. 1854.
2. *Report on the Organization of the Permanent Civil Service, together with a Letter from the Rev. B. Jowett.* London. 1854.
3. *Papers relating to the Re-organization of the Civil Service.* London. 1855.

A VIEW of the position and character of 64,000 of her Majesty's male adult subjects, including, as it does, a consideration of the prospects and condition of the yet larger number of persons more or less dependent on them for support, should not be devoid of interest either to the official or to the general reader. But the numerical strength of the Permanent Civil Service is by no means its highest title to our notice; its economical importance, as the recipient and disbursing of a considerable portion of our national income in the form of salaries and pensions, gives it a more tangible and distinctive aspect; and both these views sink into insignificance when compared with its momentous function of carrying out the vast designs of finance and policy originated by successive administrations. It is to this phase of the subject, then, that the attention naturally directs itself, and it should be borne in mind that the ever-growing wealth and power of the British empire betoken a corresponding accession of labour and responsibility to those who are engaged in its administration, and call for a proportionate increase of conscientious care in their selection.

It may perhaps be thought that increase of national business necessitates augmented numbers only, without a further diffusion of responsibility. But this supposition, though plausible in theory, is practically incorrect. The duties involving high responsibility are, in all civilized countries, too multitudinous to be performed by the Sovereign in person. They therefore devolve on Cabinet Ministers, who for a time may prove equal to the burden. As, however, the empire increases in population, and its sphere of action becomes more extended, ministers in their turn are obliged to resign a portion of their functions, which pass into the hands of subordinates. Duties multiply as time goes on, and at last these subordinates too are over-worked, and responsible action is permitted to descend still lower in the scale of official

rank. There is nothing new in this picture, but it is one which bears especially on the subject before us, for they will vastly underrate the importance of an efficient Civil Service, who forget how constantly it is necessary to delegate responsible duties to persons in a far lower sphere than those who nominally perform them.

A glance at the public business of the last two centuries will illustrate this truth. We have before us some scattered memoranda of the reigns from William III. to George III., inclusive. In the last-mentioned reign it is directed that—

“All such Bills of Exchange drawn on the Lords of the Treasury as shall be *ordered by their Lordships to be paid*, shall be accepted by *one of the Secretaries* of this Board, who shall accept the same, payable when due by the Governor and Company of the Bank of England.”

The Consular and Commissariat Services abroad are still kept going principally by “Bills of Exchange drawn on the Lords of the Treasury,” and the acceptance of such bills represents the payment of from two to three millions yearly; but the lords and secretaries are too much engrossed by higher affairs of state to be able to attend to them, and the duties have devolved upon officers of the Permanent Service.

The delegation of responsible duties is not confined to financial departments, where practice and technical knowledge are the principal requisites to their due performance. On the contrary, we have abundant evidence that it extends to those of the most intellectual character. “Those duties,” says Sir James Stephen, in speaking of the functions of the highest sort of clerks in the Colonial office, “were, not rarely, such as belonged rather to Ministers of State, than to the clerks in the office of such a minister.”—*Papers*, p. 73.

The comparative simplicity of old official routine naturally becomes more striking the farther we go back. An entry in the reign of William III., orders “Charnock to get a book to enter all orders of Council.” One does not know which to admire most, the simplicity which leaves “Charnock” undescribed, as if he were a character well-known to every age and nation, or the moderation which is content to order a book. In the next reign, we find the Queen frequently attending in person at the Treasury Board; sometimes during the whole time of its sitting, sometimes only for a portion of that time. On the latter occasions, it does not appear that the Board waited for her Majesty’s arrival to commence proceedings; though we find an instance in which deliberations were postponed because the great duke of those days was absent. Petitions were frequently presented to her

Majesty, whose answers appear to be *her own*, and are characterised by much clearness and decision, sometimes by a brevity almost amounting to sarcasm. Thus, a petition is presented by "Thomas Tompson, praying payment of 56*l.* 15*s.* due to him for clocks and watches for his late Majesty to the Duke of Florence."—Answer: "Her Majesty has no occasion for his clocks and watches." Again, "James Cardonell, Esq., prays leave to surrender his place of Court Post, to Henry Andrews, Esq."—Answer: "Her Majesty fears it is sold."

Turning back again to William III., we find the following directions with respect to one of the principal departments of State:—

"This evening the King was graciously pleased to bestow on me the place of Secretary to the Treasury, for which I kissed his hands; and his Majesty at the same time approved of the Table of Fees for that office.

"(Signed)

W. Lowndes."

"The King resolves there shall be a distinct Solicitor onely for the affairs of the Treasury."

There are now two Parliamentary Secretaries of the Treasury, besides a Permanent Assistant Secretary; and the "distinct Solicitor" has developed into an entire office or department, consisting of a solicitor and assistant-solicitor (both barristers), and a complete staff of clerks.

It appears then that the Civil Service has increased numerically as its duties have become more onerous; indeed, although peculiar circumstances have at times occasioned a run of business upon some particular departments; there is no complaint that the Service is deficient in mere numbers. Yet the enquiries lately instituted into the State of the Civil Service, and the consequent recommendations, deemed sufficiently important to have been alluded to in a speech from the throne, would seem to indicate that something is wanting to its due efficiency. The days are past when Gil Blas the clerk was the intimate companion of the Duke of Lerma the prime minister; statesmen can no longer see and know all who execute their orders; and those orders cannot be carried out with accuracy and diligence, unless a common spirit and intelligence pervade the entire ranks of the Service. This state of things can only result from the adoption of a definite system, and if it should appear that we have gone thus far without organising such a system, there will undoubtedly be much *prima facie* ground for desiring a "Re-organisation."

\* Another question, somewhat different from the above, but closely connected with it, is this; whether we should insist on any proof of talent or acquirements on the part of candidates for

admission to the Civil Service, or trust these matters entirely to chance? The discussion of this point, forming as it does the leading topic of those who have written concerning the Service, will occupy our principal attention, although it ought not, and indeed, cannot be entirely separated from other considerations.

The "Reports of Committees" extend over a period of nearly five years, the earliest, on the Treasury, being dated March 2, 1849; and the last, on the Board of Ordnance, bearing date November 23, 1853. The gentlemen employed in drawing them up, were generally Civil Servants of acknowledged eminence and distinguished position, in their several departments; some were permanent officers, a few of higher official rank than that of the Permanent Service. In justice to each department, and also no doubt with the view of obtaining more readily the information required, a member of the Permanent staff of a department was generally named on the Committee that was to report on that department. Among the gentlemen chosen to perform this delicate and responsible duty, were Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Bromley, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Herman Merivale.

Each Report contains matter highly interesting to those who are desirous of obtaining information about the particular office it treats of; but there is not much to arrest the attention of the general reader. The Recommendations made by the several Committees for special alterations and retrenchments, sink into insignificance when compared with the broad scheme of improvements sketched out in the "Report on the Organization of the Permanent Civil Service." This is an Essay, by Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, on the present state of the Service, enumerating in clear and energetic language certain alleged defects, and setting forth a comprehensive plan for their removal. Its leading feature is a proposal to make a competitive examination the medium of admission to the Civil Service; and a plan for such an Examination, drawn up by the Rev. B. Jowett, of Balliol College, Oxford, is appended to the "Report," which is published singly, and also in combination with the other two volumes mentioned at the head of this article.\*

The origin of the "Papers" is as follows; copies of the Report were sent during last year to thirty-eight gentlemen distinguished either by high position in the service, or by known success in conducting educational establishments; and their views on the sub-

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\* We shall have frequent occasion to allude to the "Report on the Organization, &c.," by Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir S. Northcote; whom, for brevity's sake, we shall generally term "The Reporters."

ject were requested. The answers of these gentlemen, some treating the subject of re-organization in all its parts and bearings, others limited to the consideration of educational reform, occupy 402 pages of a thick blue-book. A letter from G. Arbuthnot, Esq., auditor of the civil list, to the Lords of the Treasury, remonstrating against certain expressions in the "Report on the Organization," &c., follows; then comes the Reporters' defence, also addressed to the Lords of the Treasury. A few miscellaneous papers succeed, of which the most interesting, to the general reader, is a table extracted from the Census of 1851, giving the numbers of the principal branches of the civil service as then ascertained. The "Report on the Organization," as before mentioned, is bound up at the end of the volume.

This interesting Report amply repays the pains of perusal, and those who would study the various comments with any degree of interest, must begin by making themselves acquainted with the scheme which gave rise to them. The nature and importance of the Service are sketched lightly, as things too well known to their lordships to need demonstration:—

"It cannot be necessary to enter into any lengthened argument for the purpose of showing the high importance of the permanent civil service of the country in the present day. The great and increasing accumulation of public business, and the consequent pressure on the Government, need only be alluded to, and the inconveniences which are inseparable from the frequent changes which take place in the responsible administration, are a matter of sufficient notoriety. It may safely be asserted that, as matters now stand, the Government of the country could not be carried on without the aid of an efficient body of permanent officers, occupying a position duly subordinate to that of the Ministers who are directly responsible to the Crown and to Parliament, yet possessing sufficient independence, character, ability, and experience to be able to advise, assist, and, to some extent, influence, those who are from time to time set over them."—*Report*, p. 3.

There is one point which the Reporters have, perhaps, not made sufficiently clear in these introductory remarks. The Civil Service, as before observed, consists of upwards of 64,000 persons;\* but only a comparatively small number of these are

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\* The returns of the census, 1851, give 64,224 as the total number of civil servants of all grades. The heads under which they are classified are somewhat vague. The aggregate of a variety of classes, ranging from "Heads of Departments" to "Extra or Temporary Clerks," is 6548. Then follows the item: "Others, not being clerks, employed on some special duty, 11,207." The remaining classes, from office-keepers downwards to labourers in dock-yards, complete the above number. It would be more satisfactory to know what are the 11,207; but considering the rapidity with which the census must be taken, and the irregularity of nomenclature in the public service, perhaps a greater degree of accuracy could not be expected. It is probable that some

either clerks, or officers above the rank of clerks. The rest are messengers, tide-waiters, postmen, artificers, and other persons employed in mechanical or even menial occupations. Now, the Reporters often use the term "Permanent Civil Service" in its widest sense, as embracing all the above grades,—yet the observations we have quoted cannot apply to any posts but those of a high and intellectual character. The *slip* is not an unnatural one, since the higher part of the Service must of course claim the larger share of interest and attention. Be it remembered, however, that the proposal for educational re-organization applies to all classes, although observations may be dropped occasionally which obviously have reference only to the higher ranks.

The gradual and unsystematic way in which the various sections of the Service have formed and clustered round their several chiefs, makes the classification of Government officials a matter of some difficulty. The most obvious function of a civil department is to assist a Cabinet Minister in the execution of plans which he himself designs, but which no possible stretch of exertion can enable one man to carry out. Accordingly, we find that most public offices have a Cabinet Minister at their head. Thus the Treasury, the Foreign-office, the Colonial-office, are respectively presided over by the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Secretary of State for the Colonial Department. Other departments, created by the increasing pressure of commercial and political extension, have sprung up side by side with the above class of offices, but are not equal to them in importance, though in some cases superior in numbers. Such are the Customs, the Poor-law Board, the Audit Office, each of which is directed, not by a Cabinet Minister, but by a Board of officers whose titles depend on the custom of the particular department. Such of the higher functionaries as are appointed with, and consequently go out with the Ministry, are generally expected to have a seat in Parliament, that they may be able to give explanations and answer questions with respect to the department to which they are attached. Some offices, as the Audit-office and the Customs, have no such functionary, and permanent civil servants are excluded by Act of Parliament from the House of Commons.

Next in rank to Ministers and other Parliamentary functionaries, sometimes at the head of an office, and sometimes placed under the orders of a political chief, stand the highest permanent

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part of those so vaguely described would come fairly under the head of clerks. Dr. Farr's pamphlet gives the number liable to assessment for the superannuation fund at 8185 described as clerks, and 8135 messengers, &c.; and it is in accordance with this estimate that The Reporters describe the service as containing "not less than 16,000 persons."—*Vile Report*, p. 8.

officers of the Civil Service, whose modest titles of chairman, under-secretary, and the like, would scarcely lead us to guess the real importance of their position. That their tenure of office does not depend on that of a changing Administration; that they are the sole medium of communication between the political chiefs and the rest of the Service; that as the "depositories of official traditions," they are looked to by every newly-raised minister for advice and instruction, and merit a degree of confidence and gratitude corresponding to the extent of their usefulness—these considerations are sufficient to show that their position must be highly honourable and influential, and to account for the esteem in which they are often held by their superiors, and the deference shown to them by those placed under their orders.

In the absence of a fixed nomenclature, the posts held by this class of officers have been called "staff appointments." Under this head then, are included such appointments, generally, as are above the calibre of ordinary clerkships, and below that of Parliamentary offices. The next class of appointments consists of ordinary clerkships; and the third, of appointments inferior to these, consisting of messengerships, inferior offices in the Customs and Excise, and a host of others too various to be enumerated.

The divisions of the Permanent Services may, therefore, be described as follows:—

1. Persons holding staff appointments, who, in the course of these papers are sometimes treated as a separate class, and sometimes as an integral part of,
2. "Higher portion" of the Service, or clerks;
3. "Lower portion" of the Service, or persons employed principally in manual labour.

The most obvious attractions of the higher branch of the Service are, first, that the work is generally light; secondly, that the position, once attained, is respectable, secure, and of gradually increasing pecuniary value; thirdly, that those who retire on account of failing health or old age, are provided for by a pension proportioned to their length of service.

With respect to the first point, it is to be observed that those who enter the higher branch of the Service, are generally young men from 17 to 25 years old, who, if this resource were not open to them, would have to battle with the difficulties, and confront the risks, of a laborious struggle in one of the open professions. Placed at their desk in a public office, they learn their duties gradually and insensibly, without any general necessity for extraordinary exertion. It is not wonderful, then, that a youth just come from school should prefer a post in the Civil Service to the prospect of university or medical examinations, or to the

continuance of that life of theoretical study from which boys are generally so glad to escape. We should add, that to parents the prospect of an immediate income and an ultimate competence for one of their children is too great a boon to be lightly rejected.

The position is pronounced respectable by the general verdict of society, *quem penes arbitrium est*, in such matters; it is secure, for no civil servant is ever dismissed except for extraordinary neglect of duty, or other flagrant misconduct. The salary, commencing generally at 80*l.*, 90*l.*, or 100*l.* per annum, increases with length of service until it reaches the maximum salary of the class to which the recipient belongs. On the occurrence of a vacancy in the class above, the senior man of the lowest class is appointed to fill it. Each clerk is thus promoted in his turn, and from being a "junior" becomes an "assistant" clerk. A similar process in course of time converts him into a "senior," and a third into a "chief" clerk.

A superannuation fund is at present provided by an assessment of from 2½ to 5 per cent. on the salaries of all who have entered the service since 1829. No person is entitled to a superannuation allowance who has not served ten years; nor is any man considered to have a claim who retires without a medical certificate, unless he has served fifty years, in which case he is generally permitted to retire with a pension equal to his full salary.

With these advantages, actual and prospective, there can never be wanting a sufficient number of candidates for posts in the Civil Service; but when it is remembered how important are the duties that they may one day be called upon to perform, it will be clear that none should be appointed but men of ascertained merit, or of fair promise. Let us see whether the present system gives us all we could desire in this respect. Turning to page 1 of the "Report on the Organization," &c., we read:—

"Admission into the Civil Service is indeed eagerly sought after, but it is for the unambitious, and the indolent or incapable, that it is chiefly desired. . . . It may be noticed in particular, that the comparative lightness of the work, and the certainty of provision in case of retirement owing to bodily incapacity, furnish strong inducements to the parents and friends of sickly youths, to endeavour to obtain them employment in the service of the government; and the extent to which the public are consequently burdened—first, with the salaries of officers who are obliged to absent themselves from their duties on account of ill health, and afterwards with their pensions, when they retire on the same plea—would hardly be credited by those who have not had opportunities of observing the operation of the system."

*Mens sana in corpore sano*, should be, an indispensable condi-



tion, one would think, of obtaining appointments which involve regular and systematic mental occupation, and sometimes a certain degree of bodily activity. We do not ask for a Hercules or an Adonis; but let us at any rate have men who will not be a burden to the public. No one thinks insurance societies hard-hearted for rejecting hopeless invalids; nor could cruelty be imputed to a system which should exclude permanent valetudinarians from a position the duties of which they could not efficiently perform. We shall have to recur to this subject. In the meantime, we proceed with the opinions of the Reporters,—

“There are, however, numerous honourable exceptions to these observations, and the trustworthiness of the whole body is unimpeached. They are much better than we have any right to expect, from the system under which they are appointed and promoted.”

The “system” under which they are appointed may be described in a few words. A minister having two or three vacancies in his department, nominates a corresponding number of young men, whose friends, relying upon the claims of relationship or political connexion, have been teasing him for appointments ever since he came into office. The petitioner is often a supporter in the House of Commons, who, on his part, is trying to serve the interests of a supporter in his county or borough. The young men thus chosen are examined or not, according to the particular custom of the department. However this may be, their appointment is generally a matter of certainty, as will be shown in its proper place. The system of promotion has been described as regulated, generally, by seniority. We will add the following observations of the Reporters:—

“Unlike the military and naval, the medical, and the commissariat services, and unlike even the Indian Civil Service, the public establishments of this country, although comprising a body of not less than 16,000 persons, are regulated on the system of merely departmental promotion. Each man’s experience, interests, hopes and fears, are limited to the special branch of the service in which he is himself engaged. The effect naturally is, to cramp the energies of the whole body, to encourage the growth of narrow views and departmental prejudices, to limit the acquisition of experience, and to repress and almost extinguish the spirit of emulation and competition; besides which, considerable inconvenience results from the want of facilities for transferring strength from an office where the work is becoming slack to one in which it is increasing; and from the consequent necessity of sometimes keeping up particular departments on a scale beyond the actual requirements.”—*Report*, p. 8.

We may now sum up in a few words the life of a gentleman appointed to a clerkship in the Civil Service. Patronage nominates him, examination frightens him but does not hurt him, his

duties for many years are those of the merest routine, the highest prizes of the service are not necessarily open to him, for "in several departments the clerks are regarded as having no claim whatever to what are called staff appointments" — (*Report*, p. 7); his promotion being regulated by seniority, no efforts can hasten, no carelessness retard, his progress; his income is regular, his pension safe, he has therefore no incitements to the cultivation of mental activity; and unless he be of a more than usually energetic temperament, there is great risk that he will prove at 60 years of age little more able and intellectual than at 16. When it is added to all this, that there is a great chance of his having been originally rather below par, since parents naturally strive to employ patronage in favour of those of their children who are least able to assist themselves, there will certainly appear to be some *a priori* ground for trusting the statements of the Reporters as to the large number of inferior men to be found in the service, some temptation to believe that its organization is "far from perfect, and that its amendment is deserving of the most careful attention."

It would not be just, however, to consider these points decided, merely on theoretical grounds. The strictures of the Reporters have called forth a storm of indignation from many gentlemen connected with the Service, who consider them not to be borne out by facts; and it is due to both parties to investigate this matter before proceeding any further.

Foremost among the crowd of antagonists stands Mr. Arbuthnot. His letter is in a manner distinct from the rest of those contained in the "Papers," having been written, not by request, but voluntarily, with the desire of vindicating his subordinates (for his own class, that of staff officers, is unassailed) from imputations which he supposes to have been unjustly cast upon them. It is impossible not to respect Mr. Arbuthnot's motives, and the earnest and heartfelt tone of his letter; and it must be observed, that his is no presumptuous or uncalled-for advocacy. As auditor of the Civil List, he is on the establishment of the Treasury, the centre or focus of all the public offices, and takes rank next to the assistant-secretary, who is at the same time one of the authors of the Report, and the highest officer in the Permanent Civil Service. There is no one, therefore, by whom the office of champion could have been more legitimately assumed.

Mr. Arbuthnot finds fault with the assertion that admission to the Service is chiefly sought after "for the unambitious, the indolent, or incapable." Again, he cannot see how, if from the presence of such persons, "the Public Service suffers both in internal efficiency and public estimation," the same Service can be truly

said to "contribute essentially to the proper discharge of the functions of government," and "the trustworthiness of the whole body" can remain "unimpeached;" all which assertions are confidently made by the Reporters. But there does not appear to be any contradiction here. The delays of office are proverbial, and the Reporters, in attributing these and other inconveniences to the presence of a large number of incompetent or semi-competent persons, do not accuse the Service, as a body, of being unable to "contribute essentially to the discharge of the functions of government;" much less can they be thought to imply any doubt of the integrity of civil servants. So far, indeed, from disparaging the whole body of the Service, they would appear to have done something towards relieving it from the imputations usually cast upon it, by pointing out the partial nature of its defects, and suggesting a process by which they may be removed.

Mr. Arbuthnot acknowledges that there are defects in the Civil Service, but he says they are attributable "to defective organization rather than to the individuals" composing it. He allows then that existing defects are in some measure due to the characters of individual members; and it is quite certain that the Reporters attribute much of it to defective organization, since they assert that the officers of the Service are "better than could be expected from the system," &c. What then is the difference between Mr. Arbuthnot's and the Reporters' opinion on this point? None whatever, except it be one of degree; the Reporters asserting that a "large proportion" of the Service are below par, while Mr. Arbuthnot considers the expression too comprehensive. Mr. Arbuthnot questions the correctness of statements made respecting the losses sustained by the country from the frequent or even permanent ill-health of officers in the Civil Service, and produces the following figures:—

"In 1851, six persons retired in consequence of bodily infirmity, after a service of less than fifteen years. Their aggregate allowances amount to 208*l*.

"In 1852, eight; aggregate allowances, 247*l*.

"In 1853, two; aggregate allowances, 76*l*."

This is no doubt a fair average, and tends to show that the loss by retiring allowances to invalids is not serious; but these are not the only kind of losses sustained from the above cause. Much time is lost by absence through ill health, while the invalid's name still remains on the list of the establishment, so that his full salary continues to be paid. Such time could easily be reduced to its pecuniary value, and then the amount of loss would be apparent. But it is sufficient to observe that the Reporters

have inserted, in their answer to Mr. Arbuthnot's strictures, a table showing that the loss in the years 1818—1852 inclusive, by twenty junior clerks in the Record Office, amounted to 1709 days, or "considerably more than the work of one junior clerk" for the whole period. Putting retirements out of the question, we have here a clear loss of upwards of five per cent. merely from "occasional" absence! The table was drawn up by Sir Francis Palgrave, who gives us this practical opinion, that "in no private establishment would clerks be permitted to absent themselves habitually as frequently as they do in this department; an individual so absenting himself would simply be told that his state of health incapacitated him for the employment."

We should be extremely sorry that faithful servants of the public should be cast aside as soon as age or illness disabled them; happily the Civil Service is not a commercial speculation, and need not be guided entirely by the rules of profit and loss. This nation can afford to be liberal, and it is our pride to think that it is so; but it is not too much to ask that proper care be taken to prevent the original appointment of such as cannot reasonably be expected to retain the health and vigour essential to efficiency.

The high merit of a considerable number of permanent officers gave them by courtesy a claim to some exceptional notice. The Reporters did not perhaps give sufficient prominence to this fact at first, but they fairly made the *amende honorable* in their reply:—

"We admit that, looking to the effect which the publication of our remarks was likely to have on the minds of persons less well acquainted with the Civil Service than your lordships, it was an error on our part that we did not more distinctly express the sense we entertain of its merits, and we regret that we failed to do so," &c.

This and similar expressions are doubtless sufficient to remove any feelings of personal discomfort. But the general question remains to be decided according to the evidence before us. We shall begin with that which tends more or less to impugn the testimony of the Reporters:—

"I believe the Service," says Mr. Bromley, "to be fairly educated for the common run of men; certainly better than the body of merchants, better than the Naval Service; equal to some of the open professions; but perhaps inferior to the army. Nevertheless, the Service is wanting in brilliant talent; it is now too much on a level throughout."—*Papers*, p. 52.

So far, the testimony is favourable to the Service. But we must venture to question the judgment of a gentleman who places the standard of army education above that of the body of mer-

chants, the Naval Service, and several of the open professions. In polish and elegance of manner, in drawing-room courtesies and a knowledge of the conventionalities of society, no one will contest the pre-eminence of the army, but these are not all that constitute education. The testimony of Mr. Bromley, however, will be valuable on subjects more strictly technical than that of general education.

Sir James Stephen, speaking of his experience of the Colonial Office while on the staff of that office himself, and during the subsequent period, informs us that the clerks on that establishment—

“Were clearly distinguishable into three classes; the first, a very small minority; the second being more numerous than the first; and the third, exceeding the numbers of the other two united. With an occasional exception, they had *all* the education, the manners, the feelings, and the characteristic principles of gentlemen. But in respect of their fitness for the duties assigned to them, they differed as much as, in our annual “Tripos” at Cambridge, the “Wranglers” differ from the “Senior and Junior Optimes,” and these last from the “*οἱ Πολλοί*,” the first having been so composed that it is difficult to speak of them truly without an appearance of exaggeration; the members of the second class having been meritorious public servants; and the third, or most numerous class, having been made up of persons of whose official characters nothing but the obligation you have imposed upon me would induce me to speak at all.”

He proceeds to describe the first and smallest class:—

“In the narrow circle of the first of these classes were to be found, not indeed combined in any one of the members of it, but variously distributed among them all, qualities of which I can still never think without the highest admiration and respect—such as large capacity of mind, literary powers of rare excellence, sound scholarship, indomitable energy, mature experience in public affairs, and an absolute self-devotion to the Service. It comprised some men who must have risen to eminence in any open field of competition, and who, if born to more ample fortunes, might reasonably have aspired to hold the seals of the office in which they were serving as subordinates.”

Receiving this testimony without the slightest reserve or hesitation, we merely beg the reader to remember, that it applies only to “a narrow circle,” a “very small minority.” Sir James’s opinion of another and wider section of the Service will appear hereafter.

Sir G. C. Lewis states that—

“The large majority of clerks are efficient, and among the superior clerks in the more important offices there are persons who, in point of ability and knowledge in their own subjects, occupy a high position;” but admits that—

- \* "There are indeed, in most offices, inefficient persons, who ought never to have been appointed, or ought subsequently to have been dismissed."

Sir Thomas Redington writes as follows:—

"It appears to me, however, that too unfavourable a view of the actual Civil Service has been taken in your Report; for although, like other professions, it may contain some who are 'unambitious, indolent,' or perhaps 'incapable,' yet I should be unwilling to consider this as the rule, and to regard competency and efficiency as the exception."

- \* Mr. Anderson admits that there is "a want of energy," but is of opinion that the same defect exists in many other bodies of clerks.

The observations of Sir A. Y. Spearman are among the most definite and thoughtful that have been made on this side of the question. He insists, with all the weight of his long experience, that the indolent, incapable, and sickly are not to be found in the Civil Service in larger numbers than in any of the open professions—that they are not the rule, but the exception—that the use of the words "a large proportion" is a gross exaggeration.

The words alluded to are indefinite, and do not necessarily imply that qualities existing in such proportion are rather the rule than the exception, as Sir A. Spearman would seem to imagine. The analogy of the open professions is plausible; but in those professions the "indolent and incapable" are certain of failure, and getting no employment, can do no positive harm; whereas such persons in the Civil Service rise side by side with the active and intelligent. It becomes therefore necessary to stop them on the threshold, even if they appear in but small numbers. Giving, however, to the words of the Reporters their widest possible sense, they are not stronger than those of many who are not otherwise friendly to their views.

Other gentlemen stand forward as champions of the Service, without adding much to what has been quoted above. The account of the Reporters is stigmatized as being "overcharged" and "indiscriminate;" it is stated that there is no unusual proportion of persons either mentally or physically disqualified, "that the clerks and officers of the civil departments generally are faithful, diligent, and competent; that the public business of these departments is well conducted," and the like; while it is admitted by some that there are "partial blots" in the Service, and that the Reporters, though somewhat severe, intended to do justice to "the great talent, industry, and acquirements of many of its members."

But if the power of extracting amusement from a dull subject be the chief requisite of an advisor for the public good.

Mr. Waddington must certainly outshine all competitors. We cannot resist giving a portion of his comments, though his opinions, reduced to plain words, are included in the above brief summary.

Alluding to the assertions of the Reporters as to the present partial inefficiency of the Service, he expresses himself as follows :—

“ We are told that there are numerous honourable exceptions to these observations; and then we are somewhat inconsistently informed that they—that is, the Civil Servants generally—are much better than we have a right to expect from the system under which they are appointed and promoted. This praise, such as it is, will be accepted with gratitude by the Civil servants. To be better than the system under which they live, argues great merit in the individuals, and leads us to hope that they cannot, generally speaking, be the unambitious, the indolent, the incapable persons held up to public scorn in the Report; on the contrary, if under a system so strongly condemned by the authors of the Report, they have shown themselves worthy of something better, what might we not expect from the same individuals under rational and intelligent management? We are told in the Report that ‘the present state of things engenders a feeling of security which tends to encourage indolence and so depress the character of the Service;’ that the ‘quiet and generally secluded nature of the duties is such that they are unable to acquire the experience of life necessary for the due development of their characters;’ and after a long enumeration of heavy blows and great discouragements, that they are so treated in matters of promotion as ‘to strengthen in them the injurious conviction that their success does not depend on their own exertions, and that if they work hard it will not advance them, if they waste their time in idleness it will not keep them back.’ Who would not exclaim, after this, ‘*Ipsa si cupiet salus, servare non potest hanc familiam.*’ It is not so, however; the result is not, even in the opinion of the Reporters, so disastrous as might have been expected. Men almost as bad as could be found have been selected to work under a system worse than themselves, and yet, notwithstanding ‘the great and increasing accumulation of public business,’ the government *has been carried on*—a process which, according to the Report, is impossible ‘without the aid of an efficient body of permanent officers.’ ”

Mr. Waddington is something of a logician, apparently, and sees with his mind's eye the following syllogism drawn out by the Reporters :—

The government cannot be carried on without an efficient body of permanent officers.

But there is not an efficient body of permanent officers.

Therefore, the Government is *not carried on*!

“A manifest absurdity,” cries our logician, “for it is carried on, everybody knows it is, nobody would for a moment attempt to deny it.”

Such arguments could not deceive the most superficial reasoner. A mere child would know that the words "cannot be carried on" were not used literally. No doubt the Government coach jogs on somehow or other—as would Mr. Waddington's carriage if he had a pair of donkeys for mules, with Pegasus to lead; but it may be a sorry turn-out after all. The assertion that the clerks, as a body, are "better than we have a right to expect from the system under which they are appointed and promoted," is not inconsistent with the opinion that many of them are "unambitious, indolent, and incapable;" and as we proceed with Mr. Waddington's arguments, we feel that he gains nothing by the clever juxtaposition of *apparently* inconsistent statements, but rather tempts us to exclaim:—

Fanum habet in cornu, longe fuge! dummodo risum  
Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat. . . .

It next becomes our duty to give such opinions as are more closely corroborative of the Reporters' views. Strange to say, they are principally those of men whom we above quoted in defence of the present state of the Service. Mr. Bromley writes as follows:—

"The most feeble sons in families which have been so fortunate as to obtain an appointment, yes, and others too, either mentally or physically incapacitated, enter the Service. I could quote several instances. The more able and ambitious seek the open professions.

"There is scarcely a department of the government in which you will not find some 'unambitious, indolent, and incapable' men, who have got into the Service, not because they were indolent and unambitious, but because their parents and guardians could get them off their hands without the difficulty or expense of education.

"The heads of departments are much troubled with these characters, and although they are the exceptions, they are numerous, and never ought to have entered the Service."

Sir James Stephen, in some respects the most zealous and able opponent of the Reporters' opinions, describes the third and most numerous of the classes into which he divides the clerks, as being sent straight from school to the public offices, and "bringing with them no greater store of information or maturity of mind than usually belongs to a boy in the fifth form at Eton, Westminster, or Rugby.\* He continues:—

"What they so brought they never afterwards increased by any private study; finding themselves engaged in the actual business of

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\* We have ourselves known *some* admissions of boys who, if they had been at Rugby, could never have aspired to so high a position as the fifth form—indeed, we have known such admissions to take place within the last few months.



life, they assumed that their preparation for it was complete, and (as far as I can judge), they never afterwards made or attempted any mental self-improvement."

As to the consequences of such a state of things—

"It would be superfluous to point out in detail the injurious results of such a composition of one of the highest departments" (the Colonial-office,) "of the State. Among the less obvious consequences of it were—the necessity it imposed on the heads of the office of undertaking, in their own persons, an amount of labour to which neither their mental nor their bodily powers were really adequate; the needless and very inconvenient increase of the numbers borne upon the clerical list; the frequent transfer of many of their appropriate duties to ill-educated and ill-paid supernumeraries; and the not unfrequent occurrence of mistakes and oversights so serious as occasionally to imperil interests of high national importance."

These are not the words of a hasty and sarcastic partisan, but the well-weighed phrases of men who deeply feel the evils they acknowledge. Against such calm, yet heartfelt and elaborate description, neither general statements nor the shafts of satire can prevail. Evidence similar to the above might be advanced with respect to other offices; but surely it is unnecessary. The observation of individual officers of the Civil Service must be in some degree limited to their own department. We question not the sincerity or the judgment of Sir A. Y. Spearman, and those who take his view of the case; but we must suppose their sphere of action to be confined within certain limits, and their negative and general statements cannot be considered a refutation of the positive and definite assertions of equally trustworthy officers. There are *many* such assertions—we repeat it—to be found scattered through the "Papers;" often expressed in language even less complimentary than the above; but it is enough for the present to have shown, that although some public servants are worthy of almost unlimited praise, too many on the other hand are far below par, and consequently there is abundant room for improvement.

What, then, are the means by which the improvement is to be effected? The Reporters are of opinion that it is advisable to recruit the Service with young men, as heretofore; first, because they may be expected readily to acquire habits of discipline and subordination, which to older persons, long guided by their own discretion, might prove a stumbling-block; secondly, because very young men can be obtained at a small rate of remuneration, an important consideration when it is remembered that a newly enlisted clerk must undergo a course of elementary training, during which his services are of little value; thirdly, because

“ the temptation to jobbing, and the danger of decidedly improper appointments being made, is also considerably less.”—*Report*, p. 9.

The first two reasons must be intelligible to everybody. It may be added that middle-aged men, if attracted by remuneration commencing at a low rate, would probably be men who have failed in some other sphere of action. This may, indeed, be their misfortune, not their fault; but it lies in them to prove it by a successful struggle with the outer world, and it is by no means incumbent on the government to take them upon trust. The third observation is founded rather on official than on general experience: we shall therefore leave it to have its own proper weight, the other reasons being quite sufficient to establish the principle asserted.

So far no change is suggested. The remainder, however, of the Reporters' scheme constitutes in itself a bold and comprehensive plan of re-organization. Calling to mind what has already been said concerning existing defects and their causes, we shall have no difficulty in perceiving at a glance the rationale of most of the following propositions:—

1. Patronage should no longer influence original appointments; but they should be made as the result of success in a competing literary examination, conducted by an independent central board.

2. Testimonials to character, and certificates of health and sound constitution, should be presented by candidates before they are admitted to competition.

3. A fixed period of probation should follow admission into a public office.

4. Promotion should be regulated by merit.

5. A separate class of clerks should be formed, persons of inferior birth and position to the usual run of government clerks; whose duty it should be to perform the bulk of the routine or mechanical duties.

6. Vacant staff appointments should be filled by promotion of persons of the rank of clerks, in the office where the vacancy occurs. If this be impracticable, they should be filled from other offices; if this too be found impossible, they should then, *and not till then*, be offered to strangers.

7. Civil servants at the commencement of their career, should be transferred successively to all the different branches of their department, that they may become generally conversant with the functions of that department.

The first of these suggestions is by far the most comprehensive, and may be said to include an entire system within itself. It concerns the admission of candidates to the civil service.

There is no doubt that personal knowledge, where possible, is the best guide to selection. But no imaginable plan can enable the head of a department, overworked as he often is, to acquire an intimate knowledge of the character and habits of successive generations of very young men. No one but a schoolmaster has time and opportunity for this : and the government official, unable to judge for himself, is obliged to depend on the recommendations of his friends or political supporters ; in other words, to comply with their importunities. The solicitants desire to serve their friends, not the public : and their friends are best served by the advancement of their least competent children. There is, therefore, *à priori* ground for supposing that the choice will be somewhat worse than if made blindfold from a ballot-box. On balancing the evidence, we have found that the result is precisely what might have been expected—the drawing of a few brilliant prizes, and a somewhat larger number of moderate ones, and then a dreary waste of blanks.

The advocates of patronage would doubtless assert, that the evils of which they cannot but acknowledge the existence, are due to other causes. We believe they are so in part ; but let us inquire, what share the system of patronage has in their production.

Sir James Stephen tells us that his second, or tolerable class of clerks, generally owed their appointment to patronage, and that the third, or more numerous class, “ who possessed in a low degree, and some of them in a degree almost incredibly low, either the talents or the habits of men of business, or the industry, zeal, or knowledge required for the performance of their appropriate functions,” were, “ without exception, men who had been appointed to gratify the political, the domestic, or the personal feelings of their patrons.” It is Mr. Power’s opinion, that “ the faults of the system lie principally in the first appointment.” Mr. Booth boldly asserts that “ the objects of patrons are generally to palm off on the public service such of their sons and nephews as are fit for nothing else.” “ The one who is destined for the service of the public,” says Mr. Romilly, “ is of course the weakest, and not the wisest of the brood ; he has less chance of raising himself by his own exertions in the world, and is accordingly picked out for a government office. This is the rule ; there are, no doubt, exceptions to it, for it does sometimes happen that a family is not favoured with an invalid or a blockhead ; but it is the rule with those who have government influence, and the exceptions to it are fewer than could be wished.” The result, clearly traced, is the accession to the public service of a large mass of persons labouring under “ official indisposition or bodily infirmity.”

Patronage, then, will not keep out the frail in mind or health; but how is it that examination, already in force in many offices, does not nip these drooping flowers in the bud? Mr. Romilly answers for us, "that departmental examiners fear the clamour of individuals more than the silent suffering of the nation," and that in twelve years, during which he has been a member of a board, not one candidate has been rejected.

The testing by examination of several persons for a particular object, naturally divides itself into two kinds; standard, test, or minimum examination, and competitive, or maximum examination.

The first kind has been practised during the last few years in many of the public departments. It consists nominally in the rejection of those who do not come up to a certain standard. But the standard cannot be so securely and intelligibly fixed as to ensure the rejection of the incompetent, if one or two candidates form the whole body to be examined at any given time, nor can it, if conducted by persons not especially appointed for that purpose, but taken from their regular official business to perform what naturally appears to them to be a comparatively unimportant duty. Supposing, then, that standard examination in itself is good; it suffers great drawbacks for want of a regularly appointed body to carry it out, and fixed times for performing it. Under the most favourable circumstances, that is to say, supposing the examiners to be always men of clear judgment, strong mind, and sufficient knowledge, and the candidates to have no interest, an examination so conducted could scarcely maintain a uniform and satisfactory standard; under actual circumstances, that is, taking men as they are, and the system of nomination as it now is, the examination has degenerated—so says the evidence before us—into an unmeaning form.

Let us now consider a system of examination almost in every way the reverse of the above. A central board is formed of eight or twelve gentlemen of known literary and scientific merit, and accustomed to the work of education. Their sole duty during the time that they are employed by the public, is to examine and place in order of merit the first twenty or thirty (according to the yearly average of vacancies,) of the candidates who come before them, at a particular time previously announced; to reject those whom they consider decidedly incompetent, and, we will suppose, to grant certificates to all who come between.\* The highest of

\* The division of unsuccessful candidates into certificated and absolutely rejected is suggested several times in the "Papers;" indeed, the idea is so obvious, that it seems to follow as a matter of course from the rest of the scheme.

these three divisions will receive appointments immediately, and as a matter of course. The examiners are persons independent alike of the changing government and of the permanent departments; their instructions are explicit; their duty is clear and definite; above all, they are men to whom such duties are the business of life, and who cannot therefore undervalue their importance.

This is a fair outline of the machinery proposed by the Reporters, for filling up vacancies in the higher branch of the Service, and a somewhat similar plan is proposed for the lower. The same board would act, but the subjects of course would be adapted to the class of persons to be examined. It is proposed that candidates for the higher posts shall be between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five; and for the lower between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one.

The higher examination, in the opinion of the Reporters, should be a competing literary examination; the subjects should be general, so as to secure "the greatest and most varied amount of talent for the public service," and to afford the best opportunities of judging which men are best suited to any particular department. Classics and mathematics, it is said, should be the staple, but history, jurisprudence, and political economy, modern languages, political and physical geography, should enter. The specialties of departments should "probably" be taken into account. To write a *précis* of a set of papers, to show a proficiency in arithmetic and bookkeeping should conduce to success, and might be turned to account by appointing the candidates to departments in which these acquirements are respectively most valuable.

The examination for the lower class of appointments is not fully drawn out in the Report. These appointments are various in their character, their number is not clearly ascertained, nor are they as yet satisfactorily classified according to their several grades.

Should the Reporters' scheme, however, be adopted, there could be no difficulty in obtaining the returns which would be necessary as a preliminary. In the meantime it is suggested that the lower examination should be local; and several plans are hinted at for the mode of conducting it. We agree with the Reporters, that "the precise arrangements will require much consideration," but we foresee no ultimate difficulty.

The question has been raised whether examinations should take place whenever vacancies occur, or at certain stated intervals. The Reporters' plans imply the latter course, and it would appear to be the only way to ensure a numerous competition, and thus afford a fair choice to the examiners.

The higher examination is to be "literary,"—or we should rather say, literary and scientific. A favourite argument against such examination is, that it would have excluded Wellington from the army, and Nelson from the navy; another, that "cram" may overcome superior talent and even superior diligence. It is also urged against examination in general, that it cannot secure zeal, patience, a sense of discipline, and a respect for authority, qualities which, it is justly observed, are even more essential to the discharge of the ordinary duties of the Civil Service than a rich store of learning or intellectual powers of a high character. It is equally certain that examination can be no test of moral qualifications.

Now it is perfectly true that Wellington and Nelson did not pass an examination previous to entering their respective services, and it is extremely likely that they were not competent to pass one. But there cannot be the slightest doubt that, had the system of examinations existed in their day, they would have been prepared for it. Incidents in the lives of both these heroes show that deep and serious thought was no unusual effort to them; that it was not mere bull-dog courage that made one the sovereign of the seas, and enabled the other to overcome him who had well-nigh become lord paramount of Europe. No. They could think, and that, too, better than most people; they were not idle, stupid, or rebellious; they could therefore have fitted themselves for an examination had there been one in their time; and their natural determination of character would have enabled them to surmount this preliminary difficulty more easily than the generality of youthful aspirants.

The danger of mistaking "cram" for well digested information presents a more serious difficulty. No doubt the plan of "cramming," or getting up results hurriedly and at the last, instead of allowing time for that gradual and steady progress which constitutes really useful study, will be attempted by many of the candidates. But experience teaches how to frame papers which no such superficial knowledge can answer; and none but a tyro in the art of examining would be deceived by the awkward attempts of the "crammed" pupil, which to the full and clear answers of the well-read student are as the unsteady gait of an infant to the stately tread of the well-trained soldier.

The fact that a young man has come up to a high examination well prepared, affords a presumption at least that he has been obedient, diligent, and steady. These qualifications are no bad stock in trade to begin life with, and it would be some argument in favour of nomination if that system gave us reason to form similar expectations. So far the proposed system is superior to the old one; and it is difficult to imagine by what method the

qualities required for the public service could be more clearly ascertained, except by that of personal and intimate acquaintance, which, as we have said before, is utterly impracticable. The advocates of the old system—if, indeed, there are any who would wish to maintain it entire—would give us neither erudition nor general character; the Reporters, on the other hand, offer us a certain amount of knowledge now, and industry, obedience, and good moral character in contingent reversion.

The subject of examination has been treated above merely with reference to its bearing on the Civil Service. This is its most important aspect; for the Service must not be made a vehicle, perhaps to its own disadvantage, for carrying out objects whose importance is not special to it. It may, however, be observed, that the educational scheme is expected, if carried out, to have a powerful effect on education throughout the country. The value of this opinion must depend entirely on the extent of the new field thrown open. An opinion is entertained in some quarters that the sons of the nobility and gentry will be outrun in competition by their inferiors, and that the service will contract in consequence a lower tone as to honourable feeling and courtesy of manner; but the most experienced, and therefore most competent men, are of opinion that this fear is utterly without foundation. The Dean of Carlisle, who combines the experience of a college tutor with that of a schoolmaster, writes:—

“I feel certain, from my experience of open fellowships and scholarships at the University, that the highest classes in the country are quite capable of maintaining their own in any open competition in which they may have to contend; and I cannot think that any real favour is done to young men of these classes by putting them out of the reach of such stimulants to exertion and good conduct as might exercise a most beneficial effect on their whole character.”

Mr. Thompson, of Trinity College, Cambridge, observes—“Certainly my own experience as tutor of Trinity, did not lead me to the conclusion that the aristocracy enjoy any monopoly of right feeling and delicate moral perceptions.” From the combined testimony of these authorities, it would appear—First, that the aristocracy are not likely to be excluded. Secondly, that if they were, there would be no reason on that account to despair of the character of the Service—conclusions which, as coming from practical men, satisfactorily dispose of objections which are founded merely on theory, and which are partly drawn from a mistaken estimate of the manner in which the service is at present composed.

In discussing generally the subject of examination, we have

almost unconsciously suffered the idea of competition to glide in. The statements of Dr. Tait and Mr. Thompson have especial reference to the latter system, but the arguments drawn from them must apply in a minor degree to any *bona fide* examination. That the present examination does not exclude the unfit, has been shown by the statements of Mr. Braintree, Sir James Stephen, and others, and has been stated in so many words by Mr. Romilly. It is, therefore, no *bona fide* examination. How are we to make it so? The Reporters answer, first by abolishing the right of patronage; secondly, by substituting open competition for a mere test or standard; thirdly, by confiding the duty of examining to an independent central board.

The discussion of patronage, from which we digressed into the general subject of examination, is so intimately connected with that of open competition, that it is impossible to keep them entirely distinct. If there be no competition, there must be patronage, since otherwise there would be no principle by which to select from among the crowd of candidates. On the other hand, few who acknowledge the advantages of competition would wish to fetter its operation by combining it with the antagonistic system of patronage. In reasoning, therefore, concerning the satisfactory establishment of the former principle, we must suppose that there is a simultaneous decline of the latter; and although it can no longer be doubted that patronage introduces many unfit persons into the Civil Service, and is so far injurious to the commonwealth, yet there are not wanting those who assert that the continuance of such a system is unavoidable.

The principal arguments employed are these—Ministers attach great value to the right of nomination; and if this right were taken from them, it would perhaps be impossible to find men of talent and sufficient fortune to undertake the arduous and comparatively ill-paid duties which fall to the lot of statesmen. Again, were the plan of the Reporters to be adopted, it would, it is true, be a death-blow to such favouritism as benefits private individuals; but on the other hand, certain, that is to say the *best educated*, districts might be unjustly favoured by the system of competition. It is added that her Majesty would no longer have the power of rewarding meritorious civil servants by bestowing appointments on their young relations.

Sir James Stephen attaches much importance to the first argument, and it is certainly a plausible one; but Sir James seems to write as if he were angry with somebody; and one naturally mistrusts the judgment of an irritated man. With all deference to Sir James, we cannot help thinking that proper men might be found to form a ministry, even without the bait of patronage—the more so that patronage is well known to have



its burdens as well as its pleasures; but if the honour of ruling a great nation be not a sufficient inducement to undertake the necessary labours, rather let us increase fourfold the emoluments of office than suffer the dearest interests of our country to be imperilled by the selection of improper instruments to work out the details of ministerial designs.

The favouring of the "best-educated districts," would certainly be unfair, if the government proposed to give any specified district educational advantages superior to those possessed by its neighbours; but as no such measure is in contemplation, the argument falls to the ground. True, circumstances may, for a time, give an unaccustomed impetus to the education of this or that county, and its inhabitants may be unusually successful; but the government cannot be held responsible for such contingencies any more than for similar differences existing between individuals.

The rewarding of meritorious civil servants by the promotion of their sons, offers a pleasing and amiable picture; but like many pleasing pictures, it will not bear close inspection. If the sons be not the best men procurable, it is not well to appoint them. If they should happen to be the best, competition will prove it. It would be impolitic in the State to accept inferior services of one man, in order to reward the praiseworthy exertions of another; for it would risk losing more than it had gained. If, on the other hand, the candidates be well prepared (and the sons of civil servants must have the best opportunities of finding out what is requisite), there can be no complaint of injustice or neglect.

So much for what appear to be fair arguments in favour of patronage, and, *ipso facto*, against competition. We have perused them with attention, and endeavoured to discuss them with due respect. But Sir James Stephen really astonishes us when he says that, "Mediocrity and dulness, the lot of the vast majority, have some claims," and from this undoubted fact jumps to the remarkable conclusion that the strong should be left to help themselves, and patronage should be reserved as the refuge of the "weak and otherwise helpless."

We have scarcely patience to deal with reasoning such as this. Are, then, the people of England so good-natured as to provide an asylum for "mediocrity and dulness"? Is it the part of governments to portion off any given class from the national coffers? Or if it be, is the Civil Service, of all other bodies in the world, to be chosen as a refuge for the destitute, a mere bundle of rushlights smouldering and flickering in a corner, while

sons of literature and science blaze around? Are its duties so mean, its aims so paltry? The government, the legislature, the nation at large, would with one voice answer, "No!" But after all, Sir James Stephen deserves our gratitude, for he puts us on our guard. He says plainly, You must not establish a system of competitive examination, for by doing so you would exclude the weak, the ignorant, the inefficient, from a body to whose permanent management are entrusted the affairs of the most powerful, the most wealthy, the most civilized, and the most intellectual of nations!

It is always satisfactory to know how far our antagonist is of our own opinion. The evidence of a partisan may be coloured by his partisanship, but the admissions of an opponent are not open to the same suspicion. Thus Sir James Stephen becomes unintentionally the most powerful advocate of competition *versus* patronage; for he first admits that the service abounds with persons possessing "in a low degree" the necessary qualifications, and afterwards informs the Reporters that they have hit upon just the right plan to exclude such persons from its ranks in future.

It has been maintained, however, that the kind of learning and talent obtained would not be that most suitable to the requirements of the service; that men who have taken a high position by examination, would possess acquirements rather above than below the average of gentlemen, and would become sullen and disaffected when they found that for many years they were condemned to the drudgery of routine. It is also asserted that the emoluments of the service are not sufficiently high to attract, as the Reporters would wish, the "ablest and most ambitious youth of the country." Mr. Romilly adopts this view with respect more especially to the higher classes, who, he presumes, must have better and easier prospects than the civil service, guarded at its portals by the Cerberus of competition, can offer; he concludes that their place will be supplied by young men of an inferior class, and that the tone of the service will suffer.

There are some people who stigmatize the Reporters' scheme as theoretical and visionary. But those who are most prone to make such complaints, are very apt to fall into similar errors themselves. Nothing can be more purely visionary, nothing more clearly contradicted by all practical experience, than the opinion that learning and talent are generally impatient of unassuming labour, restless, peevish, and refractory. No doubt there are such instances; but it must be remembered that a fixed probation, which forms part of the Reporters' scheme, will give time to detect and weed out restless spirits. Again, candidates who have passed a good examination, and feel their own strength,

will be able, if dissatisfied, after a fair trial, to betake themselves, while still young, to other modes of life more suited to their tastes. In fact, disappointed aspirants will be in a much better position than at present, when young men who have been prepared (?) for the civil service, are too often fit for nothing else.\* It is not apprehended, however, that voluntary or compulsory withdrawal from the service from the above causes would be frequent; but the Reporters have anticipated the objection; indeed, certain portions of their scheme are especially directed towards the encouraging of superior industry and capacity, by placing more rapid advancement, and higher prizes within their reach.

But before quitting the subject of competition, we must add such general observations as tend to bring it in contrast with the method of standard examination. It has generally been found impossible, so say our scholastic authorities, to ensure fairness on the part of young men subjected to a standard examination; whereas in examinations by competition there is no such difficulty. In the latter case a sense of individual justice condemns the dishonest practice of prompting; for it is felt that the delinquent is raising himself at the expense of his competitors, and his conduct is universally reprobated. Competition, then, is a bar to this kind of fraud, which is almost unavoidable in examinations of competency.†

Again; no one who knows the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, London, &c., doubts for a moment the integrity of examiners; but men of experience know that the standard of examinations is apt to deteriorate, unless held up by the system of competition. If the ordinary degree of Oxford or Cambridge is considered a thing of some value, it is not solely from the absolute evidence it affords, but from the contingency it suggests of something higher. The tripos at Cambridge, and the class-lists at Oxford, have given the university degree its present unde-

\* This is no exaggeration. A learned Theban was once admitted to the service who could not number the leaves of a book higher than 10! (Papers). In some offices things are said to be improving; but as long as there is no fixed method, much must depend on chance. Within the last few weeks such spelling was seen at one of the offices as caused the worthy staff officer at the head of it to lift up his hands with a meaning too deep for words to express!

† Some years ago, when arithmetic and Euclid Papers were introduced at Oxford into the "Little-go" examination, the prevalence of "cribbing," as it is called, by means of fragments of the text of Euclid, and "keys" to Colenso, surreptitiously passed from hand to hand, was so glaringly evident, that the examiners felt obliged to give many of the men a second arithmetic paper, and to cause each of the suspected ones to repeat, *circa coge*, one of the propositions of Euclid, which he had previously written out. This "shibboleth" proved fatal to many who had already begun to sing, "Io Pean!"

niable prestige. Half a century has not elapsed since the Oxford class schools were first instituted; yet within that period they have given to England many of her greatest statesmen. The late Sir Robert Peel was the first to obtain the rare distinction of a "double first;" the late Chancellor of the Exchequer followed in his footsteps, and his successor, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, also obtained high university distinction. In almost every walk of life similar instances might be pointed out. Yet, in the face of such patent facts, there are still persons who would have us believe that a youth of study unfits us for a manhood of action. The notion is not new. Chaucer wrote,—

"The wisest clerks are not the wisest men."

True, discerning bard, when blows were rife, and learning was held of little account towards the carrying on of the world's business, and when he who would study but a little must spend half a lifetime in the mere collection of materials. At such a time it was not likely that men of action should be men of learning also. But "*tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur*;" he who now enters upon his manly career without learning, finds himself behind the rest of the world, and must work up sooner or later, or be distanced in the race of life. "Well-read man" is now no synonyme for "book-worm;" a youth of study is the recognised preparation for a manhood of practical activity.

If any further testimony is needed to show the advantages of competition, it is to be found in the opinions of those who have tried it in their own sphere of action, or seen it adopted with beneficial results elsewhere. Among these are Colonel Larcom, Mr. John Wood, Mr. Henry Cole, and Mr. Chadwick, who have seen the partial working of the system in Ireland, England and France, and, from the facts before them, predict the happiest results from its general adoption. The measure is hailed with especial delight by all who are connected with Ireland, for it is hoped that the prospect of self-earned competence and position will do much towards encouraging the spirit of activity and self-reliance, the want of which has long been the bane of that unfortunate country.

The necessity of establishing an independent central board is evident from a consideration of the facts above mentioned relative to the inefficiency of departmental examination. There could be no difficulty in obtaining examiners: for, putting other literary bodies out of the question for the moment, Oxford and Cambridge teem with men undeniably competent, and certain to be rigidly impartial. Some rule, however, should be made, with a view to prevent the board from having a majority of gentlemen connected with Oxford, Cambridge, or any one place of education.

Experience shows that in matters of education, as in others, fashion and prejudice invariably accompany limited views. The same gentlemen who freely bestow the emoluments of college foundations on those who possess one recognised kind of knowledge, while they almost entirely refuse them to the votaries of another, are very likely to fall into similar errors in the conduct of the examination now under consideration. But mix judiciously the distinguished sons of Oxford, Cambridge, and other universities, and there will be no danger of an undue preponderance being given to any favourite study.

Again, the board might contract narrow views, and prejudices peculiar to itself, if its members were appointed for life. The certainty of an income, and the consequent absence of inducements to continued private study, would act upon the examiners as upon other persons similarly situated, and it is more than probable that a body so appointed would fail to keep up with the march of intellect and advancement, and would fall a little behind the standard of the literary and scientific world without. Such a consequence would do much towards neutralising the beneficial effects of open competition; and it would be better, therefore, that each examiner should be appointed for a term of years. Suppose now that there are three examiners for each "school," that is, for each subject or set of subjects:

That A has been appointed in 1860 for 3 years

|   |   |      |   |
|---|---|------|---|
| B | " | 1861 | " |
| C | " | 1862 | " |

At the expiration of the year 1862, A goes out, and a new examiner is appointed in his place, who will be instructed in the routine of his duties by the experienced officers B and C, will be restrained by them from making sweeping changes or fantastic innovations, and, at the same time, coming fresh and vigorous from the outer world, will infuse new life and energy into his colleagues. The number, three, would have the obvious advantages of precluding the possibility of the examiners being exactly divided on any point, and of ensuring, in any doubtful question respecting change, two old examiners to one new one, a proportion which would be a bar to hasty alterations, but would not be so unequal as to deprive the new comer of his legitimate influence.

The number of the board must depend entirely on the amount of work to be done: and until this is clearly ascertained, it is impossible to enter fully on the subject. With regard, however, to the higher appointments, we shall make a few observations, founded on the data before us. Mr. Murdoch (*Papers*, p. 296) calculates that the vacancies are about twenty-six in a year. We do not pledge ourselves to this exact number, but the machinery

we shall describe would be sufficient for more than double the amount. Adopting Mr. Jowett's supposition, that candidates would be to vacancies in the ratio of eight to one, we have an aggregate of rather more than two hundred for each yearly examination. A period of a month would be sufficient for the examination of a much larger number, however comprehensive the scheme adopted. And 300*l.* would amply remunerate an examiner for a month's work in the long vacation. Some economists may think this sum too large; but it must be remembered that quality, not quantity, is required, and it is essentially necessary to procure the best article, even at the risk of paying a little more than its actual market-value. Suppose four schools to be established, the aggregate remuneration of the examiners would be 3600*l.* per annum, a sum which the nation would not grudge to expend in such a cause.

The interest of an original outlay for providing a convenient building, and the incidental expenses of servants, stationery, and writing, might be partly defrayed by a small head money (say 1*l.*) demanded from candidates before examination. Considering that the building would be closed during eleven months out of the twelve, the current expenses must be very trifling. All necessary writing might be done by a single copying clerk; and, unless money were frittered away from more carelessness or wasted on empty show, the whole machinery need not cost the country more than 4000*l.* per annum. It need hardly be said that such results as the Reporters anticipate would justify even a larger outlay.

It has been suggested that the examiners should have at their head an officer of the rank of privy councillor, and that the board might be made useful in the awarding of good service pensions and honorary distinctions; and it would appear (*Report*, p. 21) that in some way, not very clearly explained, the same body are expected to have something to do with promotions. It is difficult to imagine why a body of officers chosen for the express purpose of examining and placing in order of merit the candidates for original admittance should be directed, in addition, to perform miscellaneous duties of a totally different character. It is not pretended that officers who have once been admitted to the service ought to be subjected to any fresh examination as a condition to ordinary promotion or to receiving a staff appointment. The duties of an examining board, therefore, should end with the announcement which qualifies candidates to be admitted. It is out of the question that a board of mere examiners should become something else besides, and it is equally out of the question that the same board should be composed partly of examiners and partly of officers having duties separate from and

superior to that of preliminary examination. In a word, if these matters are to come under the cognizance of a board, it should be an entirely distinct one from that of examiners, and it would appear most natural that it should be composed of the permanent heads of departments, of whom a certain limited number might be held to form a quorum.

Should the duties of the examiners be confined to examination, as we suggest, there is no reason why an officer of the rank of privy councillor, or indeed why any officer at all, should be at their head. On the contrary, it is difficult to imagine how any one examiner can be placed even nominally above his colleagues without a risk of his influencing unconsciously the expression of opinions which should be perfectly free and unbiassed.

The subjects of examination for the lower appointments cannot be satisfactorily considered, since the number and nature of such appointments is not yet accurately known. For the higher class of appointments Mr. Jowett has proposed the following scheme. (*Report*, p. 28):—

| 1.                    | 2.   | 3.  | 4.   |
|-----------------------|--|---|--|
| Classical Literature. | Mathematics, with Practical Applications, and Natural Science. | Political Economy, Law, Moral Philosophy. | Modern Languages, and Modern History, including International Law. |

The principal rules proposed for conducting the examination are, that each candidate should pass in two schools, and none in more than two, that the paper work of each school should last three days, and that each candidate should be examined *viva voce* for one hour in any school at his option.

Before, however, presenting himself for examination in the schools every candidate should pass an examination of competency in the subjects which Mr. Jowett has enumerated in the following words: "To write fast and neatly, a thorough knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, and English composition." The examination on these subjects should last one day.

It nowhere appears that the Reporters intend to recommend Mr. Jowett's scheme in its integrity. But they recommend a literary examination, and allude to its being "probably" advisable to test candidates to some extent as to the specialities of departments. They also desire that the examination should be as general and comprehensive as possible.

We have no doubt that the latitude suggested as to age of admission would enable the service to obtain, by such an examination as the Reporters suggest, a sufficient number of competent

men; but the sharpness of competition would probably render the average age of admission rather higher than at present. This, however, might be obviated by special regulations, or might not be considered a bar to the usefulness of the scheme; and we believe that, in either case, the suggestions of the Reporters may be carried out without difficulty. But we are at a loss to imagine how "a thorough knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping," together with the possession of several other qualifications, can be tested, as Mr. Jowett expects, by a single day's examination.

Such a commencement (for this portion of the examination comes first in the Report) argues ill for the treatment of the higher and more important part of the examination. No fault is to be found with the first school, but the second is really "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*" There are no less than four classes of sciences comprised within its magnificent range—first, mathematics, pure and mixed; next, the practical applications of mathematics, which must include engineering, practical mensuration, navigation, &c.; thirdly, the sciences usually comprehended under the title of natural history, as zoology, botany, geology, and the like; fourthly, the whole range of experimental science.

Really, Mr. Jowett must have written this part of his letter in a great hurry. The third and fourth schools are equally impractical, the subjects proposed being so voluminous that nothing but the most contemptible smattering could be expected.

We believe, as we have said already, that the Reporters' scheme can be carried out, though not exactly in the manner suggested by Mr. Jowett. The object of the examination is to obtain teachable youths, not ready-made clerks. To do this, it is necessary to go into the open market, and to select those who are best up in the usual subjects of education. It is not to be expected that the throwing open of the civil service should at once mould the education of the country according to its own scale of requirements. The Universities must necessarily have a wider influence, and must still be the pole-star which will give the direction to school pursuits. On the other hand, it may be taken as a rule, that attempts to instruct boys for special purposes, apart from their schoolfellows and equals, almost always fail, and tend to convert a steady working boy into a useless drone, neglectful of the usual branches of education, and without that earnest application to special subjects which might supply their place in the cultivation of the mind.

It seems clear, then, that an open examination should be so planned as to accept education, in the main, as it is; and Mr. Jowett no doubt intends to act on this principle, but he has failed



to suggest practical measures, since he makes three of his schools comprehensive "beyond all reasonable compass." We have no fault to find with the proposed number of schools. The first would naturally be the classical, since the study of ancient languages preponderates in our schools and universities. The second school would be that of mathematics (pure and mixed) the amount of knowledge of "Practical Applications and Natural Science" to be demanded, being within such reasonable limits as will not discourage candidates from attempting to acquire it; the third might be as it is, *minus* moral philosophy, and limited as to law; and the fourth might be described as follows: "Any two of the following modern languages;" (here should follow a list, *not* including, as Mr. Waddington playfully suggests, the Welsh and Irish), "and the History of Europe since the Peace of Utrecht."

This plan is not put forward as necessarily the best; in fact, we believe that the filling up of the examinational scheme might very safely be left to the Board. But we desired to show, and we believe we have shown, that the Reporters' general suggestions may be carried out, and are not open to the objections which would attend the adoption of Mr. Jowett's scheme.

The suggestions of Mr. Jowett with respect to a preliminary examination are good; such a test would weed out many incompetent candidates, and save much time and trouble. On one point, however, we would venture a few remarks. A knowledge of book-keeping is a great desideratum, and the prevalent neglect of this subject has been found a source of much inconvenience in offices of account; necessitating among other things the system of check and counter-check, which has been a fruitful cause of the so-called "official delays." It is, however, merely a mechanical art; the knowledge of it is beneficial only in proportion as the art itself is practically useful, and therefore there would be no advantage in making it a test for admission into offices in which it does not come into play. We should suggest that for "Arithmetic and bookkeeping" any candidate should be allowed to substitute at pleasure some other speciality; as, for instance, one modern language with which residence abroad or other circumstances might have enabled him to become acquainted. A list of such specialities might be drawn up, calculated to meet the requirements of particular offices; and some facility would thus be afforded for deciding the ultimate destination of successful candidates.

Mr. Jowett's scheme, thus amended, would insure the appointment of young men whose intalleots had not been allowed to lie fallow. This is the great object to be desired. Speaking generally, the specialities of departments are best learned within their

walls; and even if it were not so, we could not expect to obtain clerks thoroughly fitted for their duties at first starting, without relinquishing the custom of appointing persons in early youth; a change which, for reasons already explained, would be attended with great disadvantages.

In addition to the presumption of good character and studious habits afforded by success in examination, it is proposed that gentlemen should be required to produce testimonials previous to their being admitted to candidateship. The recklessness with which such documents are too often given, is urged again and again as a sufficient reason for dispensing with them altogether. It is, however, acknowledged that glaring cases of bad character would be excluded even by means of such testimonials as are generally given; they are therefore not entirely useless, and Mr. Jowett offers some valuable suggestions for increasing their efficiency.

"I would propose," he says,

"1. That the candidate should give notice (as in the case of orders) of his intention to offer himself, at least three months before the examination.

"2. That he should at the same time send papers, comprising a certificate of his birth and baptism, with a precise statement of all the places of his education, whether at school or college, together with testimonials of his conduct for two years previously from the head of the school or college in which he was last a pupil, and also a statement of his present occupation and residence.

"3. That he should give references:

1. To a medical man.

2. To a magistrate; or, in case of inferior situations, to two respectable householders.

3. To a clergyman, or dissenting minister.

"To all of whom carefully drawn questions respecting the candidate, in the form of an insurance paper, should be submitted; the answers to be confidential. To prevent the possible forgery of a character, an independent letter might be sent to a clergyman or magistrate in the district, with the view of his certifying to the existence and respectability of the references."

The adoption of these suggestions, founded upon the ordinary custom of Insurance Societies, would, no doubt, much increase the value of testimonials. Some slight alterations, however, are wanted, to make the scheme practical. For instance, it cannot be the wish of Mr. Jowett to exclude from the service those who have not been at school or college. Nor would he, perhaps, on mature reflection, think it particularly useful that a testimonial paper should be filled up by gentlemen answering to so vague a description as "clergyman or dissenting minister." In the main, however, the plan suggested seems feasible, and certificates

thus guarded would afford at least an equal testimony to that which the advocates of patronage attribute to their favourite system. But the proposed regulation, that "the rejection should be absolute, and without reasons; whether it took place on medical or moral grounds would remain uncertain," would, if adopted, give to the Board somewhat the air of a secret tribunal. No doubt the rejection should be absolute and unquestioned; the defined power of the Board should be subject to no attacks from without; but it would be only fair to inform the rejected candidate that his testimonials to character, or his certificates of health, as the case might be, had not satisfied the Board. It would be a grievous thing that a young man rejected as being of a weakly constitution, should labour under the imputation of having been considered ineligible on the ground of immoral character or want of integrity; and it would be hard to exclude such a candidate from all future examinations, since the health which is precarious at the age of nineteen is often strong and vigorous at that of twenty-five. Rejection on moral grounds should of course be final.

A suggestion of the Rev. G. H. Liddell, Head-master of Westminster School, may be added with advantage to those of Mr. Jowett:—

"A register might be kept of the names of all accepted candidates, with an abstract of the characters given them, and the names of the schoolmasters, clergymen, or others, who gave the testimonials. If any such testimonials proved false, or even evasive, the testifier might be informed that his certificate would not be accepted hereafter, or only accepted with reserve, according to the amount of his falsification. *And to a schoolmaster such a notification from a public officer would be a heavy blow.*"

The next safeguard suggested is that of probation. It may be urged against this plan, that it has been already tried in most offices without success; and on the other hand, that it would, if successful, destroy the credit of the examiners. The latter argument is easily disposed of. The object of probation would be to test precisely those qualities which cannot be ascertained by examination; as zeal, punctuality, docility, and a willingness to bestow all the possible pains on work of any kind, however uninteresting. Rejection after probation would argue a want of such qualities only, and would cast no slur on persons who had not pronounced an opinion concerning them.

The other objection is more startling. Mr. Romilly tells us that the system of probation has never been sincerely acted upon within his range of experience. There is other evidence to a similar effect in the "papers," but the testimony of one person is sufficient for our purpose, being enough to show that the evil exists

extensively. It is difficult to propose any remedy of certain efficacy, for the persons who are in fault are too high to be easily reached. But it must be remembered, that the power of probation has not been tried in combination with the other features of the proposed scheme; and that officers who hesitate to dismiss young men appointed on no definite grounds, and who are often the *protégés* of their political superiors, might reasonably be expected to reject, for ascertained want of merit, persons admitted on the supposition that they possessed it. Under the existing arrangements, patronage reigns triumphant, and keeps probation in awe; but if the proposed plans be adopted, the power of dismissal will reside in persons perfectly independent of those to whom the candidates owe their admission, and neither timidity nor excess of respect will be likely to interfere with its due exercise. It is probable, then, that probation would become practical, if adopted in connexion with the rest of the Reporters' scheme; and in this expectation it ought at any rate to have a fair trial.

The manner of selecting young men for the Civil Service is now complete. Testimonials will give at least as good warranty for the character of the candidates as any other method that could be devised; an examination will test their general information, and a period of probation will show whether they are or are not fitted for the special duties assigned to them. Little, apparently, remains to be desired; but there is an objection very generally made by those who deem the plan unpractical, and it is one which must be fairly met, for otherwise it cuts the ground from under the Reporters' feet. The "ablest and most ambitious youth of the country," we are told, will not be attracted by such prospects as the Civil Service holds forth, and therefore the elaborate plans above detailed will fail to attain their avowed object.

It is idle to cavil about mere words; it is needless to inquire whether the candidates selected will actually and completely come up to the above flattering description. The question to be considered is simply this: shall we get a more efficient set of men, upon the whole, than we have hitherto had? Are the prospects held forth by the Civil Service sufficiently brilliant to give the examiners a fair choice of candidates?

Those who maintain the contrary, will remind us that the salary of a clerk usually begins at 90*l.* per annum; that his income during the first twenty years of his services averages not more than 250*l.* per annum; that he will be fifty years old before he gets 550*l.*; and a sexagenarian by the time that he comes into the annual receipt of 1000*l.* Such is the description of Sir James Stephen and others. It may also be urged that the service is deficient in other as well as pecuniary attractions; that it affords no scope for the exercise of ambition or originality; that

it offers a dreary prospect of obscure and subordinate labour, and attributes to the superior officer much that would otherwise redound to the credit and fame of the subaltern. How different from the bar, the church, and the medical profession, in all of which the highest prizes of fortune are attainable; while in two out of the three there are honors to be gained which might well satisfy the most exacting ambition! Will the wrangler and first-class man be content to accept the mediocrity and monotony of the former life, while the vague but brilliant hopes of the latter lie open before him?

Perhaps not; but it is not necessary that all civil servants should be either wranglers or first-classmen. All, however, will be steady, well-informed, and efficient clerks. With regard to the amount of encouragement now offered, it is to be observed that the income of civil servants, though limited, is certain; that it affords a resource to those who have no private property, and cannot afford to wait for the higher kind of legal or medical practice; and that at a certain age the civil servant is allowed to retire from labour without much, perhaps without any, diminution of income. Or should the seeds of disease, lying hidden within him, break forth unexpectedly, and incapacitate him for future exertion, a competence, or at least a maintenance, is ensured to him by the regulations of the service. The scale of remuneration described by Sir James Stephen is a fair specimen; for though in some offices the salary reaches a higher culminating point, *en reranche*, there are others where it does not go so high. But if the pay is moderate, the labour is moderate too; six or eight hours a day are no extraordinary demand on the bodily or mental powers; and such a period of employment leaves the intellect still fresh enough to bestow some attention on the pursuits of literature, or admiration on the triumphs of art.

This is the bright side of the picture; these are the advantages possessed by the Civil Service, as contrasted with the open professions; advantages which have proved sufficient to attract a certain proportion of able men—such is the testimony of those who are opposed, and also of those who are friendly, to the scheme. What then may be expected when the separation of mechanical from intellectual labour, the rule of promotion by merit, and the systematic bestowal of staff appointments on able men already in the service, shall have opened to energetic civil servants a career more lucrative at its commencement, more rapid in its progress, and more brilliant at its close, than that which has hitherto fallen to their lot?

The Reporters desire that gentlemen admitted to the service should be employed from the first on work suited to their

acquirements and capacity;\* in other words, that they should not languish for ten or fifteen years in the expectation of employment which should call forth their higher faculties, while they are actually engaged in copying and registering letters, or other work equally mechanical. Such a change is highly desirable, and although the rest of the scheme might possibly be carried out even without it, the proposition commends itself at once to the reason of reflecting persons. A barrister may labour at the "diggings," a high-mettled charger may draw a baggage waggon, and they may perform these duties very well, but we should certainly prefer to see them more congenially employed.

To effect this change, it is proposed to form a class of "Supplementary Clerks," whose duties should be chiefly of a mechanical kind. It has been suggested elsewhere, that this class of officers should be organized into a separate department, but that would involve much unnecessary expense. Moreover, it is clear that books and papers containing important and often confidential matter, should not be carried to and fro in the streets of London, and exposed to the risk of damage from the carelessness, curiosity, or malice of the messengers. It appears advisable, then, that supplementary clerks should be appointed within each office, and the passing of Mr. Jowett's preliminary examination (which might, perhaps, in this case, be competitive) would be a sufficient test of their fitness. The salary of such officers might rise from 80*l.* to 250*l.* or 300*l.* per annum—a rate of payment sufficient to attract many persons of the class of merchants' and accountants' clerks, who would be more suited to the duties required, than young men educated at public schools or universities. It would perhaps be well to extend the limits of age as to this branch of the service, for the most valuable supplementary clerks who could be obtained would be persons who had already acquired habits of office routine.

It has been suggested that the salary of the "intellectual" branch of the service should begin at the point where that of the "mechanical" part ends. The saving of time and money, consequent on employing tried men of an inferior class, as above described, would no doubt be sufficient to render possible some increase in the commencing salaries of the higher kind of clerks, without throwing any additional burden on the public, and the attractions of the service would be greatly improved by the change.

The principle which generally guides promotion at present, is that of seniority; it is certainly a plausible one, and decidedly

\* Or "Upon intellectual work suited to the education they have received, as well as upon a certain amount of mechanical work."—*Sir Stafford Northcote; Papers*, 423.

preferable to the exercise of favoritism. A third plan, however, is so obviously superior to either of these, that one cannot help wondering why it is not universally adopted. It is that of promotion by merit. The only objections to be made to its adoption in the Civil Service are, that in the absence of facilities for distinguishing between almost equal degrees of efficiency, it would become, in effect, promotion by favour; and that, on the other hand, if the principle were fairly carried out, it would be a fruitful source of discontent, and would, in fact, render the whole service sullen and disaffected.

The latter result would, doubtless, follow the sudden introduction of the system among officers who had been led to expect that increased income and higher position would necessarily come with manhood and grey hairs. We trust that under a fixed and rational system of original appointment, all officers would be worthy of promotion. Still the best must be raised first; the public cannot afford to pay more for an inferior than for a better article; nor is it satisfied that its highest interests should be placed in the hands of any persons but the most competent who can be had. The abstract truth of these assertions will readily be admitted; and on the other hand, those who enter the service with the knowledge that promotion by merit will be the rule in future, will have no reason to complain if that rule is exercised to their own disadvantage. "But there is no such rule in the church, at the bar, in medicine, in the army or navy." Unhappily not; and the public have but too often seen the evil working of other systems. But the non-existence of the system in one place, affords no argument against its introduction in another. Why are not livings given to the best men? because the patrons prefer giving them to their relations. Why are the more skilful physicians too often unsuccessful? because unfortunately the public have no ready means of ascertaining their qualifications, and are frequently guided by fashion or caprice. An act of parliament cannot send clients to a lawyer, or patients to a physician. But the public often wake, as it were, from sleep, and cast a momentary glance on merit long unseen; then enterprising talent discerns and seizes its opportunity, and manfully climbs the pinnacle of fame and fortune.

There is no such chance in the Civil Service—at least there are only rare instances: promotion by seniority discourages exertion, and paralyzes talent; and if it does not render the service useless by discontent, it does no less injury to the country by imposing mediocrity on a public who have a right to expect something better.

We attach little value, then, to such objections; but the other obstacle is more serious. It must be acknowledged that the

cabinet minister, or other Parliamentary chief at the head of a department, can know little of the qualifications of various candidates for promotion; that the permanent head may be deceived by timidity of manner, or absence of opportunities of distinction, which may lead him to undervalue some persons, while circumstances the reverse of these may cause him to form too high an estimate of others; and it must be admitted that promotion by seniority is better than the prevalence of these errors, and, *à fortiori*, than actual "favoritism." Mr. Chadwick's proposal for a system of "accountability for time," somewhat analogous to money accounts, would scarcely afford sufficient opportunities of distinguishing; for of course the accounts would balance (so to speak), except in the most flagrant cases of idleness or stupidity; it would be seen what amount of work each man had done; but the eye of a vigilant superior officer could alone see in what style it had been executed. The Reporters themselves make the most practical suggestions on this very difficult subject: proposing that the head of the department should select for promotion one out of three or more sent up to him by the secretary, and to the secretary by the chief clerk or other immediate superior, with a record of services from a book kept on purpose, accompanied by any remarks that might be thought expedient. (*Report*, p. 20.)

Fortified by these safeguards, there is at least great probability that promotion by merit would not prove impracticable. It should, however, be especially provided, that of several who are equal in merit, the senior should be promoted. This would be a positive bar to the practice of promotion by favour under the guise of promotion by merit.

The prospect of having their exertions thus fairly taken into account, would make the Civil Service a much better opening to young men of industry and ability than it has hitherto been. The same may be said of the proposals made with respect to staff appointments. It is not pretended that such appointments are generally filled improperly. On the contrary, a high responsibility is felt concerning them; the work of those who hold them is varied and intellectual, and any failure in its due performance would fix an indelible stain on the statesman who appointed them; whereas an ordinary clerk, appointed when a mere boy, may see his patron laid in the grave long before he attains a position in which his merits or deficiencies can possibly become conspicuous. But it is very common to bestow staff appointments on gentlemen not previously connected with the service, but "distinguished in other walks of life;" and the principle now contended for, is that the service should be searched through and through for a competent man before recourse be had to strangers.



The justice of adopting such a course (beginning, of course, in the office where the vacancy has occurred), is too obvious to require the support of argument; the policy of holding forth this new premium to enterprise and talent is clear, and the probability that, if the new system of examination and probation be established, there will always be fit men ready, is, we think, not to be denied.

To afford increased facility for the carrying out of this part of the scheme, it is proposed that when a staff appointment in any office has been filled up by promotion from another office, the second vacancy thus made should be supplied by the promotion of a clerk from the former office. Thus the general promotion consequent on a vacancy would take place in the office where the vacancy had occurred. It is obvious that such transfer would only be effected between offices of kindred character, since the very object in view would be to obtain a person more competent than any to be found in the office where the vacancy had occurred.

This occasional transfer from one office to another would help, in some degree, to give the service a spirit of unity, by encouraging men of enterprise to make themselves acquainted with its general objects. The same result would be promoted by the suggested plan of transferring junior clerks from one branch of an office to another, thus making them acquainted, while young, with the whole business of their particular department. If the Reports be carefully examined, it will be found that several departments have, ere now, voluntarily adopted some part of those ideas which the Reporters have woven into a connected scheme. But an authoritative and uniform system is the one thing necessary to make the remedies efficacious. Thus, an examination is useless, unless a sufficient choice of eligible candidates can be ensured; and promotion by merit is an absurd pretence if we are not provided with the requisite machinery for carrying it out. The varied comments found in the *Papers* represent almost all phases of opinion on every portion of the scheme; and it must be confessed that there are few gentlemen who express unqualified approval of its several provisions. But where is the architectural structure, however apparently perfect, in which the critical eye of the connoisseur cannot discern a fault? Or, to use a homelier illustration, who ever saw his neighbour coax and arrange a declining fire, without thinking that he could have done it better himself? So well are the assertions of these gentlemen supported, so clearly are their arguments arranged, so searching has been their investigation of peccant causes, and so nicely adjusted is their machinery of remedial measures, that we rise from the

perusal of their Report no less pleased than astonished; pleased that the evils which have caused it to be asserted that "Government does everything badly," and which induced the late Sir Robert Peel to complain of the "torpid hands of Government," appear to be within the reach of remedy; astonished that a plan should have been so carefully drawn up by two men, as to contain within itself an answer to almost every objection that the various opinions and feelings of a host of able adversaries have induced them to urge against it.

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## INDEPENDENT SECTION.

[Under the above title a limited portion of the Westminster Review will occasionally be set apart for the reception of able articles, which, though harmonizing with the general spirit and aims of the work, may contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it will advocate. The object of the Editor, in introducing this new department, is to facilitate the expression of opinion by men of high mental power and culture, who, while they are zealous friends of freedom and progress, yet differ widely on special points of great practical concern, both from the Editor and from each other.]

### ART. VII.—ADMINISTRATIVE EXAMPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

1. *The Constitution of the United States compared with our own.* By Hugh Seymour Tremenheere. London: John Murray. 1851.
2. *Papers printed for the Anti-Centralization Union.*—Office at 8, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street. 1854-5.

AT the close of the last century, when the calamitous break-up of all hopes in the French Republic was fresh, the eye of patriots turned to England as the type of the sole practicable public liberty. Sir James Macintosh, mortified and heartsick at France, believed it was reserved for England to teach all nations how to regulate their political institutions. As the star of Napoleon began visibly to set, the English Constitution seemed to beam over Europe as a beneficent sun, promising a millennium of tranquil prosperity. In place of the despotism in France was presently substituted a temperate Royal Constitution. A still freer schedule was drawn up for Poland, by the very hand (it was believed) of the amiable despot Alexander. Spain and Sicily had each a liberally imagined and legitimately enacted system, solemnly recognised by Great Britain: that of Sicily indeed having been both aided and guaranteed by us, enacted by the Estates, and deliberately accepted by the king:—thus founded upon unbroken law as ancient as our own parliament. The German princes had promised to their people the full restoration of old rights under new forms, assimilated to those of England,

—a promise by which they animated them to the struggle against France. Hungary retained her ancient aristocratic legislature, as well as her county freedom; and the Austrian court, while invading Venetia and Lombardy under the pretence of reoccupying its own dominions, professed to respect their nationality, and put forth a formula of their constitutional rights. Thus at the close of 1814, Europe was in expectation of at last **tasting freedom and happiness under royalty.**

At the other side of the Atlantic men were more discerning. Jefferson understood, and concisely laid down, the conditions under which alone Royal Constitutionalism, in the English sense, can be permanent. Where the executive, he argued, has but a small army under its control, there the constitution may stand, as in insular England; but a great continental executive, like royal Russia, with vast frontiers to defend, and vast armies necessary against the foreigner, will always be able to crush domestic liberty. Events developed the truth of this—and of more than this. The petty princes were supported against their subjects by the more powerful ones. The “Holy Alliance,” indeed, enunciated the principle, and opened the eyes of Europe. Hence the king of Naples overthrew the freedom of Sicily; Austria supported Naples, and Russia backed up Austria. The king of Spain disowned the constitution as soon as he had been received back by the nation: when at length the people rose and constrained him to respect it, the French armies invaded Spain to enforce his despotism, and the Holy Alliance supported France so as to keep England and Mr. Canning quiet. The constitutions of Germany and of Lombardo-Venetia were fraudulently withhold; that of Poland was arbitrarily suspended and practically destroyed in three years’ time. Stern facts thus showed that in France alone could even the shadow of a constitution stand against the violence of the kings, and there only because the people were too democratic for a cautious old king to irritate, and their mass too formidable for foreigners again to meddle with. Political reasoners in all the suffering countries began hereupon to reflect that the failure of royal constitutionalism was no new thing, but was coeval with standing armies. Englishmen had talked conceitedly, as if their system was an invention of their own, and a panacea alike for tyranny and for disorder; whereas Spain, and Germany, and Bohemia, and the Low Countries, and Hungary, and Sicily, had had vigorous restraints on kingly rule, while England was still backward in Europe; and if they could not *then* keep their laws against the rise of standing armies, in the hand of royalty, why had they expected that *now* they should fare better? Such was the train of reflection which made it inevitable that, in the future efforts for liberty on the Continent,

republican aspirations should predominate. It was a clear fallacy of the English to preach to them liberty in our form. It was in fact a mockery; similar to that of recommending a navy to a people that has no sea-coast. The English constitution may be an excellent thing to those who can keep it; but the great nations of the Continent have found, by the experience of four centuries, that to them it is simply impossible, while the kings hold the armies.

Henceforward, it is no longer England, but the North American Republic, that has become the pole-star to which, from all sides, the eye of struggling nations turns. One great curse indeed pollutes the American Union—slavery,—which not merely dooms three million persons to degradation, injury, and ignorance, but keeps the freemen of those states poor, uneducated, proud, and idle; joins their interest to tyranny; and at the same time corrupts and deteriorates the moral tone of the central legislature and supreme executive. But all see that this bane of America is in no respect derived from or essential to—it is on the contrary inconsistent with and destructive of—republican liberty. Hence, dreadful as is the mischief to America herself, it forms no reason why foreigners should the less imitate her characteristic institutions. And however we may carp at the weaknesses and vices of the American democracy, certain great facts in it are open to the day. In the Free States, the boy who is born of the poorest and lowest parents may rise into the highest political post. This is no freak of solitary accident, but is a natural result of the institutions. Without special patronage, the indigent boy receives good primary education, and, if diligent and clever, invariably rises above want; is received into the best society, the moment he deserves it morally and intellectually; and finds no “cold shade of aristocracy” to starve and cripple him. The township is the earliest school of political action; after this the State-legislature or its Governorship; next the Lower House of Congress; afterwards the Senate; finally, the posts of the Supreme Executive Government. Where every industrious man is above the anxieties of want, where every intelligent man may become educated and refined, and every man of high powers may rise into high office—in such a community there will be prosperity and content, even if the form of government be Chinese: but, where to the above is added the fullest democratic liberty, there personal self-reliance and a freeman's pride are superadded to content and prosperity. England, on the whole, is little aware how very far she is behind the United States in solving the greatest problems of the day. Our constitution took its present form during the struggle against the power of the Crown: it succeeded in its effort to save

the public liberties against their official guardian; but it riveted the power of the aristocracy, and gave rise to new evils and a new struggle, which, since the accession of George III., has been going on continuously. Our present problem is, "The Condition of the People." *Free-trade* has been our first onward step, and it has cost thirty-seven years (from 1815 to 1852) to win and secure this alone. *Colonization* ought also to have been solved long ago; for the high prosperity of the American colonies, resulting out of their freedom, showed clearly the right principle. But their very energy and prosperity frightened our rulers, who made it their fixed policy to cripple the marine and manufactures of the colonies; which, as Mr. Huskisson showed, was the deepest and truest reason of the American revolt. Ever since, our aristocratic governors have studied to degrade the colonies into fields of patronage for every ministry; and a new war against Canada was needed before they would give up this attempt in the most powerful of them. Even now, no broad self-acting principles are laid down for establishing colonial liberty in harmony with the central power. This problem America has entirely solved. Her emigrants subdue the wilderness, establish their own municipal institutions, coalesce into a "Territory," receive judges from the central executive, and finally, when their numbers reach the requisite point, can demand to be accepted into the Union as a constituent "State," on submitting to a few broad and necessary principles, notorious and universal. This point deserves the more attention, because English Whigs throw dust into our eyes, by ascribing the superior well-being (which they cannot deny) of the American millions, to the abundance of unoccupied land. Why! in Canada and in Australia there is surely as little lack of land as in the United States; but our aristocratic cabinets at first jobbed it away in vast grants to favourites or to the church—so as to keep it wild and obstructive—and now either let it in wide tracts and refuse to sell, or sell it so arbitrarily that it is no resource to our poor. In this whole matter, it is by fairness, by publicity, by broad, unchanging and judicious principle, that the United States have produced so great results; and Canada has begun to thrive, just in proportion as she has become emancipated from English control. The cardinal point is, that the American system promotes freehold cultivators, while our Colonial Office struggles to keep up rich landlords, and indigent peasants or shepherds, working for wages—that is the secret of the whole: our rulers do not wish the lower classes to be independent. But thirdly, the *Moral Movements* in the United States are carried on with an energy to which there is no parallel in England. The very fanaticism which mixes itself up with

the Abolitionists, testifies to the earnestness of their struggle. The war against Intoxicating Drinks (whatever may be our auguries as to its final success), is an evidence of the thorough-going determination to strike at the root of moral mischiefs, and lop off relentlessly even darling vices. The efforts of the Free States for National Education (about which *we* talk much and do little) are unparalleled in all the world, and hold out a cheering hope of American futurity, in spite of the dark shadow which slavery casts. The courage with which all ridicule is despised, in the effort to open Employments to Females and qualify Females for Employments, deserves all honour: it will sustain the morality of the sex, and (except so far as foreign immigration interferes) prevent the formation of that curse of "Christian" Europe—the *pariah* castes in the great cities. Even now, the jails of the Free States have hardly any native-born Americans as their inmates. Orphanhood of course must exist; but orphans are adopted into families with a freedom rivalled, we believe, only in Turkey. These are specimens of moral energy in a community, which augur for it a splendid future.

But at present we intend to dwell peculiarly on that side of American institutions which is connected with *Executive Administration*, as to which their superiority to us ought to abate the pride of our aristocracy, and the confidence of Mr. Hugh Seymour Tremenhoere. Our executive has recently exhibited an amount of imbecility and folly, alike in ~~the~~ policy and in its management, for which it is hard to find a parallel in the pages of history. Shall we compare it to the insanity of the two Athenian expeditions against Syracuse, under a commander who came with the vain idea that the mere display of force would conquer the enemy, and whose incapacity, weak health, and superstition caused the reinforcements to be mere new disaster superadded on the old? or shall we look to the wretched feebleness of Athens against Philip the Great—feebleness which used to be thought impossible under a monarchy that wields the whole force of a powerful state and hides its secrets in a cabinet? or shall we pass to our own nation and recent history, and remember the ill-judged expeditions of our first American war? or that to Buenos Ayres? or the fatal follies of Walcheren? or the equally ruinous error of landing in the swamps of New Orleans? None of these calamitous affairs equal in infatuation the events which we have lately seen; nor was the horrid massacre endured in Cabul numerically so fatal as the loss which our army has endured from the combined stupidities of the whole administration, civil and military. There are those who fancy that under mere democracy, energetic diplomacy and warlike success are impossible: let us for a moment attend to the facts concerning the United States.

In their original revolt, their success was due, not to their own strength, but to the incapacity of our commanders. Had Sir Henry Clinton in the early part of the war been in supreme command, the result would probably have been otherwise: his policy was that which we followed in the war with China. But assuredly the colonists, animated by liberty, performed wonders of valour and perseverance; and although ultimately triumphant only by the unsparing aid of France in men, and arms, and ships, and money, yet they nobly earned their independence. In 1812 they assumed the aggressive against England, because we established a blockade on Europe against their ships, and took sailors out of them by force. In that war they were still greatly unequal to us; yet in all separate combats they had decided advantage by the superiority of their gunnery—a striking proof that a free system produces higher skill than one of routine: for England at that time had been for eighteen years at war with France, had three times destroyed the French fleet, besides the Danish and the Spanish; had most highly-trained crews and distinguished officers; while the Americans were wholly raw, having had a peace of twenty-seven years, and a military and naval system economic to penuriousness. Finally, though they were beaten off the seas, their commerce annihilated, their capital taken and burnt, their country invaded on two parts, yet by their raw militia and a single schooner they inflicted on us so severe a loss at New Orleans, as to leave behind it a belief that the peace was to them a triumph. When the French government under Louis Philippe had some time delayed to make payments to the United States which were conceded to be due, the President at last made a plain declaration of war upon France, if the money were not paid by a certain near day. The French government bowed to the insult, and paid the money. We do not admire the conduct of America in this instance; but it certainly shows the energy of her administration. Since then have been the war of Texas, and the Mexican war—both unjust wars, in our judgment; the former, a war even in form piratical, the latter not much better in fact. Yet in neither was any military error committed, great as were the difficulties; and in the Mexican war one knows not what is most to be admired; the facility with which an army of volunteers submitted to discipline; the perfection of their weapons—new inventions of America, handled with a skill previously unknown; the goodness of their commissariat, in a wild and vast country; or the flexibility of their mechanical adaptations as to reporting, printing, and communicating homeward. For fifty years past, the merchant ships of the United States have notoriously been far better built than those of Great Britain; and as in 1812 our gunners were very inferior to theirs, so at the crisis of



the Mexican war, into which they plunged out of long peace, their practice in small arms was immeasurably superior to anything which the trained British regulars had at that time attained.

Out of what institutions then did these military results flow? Briefly we may say that with them, as with our ancestors, the militia is a free national guard, developed in every locality, not, as in these days of centralization, a subsidiary force in the hands of the Crown. The jealousy of our rulers has forbidden the old English militia, and has bestowed the name on a new institution. Arms are now purposely withheld from our nation, as a nation. London once had trained bands, under the Lord Mayor; they are suppressed: all drilling of troops except under royal officers is made unlawful. Nor only so; but even companies of volunteer riflemen, who would be chiefly gentlemen, are discouraged by every English ministry, who seem to dread a citizen-soldiery, precisely on account of its very excellencies, viz.: it makes the nation independent of great standing armies for home defence; it makes despotism of the executive over the nation impossible; it puts no blind engine of power into the hand of the cabinet as a threat and weapon against foreign nations. For these reasons, our cabinets insist on subjecting all our "militia-men" to *martial law*; so as to make the "militia" no longer what it pretends to be, a citizen-soldiery, but a mere extension of the standing army in the hands of the central executive. In consequence, the militia is justly unpopular; and the *smallest* legal fraction of England, instead of the *largest* possible fraction, is trained to arms. Not so in America. There every town and every locality has its own independent militia and its arsenal. Although the people is so eminently commercial, yet the love of activity, of variety, and of title induces them to enter the militia, in the ranks of which are found intermixed all classes of the community—clerks and porters, grocers and lawyers—who receive promotion with reference to their military activity; so that many a petty tradesman has the title of captain, some of colonel, or even of general. To use the phrase of Mrs. Pulszky, the people at large seems to be "always playing at soldiers." At the same time there is a small standing army, as also a small navy, under the central executive. This is a mere nucleus, but it can at any time be rapidly swelled into force, where the materials are so prepared on land and sea under the republican freedom.

But all England, while we write, is groaning with the sense, that the noblest soldiers and sailors, the bravest inferior officers, and the best ships, are all unavailing, and are but exposed to destruction, if supreme command is given away to incompetent men, or if those who wield the executive power are under no

control as to their public policy and as to their nominations to office. If we believe Mr. Tremenhoe and other assailants of America, there is a constant progressive deterioration there in the supreme executive. Men are elected to the post of President, poorer and poorer in talent, men who have no policy and little honour; too feeble to control popular impulse, or too dishonest to desire to bridle its follies and its crimes. Yet after all, no President has been wanting in energy to defend the (real or fancied) rights and honour of the nation, nor has there been any appointment of incompetent men to high civil, military, or naval command, at least visibly to foreigners. What check then does their constitution provide on these imbecile Presidents?

Mr. Tremenhoe has a great many stones to fling at the American Constitution—nothing indeed new, but such as the English Whig and Tory press has long had at hand, whenever they dreaded that England might learn some lessons from across the Atlantic. He is shocked that the judges have powers so vast over the legislatures; and he is also shocked that many of the legislatures claim and exercise the right of appointing the judges for short terms only. He moralizes on the sad compliances of Presidents with public opinion, yet he shakes his head ominously at the fact that the Presidents use their veto against Congress with increasing frequency—a deed of high presumption, (it seems,) since our Crown dares not venture on it. He is scandalized at the management of the elections by political coteries, just as if he had never heard of such things in England. He is as much excited and exasperated that American statesmen will not forego the chance that some day Cuba, which commands the chief artery of the West, may be joined to the Union by purchase, by treaty, or by war, as if England had never coveted an island, and had never conquered a hundred million Asiatics. Indeed he becomes quite parental in his anxiety for the Union, as one yearning over its freedom, which he fears may be lost, as a result of the military propensities which are stealing in upon a people, who, in his opinion, ought not to meddle with the world without, but ought to allow the great European powers to manage that as they please. Yet, in his sixteen chapters and his sixteen ample notes, we find nothing whatever to teach us (if we had happened not to know) either the military or the civil system of the administration. He dilates on the enormity, that Congress cannot displace the President and his cabinet, as, in our happy island, Parliament can cashier a Premier; yet no reader will make out from his book what sort of influence the Congress really exercises over the Cabinet.

This is precisely the point which at present most needs to be understood in England: Our nation, under the pressure of

events, is opening its eyes to see the painful fact, that the action of Parliament is fitful, uncertain, and imbecile in the extreme. The disease is discerned, but few can discern the remedy. Parliament can destroy a cabinet when such is its will, but it cannot reconstruct: that is left to the Crown, and is in fact done by a sort of routine, each minister, as he quits office, giving advice based upon formal rules. Hence Peel, quitting office, recommends Russell; Russell recommends Derby; Derby recommends Aberdeen; Aberdeen recommends Derby; Derby recommends Russell; Russell recommends Palmerston;—and in all this, the Queen is conceived to do her duty pre-eminently, in taking the advice of the very man whom perhaps Parliament is expressly anxious to drive away from her councils. Never, we believe, since the beginning of the world, was a great and vigorous nation, abounding with intelligence, enterprise, and experience, made a sport of by the cliques of so very feeble and contemptible an oligarchy. Some forty men in the two Houses of Parliament, of whom not half a dozen possess any marked superiority in talent, genius, energy, wisdom, knowledge, or goodness, to men who can be picked by the score in every man's acquaintance,—bandy the government of England backward and forward between them, not by birth and by rank, but by the force of routine, although Parliament is theoretically supreme over them, and is highly discontented. In fact, Parliament is suffering the common fate of despots. Having absorbed into itself all the business of the country, it is so overwhelmed with power, as to become the victim and slave of its own creatures. After the events of the last nine years, we have no right to deride the routine of China, or of decaying Spain. As the *Times* newspaper observed, we have read of the Spanish king who was roasted alive, because his attendants could not settle whose duty it was to draw his chair farther from the fire; but an English ministry has sacrificed to punctilio, not one gouty and useless king, but a brave, victorious army; and Parliament has sat by, groaning and helpless. Do we ask why? It is because, knowing that it cannot *reconstruct*, Parliament is so slow to *destroy*; while it has almost no power to *control* or *regulate*. If it asks for information, it is told (what events constantly prove to be quite false), that the interests of the public service forbid a reply; and if a committee of inquiry be voted, the ministry resigns; and the Parliament, where it wished only to control, finds that it has destroyed. Each cabinet in turn keeps up its despotism, by refusing to accept any power short of absolutism, and the out-party countenances its rival in this demand, in order to maintain unimpaired the prerogative “of the Crown” (as it is hypocritically termed) which the Outs look on as their own in reversion. Thus

the Parliament has to burn down a house, if it wants to roast a pig. Every ministry is turned out on one question only, and its successor comes in upon that one; and this is all that Parliament can secure, if even so much as this.

When Lord John Russell resigned office in 1851,—really because the Whigs are thoroughly effect, having raised no young statesmen,—there was absolutely no reason except cliquism which led Lord John to recommend her Majesty to send for Lord Derby: yet he did so, and her Majesty followed his advice. Lord Derby had been preaching a doctrine of "Protection to the British farmer," which the Parliament, the nation, and Lord John himself had renounced. He knew that Lord Derby had *not* the confidence of Parliament; nay, Lord Derby accepted office, avowing that he had not, and pleaded for indulgence on the ground that he had so chivalrously undertaken the task of governing this nation! He was received with coldness, but not with hostility. He held power for nearly a year, without the confidence either of the old, or of his new Parliament; and he finally had to resign, *merely* because his chancellor made an unacceptable budget. The Aberdeen ministry became firm in its seat, as soon as Mr. Gladstone's budget was approved: this one point sufficed to give to Aberdeen and Clarendon the tremendous prerogative of deciding on the whole Eastern question, by secret diplomacy, without any real cognizance of Parliament. Not one piece of information was wrung out of them, until it was previously known from abroad, either by the open dealing of the Turks, by the gazettes of Paris or Vienna, by the English newspaper correspondents, or finally from St. Petersburg itself. They did not even allow Parliament to debate any great question of policy,—whether Russia, whether Austria, was injurious to Turkey,—whether we should help the Sultan,—whether conditionally or unconditionally,—whether as principals or as secondaries,—nor with what objects and with what ultimate views. They allowed themselves to "*drift*" on blindly; and after declaring war at their own mere motion, without any new public event, positively refused to say on what terms they would be willing to make peace, but reserved for themselves a secret and irresponsible despotism, which indeed appears still to continue. All this has been borne by Parliament tamely, and provoked no hostile vote, nor even the fear of one. If the events, from January, 1853, to January, 1855, had happened after a *coup d'état* which destroyed Parliament, all would have imputed the disgraceful and disastrous results to despotism, and to the absence of a Parliamentary check; yet they have all happened in the face of Parliament. At last a Committee of Inquiry is proposed: Lord John Russell resigns at the very name of the thing; it is carried: Aberdeen

resigns, and Palmerston becomes minister, although he had opposed the inquiry more actively than Aberdeen. The inquiry is to be wholly retrospective! That is all that Parliament has gained by convulsing the executive at a most critical moment: and such is its encouragement to convulse it a second time.

Nothing of this sort can happen in America, and for the simplest of all reasons; it is *not* within the province of Congress to *destroy* ministries after they have been accepted, but it is an ordinary and stated duty to *control* every ministry. We can destroy, but cannot control; they can control, but cannot destroy. All turns on the following point;—their Committees are standing and ordinary, our Committees are occasional and exceptional. We have seen that an English ministry resigned, barely because Parliament resolved to have a Committee of Inquiry: but in America, permanent Committees of Inquiry are as essential and fundamental a part of the public administration as a permanent cabinet. The moment this statement is made, the vast results are visible at a glance, and the great superiority of the American system.

One fundamental distinction indeed between us and them cannot be removed. We cannot every four years appoint by popular election a premier irremovable by the Crown. Nevertheless, if, after ages of struggle, the Crown has yielded to the necessity of resigning any minister in whom the House of Commons declares itself *not* to possess confidence, there surely would be no hardship in a premier being similarly forced to resign a colleague. The king or queen does not threaten to abdicate because the House puts its veto on a certain minister: why should a premier be allowed to threaten to resign, because the House exercises a like veto? It is absurd to say, "we cannot help" his resignation. If Parliament voted that a minister so resigning would make himself permanently undeserving of public office, the offence would never be committed. Again, in the theory of the English constitution, it is the Crown which declares war, makes peace, and enters into treaty with foreign powers, while in the American theory, all these matters belong fundamentally to Congress. But the distinction is not deeply seated. Even in old England, under our Plantagenets, a king needed the support of his great council or of his Parliament to undertake a war, or to conclude a treaty which would have practical validity. The king (no doubt) was in such matters the organ for the nation; but his function was really ministerial, even in those days; and since the reign of William III. no sovereign would for a moment pretend that the action of the Crown in these highest affairs is independent of Parliament. When the Crown is liable to have a ministry *imposed* upon it by Parliament,—a thing which has

happened again and again in our own days,—it is a fiction to pretend that Parliament has no rightful cognizance over War and Treaties. This cognizance evidently needs to be more formally avowed and more skilfully organized.

In America, the Senate (or Upper House), has the undisputed right of confirming treaties with the foreigner, and nominations to office. The President appoints his officers “with the advice and consent of the Senate;” such are the legal words of every diploma. In practice, the *advice* is not asked, but the *consent* must always be obtained. Yet, when the consent has once been given, it cannot afterwards be retracted: hence a ministry may possibly remain in office, after losing the confidence of Congress. The practical operation of the arrangement is this. The President has always a good excuse to give to the baser part of his supporters, for not appointing disreputable men: he can reply,—“The Senate will refuse to confirm.” On the other hand, Congress would behave to a wayward or feeble ministry, as we behave to a wayward or feeble sovereign; viz., seek to control and manage, but not to depose. In an extreme case, we presume, the President would be unable to retain an important minister, who met nothing but opposition from Congress. At the same time, it must be remembered that a collision of that sort, even if obstinate, involves no mischief *there* (except during a crisis of war) such as would be felt *here*; inasmuch as all our legislation is carried on by Parliament; whereas only the smallest part of American legislation is performed by Congress,—namely, those affairs which strictly and necessarily belong to a *central* legislature. All that can possibly be done by local authority, is transacted by the sovereign legislatures of the separate States.

Every year, when the houses meet, their first business is, to constitute their standing committees, which have never fewer than five members in each, of whom one is chairman. There are probably always at least ten standing committees in the upper house, and eight in the lower:—the Senate alone has cognizance of treaties and of nominations to office; a fact which gives it two committees in excess of those in the lower house. Since senators are elected some for four and some for six years, and the President for four, the influences which determine the election are different; hence the President never is able to pack a senate with his own partizans, as an English ministry perpetually does with our House of Commons. The President, not standing upon a majority in the Senate, finds in that assembly a *bonâ fide* and active check, and *can never fill its committees with his own partizans*, so as to neutralize their action. This is perhaps the most critical point of all, and will need particular attention presently. We understand that the ordinary standing committees of

the Senate may be thus recounted:—1. On Confirming Nominations to Office: 2. On Foreign Affairs: 3. On the Army: 4. On the Navy: 5. On the Budget: 6. On the Public Lands: 7. On the Territories (*i.e.* on the embryo-states, which have not yet received organization as states): 8. On (Financial) Claims; (this is judicial and accidental, and in those respects wholly differs from the Budget): 9. On Petitions: 10. On the Post. There may also sometimes be others, as on Coast Fortifications and on the Currency; but these are not ordinarily needed. *No minister of the President sits in either house of Congress*, but all communication goes on by messages of the ministers to the committees. In point of fact, the ministers have intimate and unreserved access to the committees, and in five minutes put them into possession of knowledge which it would take three days' debate in England to elicit. To the committees *nothing* is secret. They have a *theoretical* right to demand of the ministry the most absolute and unreserved communication; even so far as to read the private letters of the President to his own ambassadors without a single suppression; but in regard to foreign affairs and nominations to office they are sworn to secrecy, and the fact of their possessing this high power of investigation goes far to secure that they shall not need to exercise it.

Of late years; Congress has found that the business which came before the Committee of "Claims," was growing to such an extent, that a thorough sifting of it occupied the time of the Houses too much. In order therefore to disembarass itself of all private bills, Congress in February last resolved altogether to give up questions of "Claims," and to establish for the future a new court,—a Court of Claims,—to confirm the awards of which will be a merely formal and simple process. So early and energetic a remedy does Congress apply against the evil of excessive business.

When a measure comes on for a *first* reading, it is either at once rejected, or it is laid on the table, or it is referred to a committee. What is laid on the table is postponed until *all* the committee business is finished; hence it is generally put aside and lost. Yet any one may propose at a later stage, that a measure lying on the table may be referred to a committee. With *us* the report of a committee is often a mode of shelving an important matter for thirty years.

The committee reports to the house, but in fact never without private conference with the Government. The ministers need not be good speakers; it suffices to be energetic and wise administrators, able to explain their case across a table. When the committee's report is brought up, the measure has to pass its *second* reading, and this is practically the only real debate.

The third reading is a formality; for the Americans regard a threefold discussion as a waste of public time. Yet, to hinder haste and excitement, it is a general rule that a debate on one and the same subject shall not go on for two consecutive days; ordinarily, if it begin on a Friday, it is resumed on the next Friday, and so on; and this is quite effectual. It is true, that this being only a bye-law of the house, can be dispensed with at the will of the house, and was so lately in the case of the Nebraska Bill; but every such proceeding is resented as violent and unconstitutional.

Although a committee on the most important affairs is sworn to secrecy, the Senate can always by a simple vote demand the absolute publication of everything,—a vote which in fact rescinds the obligation of secrecy. The President of course might expostulate; but if the Senate is firm, he must give way. In practice, however, all the Presidents are on the side of publicity, without which they cannot get that support from public opinion or from the Senate itself, which is so important to them. By the free act of the Executive Government it has become an ordinary practice to file all despatches in the Foreign Office when they are a *fortnight old*, and give free access to *every* member of the Senate. To refuse access would cause much the same uproar as in England to exclude reporters from the Houses of Parliament. Even private citizens get access into the Foreign Office to peruse any document which they will definitely name, if they have literary or personal reasons for desiring the permission.

It will be seen, that out of two cardinal facts—1, that the ministry has not a necessary majority in Congress; 2, that the power of the Senate over nominations and foreign affairs is formally avowed,—arises the eminently important result, that Congress has an *active life* wholly *independent* of the ministry; which fits it to be a constant *bona fide* check upon the ministry. At the same time the functions of the legislative and of the executive are kept healthily distinct. Mr. Tremenhoe has a chapter devoted to this topic; yet he seems to be blind to the pernicious fact, that in England the Executive Government has entirely usurped to itself the management of the Legislative. Parliament (as it were) expires in giving birth to its child,—a ministry! The premier, claiming “the confidence” of Parliament, demands that it shall legislate, or not legislate, as he chooses: and it has become notoriously a hopeless affair for a private member of Parliament to carry so much as an Anti-Smoke bill. Hence also, no great legislation can go on during a war; thus, during our French wars all our institutions for 150 years together were decaying, so as still to threaten most evil results. During Lord Melbourne’s ministry Mr. Macaulay, if we remember, much startled plodding Englishmen, by re-



minding them. that the proper business of the Queen's Government was to *administer*, not to *legislate*; and that even if it was too weak in Parliament to carry great bills, it still might do much good. The public has come to fancy that the great business of the *executive* government is to *legislate*, and that to carry or abolish a law against the will of the executive, is to pronounce that executive unworthy of confidence! Intrinsically this is as absurd, as to eject the judges, if they voted in the minority against a bill; and its only plausibility is drawn from the unfortunate fact which has grown up in England, that Parliament has lost the power of legislating on all except insignificant topics except through the executive; hence a new Ministry must be made, (though, as *administrators*, the existing Ministry may be as good as is to be had,) solely to carry one law. No reform of Parliament will amend the mischiefs under which we labour, if it does not restore to Parliament an independent life, and rescue it from being the mere tool of the ministry of the day. The House of Commons *can* stop the supplies,—it *can* impeach ministers,—no doubt! but if it dares even to refuse a foreign legion, or to pass a "ten hours" bill, it is met by a threat of resignation. At present, so accustomed are English ministers to absolutism, that they treat every attempt to control them, even by inquiry as to what they are doing, as an unendurable endeavour to invade their special functions. We have a high respect for the talents and integrity of Mr. Gladstone; the claims of despotism which *he* makes, do but show what they *all* make. In stating why he left Lord Palmerston's cabinet, he said, on Feb. 23rd,—“He retained his opinion; and it was impossible for him to denounce a Committee of Inquiry into a great warlike operation still pending, in more violent language than he had used on the previous night. *It was not the duty of the House to govern the country*; its duty was to *call those to account* who were appointed to govern the country.” This is like the old Roman officers, who insisted on their right to cut off men's heads without a tribunal, and leave their kinsfolk to get redress for it, if they could, *after* the great man had vacated office. According to Mr. Gladstone, the American Congress *governs* the Union, and the cabinet has no function left! That which in a case of extreme and flagrant neglect he resents so violently, is in America the ordinary and necessary proceeding even when all is going on satisfactorily.—Yet we do not see that any vigorous protest was elicited in the House by Mr. Gladstone's extravagant claim. While such claims are permitted, every cabinet is irresponsible, (whatever men may talk to the contrary,) unless the supply of available public servants be multiplied tenfold.

Now our system, which has grown up since our aristocracy

have had things their own way, narrows as much as possible the Queen's choice of servants. First of all, the necessity of a seat in Parliament is in itself a most embarrassing limitation; and this is increased by the need of re-election. Next comes in, the etiquette of official routine, which is made essential to office. Thirdly, the holders or the expectants of power band themselves into compact parties, and refuse to act except under certain chiefs and in mass. Farther, to be a minister, it is not enough to be a wise and vigorous man, nor, with this, to be able to expound his views and measures clearly; but he must also have (at least, to be a leader in the Commons,) a readiness of "debate," or rather of altercation, and a power of adapting an argument to "the House"—qualities which are only acquired by long apprenticeship, and are seldom gained by those who enter Parliament in the full maturity of life. A noble mind which seizes main points, does not make speeches which *tell* on the House so much as a lawyer-like intellect, skilful in showing that an adversary has used many inconsistent and weak arguments. We all know what is the result. The energies of great and intelligent England are exhausted in three or four premiers. Aberdeen, Russell, Palmerston, Derby—are all that the wildest aspirations of *The Times* (while we write) have yet ventured to hint at, in their most reforming mood. What would happen if a pestilence cut off all M.P.'s of the age of fifty? Apparently, England would vanish from the list of nations. Yet we have read, that George III. made Mr. Pitt prime minister at the age of twenty-three. Now, it seems, a man of forty-six is too young for such an office. Such is the result of oligarchical parties, when the Crown has no energy resolved to shatter them, and when a centralized Parliament performs only the same function as the seven millions of French voters,—viz., elects its master. With us, it cannot even do that; it has only a veto, and a veto which it is at once invidious and pernicious to use except in an extreme case.

On the whole, two cardinal vices reveal themselves in our system: *first*, the choice of ministers is ruinously limited by arbitrary arrangements; *secondly*, no constant and active check upon a ministry is exerted by either branch of the Legislature. In fact, nothing is so corrupting to the Commons as what is called a "Liberal Ministry." Under it, the liberal and independent members become so emasculated, that it is very common to hear sound-hearted reformers say: "We want a Tory government, to restore independence to our liberal M.P.'s." The corruption is indeed sometimes (or alas! very often) of a coarser kind, being effected by distributing patronage according to the desire of those M.P.'s who will support the Government. This

is as real, and to the country as pernicious, a bribery, as that which went on by hard cash in former days; but we have not space here to dwell on it. Even where this is not of avail, still the fear of ejecting a Liberal Ministry paralyzes honest men. That sturdily economist, Joseph Hume, voted against his own judgment, in the matter of the Russo-Dutch\* loan, through this influence. Septennial Parliaments complete the practical irresponsibility of Ministers to the country. The country has to decide the elections on (at most) *one* great question; all others are left to take their chance for seven years, as far as the electors are concerned. The M.P.'s so elected, in their turn can only, even if they be very unanimous, secure *one* great point from a ministry. Thus if the official cliques band themselves into two parties, that one, which, of the two, is *less disliked* by the country and Parliament, becomes an absolute ruler,—as we have lately seen for eighteen months together. When the affairs of India were before the Commons, Lord John Russell pressed a most unsatisfactory India Bill on the members, by the whisper, "If you do not take our India Bill this session, you will not get my Reform Bill next session." The House gave way,—and lost the promised reward! Sir Charles Wood annexed Pegu, and gravely informed the House, that he was *himself responsible for the deed*; well knowing that they could not afford to turn the cabinet out for mere Asiatic violences.

American experience suggests the great advantage which in our difficulties we may derive from reforming the *Upper House*; and whenever it pleases the English nation to demand this, it will be effected with perhaps less resistance than any other change; for when the interests of the Nation and of the Peers are in harmony, and the Crown has really nothing to lose, the bureaucratic cliques will be crushed in an instant. Reform of the House of Lords has been unpopular in England, because (we believe) the most active Radicals have secretly wished that House to be paralyzed or destroyed, rather than reformed; but the valuable functions performed by the American *Senate*,—which are with us wholly neglected,—ought to unteach us that error. In what details the reform should consist, we do not think it requisite to enforce minutely; but, the broad principle is this,—*new life* and *popular sympathies* should be infused into the House, and *new power* as the result. Even timid men have been shocked at the recent results of Secret Diplomacy, and would gladly get rid of it, if they knew how to do so without danger. Abstract reasoning never convinces either timid minds,

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\* See a useful tract on the Russo-Dutch Loan, just published by the Liverpool Financial Reform Association.

or those deficient in breadth of thought; but the experience of America ought to stop all objection. No one can pretend that the United States does not conduct its diplomacy with consummate energy and success, and with an eye to secure the deliberate support of Congress and of the nation. This is brought about mainly by the influence of the Senate over foreign affairs. We have no corresponding organ; but it seems evident that the House of Peers *ought* to be the organ, and a highly dignified duty it would lay upon them. The Peers, like the American Senate, should control the Foreign Office; with the same power over treaties, the same right to demand for its Standing Committee full knowledge of all diplomatic proceedings, and the same power of enforcing publicity. Receiving such an extension of honour and power, the House would willingly consent to arrangements which are requisite to make the change fruitful in benefit to the nation. We imagine *three* principal enactments on that subject: 1, that all new peerages shall be for life only; 2, that no peer shall be created without a recommendatory vote from the Commons; 3, that the Queen shall have the right of permitting every Minister (whether in the Cabinet or not) during his tenure of office, to sit and speak in the Upper House, but without a vote. At least, *some* popularizing regulations are required, and the above would probably least offend the Lords, while giving new security to the public. A House of Peers so constituted would be independent of Ministers; yet Ministers, standing on a majority in the *Lower* House, would be irremovable by its hostility. Two such powers, each with independent life, neither able to annihilate the other, are fitted\* for constitutional antagonism without convulsion; and under the elective principle, the Upper House would really become Upper, in respect to talents, character, and experience. Yet if, after some years, it was judged to be unduly in ascendancy, the Lower House would claim and easily enforce a right of electing to the Upper, not absolutely for life, but for a term of years only. So long as the Commons hold the purse, there is no danger whatever of their being overridden.

If we had no House of Lords, we might look instead to the Privy Council to perform these functions under a reinvigorated system. That body contains politicians of opposite parties, and ought to be at once the trusted depository of State-secrets and an efficient controller of the Ministry. But the two great parties play

\* This is precisely what Frenchmen *can* not understand and German princes *will* not. Wherever neither of two powers in the State can reduce the other to dependence and submission, it is imagined that a case is made out for a *coup d'état* to overturn the constitution.

into one another's hands, by, each in turn, while it is out of the Ministry, absenting itself from the Privy Council: thus they have degraded this body into a Board for superintending schools, or judging in ecclesiastical squabbles; and probably the public will not be eager to restore the dignity which has been so bargained away.

Such a modified principle of Peerage as we have imagined, would, *first* of all, instantly give to the Queen a far wider choice of experienced servants. She might make some able railway-director Minister of War: (for we believe the most important duties of this Minister are familiar to railway-directors, and indeed to great carriers :) he would at once take his seat in the Upper House, without a day's loss, yet, as he would not hereby become a peer or possess a vote, no untried men would thus step into permanent influence. *Next*, it would so increase the facility of making cabinets, as to give to the Lower House a new boldness in objecting to injudicious appointments. The Commons would soon learn freely to express their want of confidence in a secondary Minister, even though they had no wish to eject the Premier; and premiers would bow to the stroke, when they found that resignation of office only made them powerless and ridiculous. Thus the Commons would get that *bonâ fide* control over nominations to office which the American Senate enjoys, and the fear of their objections would improve all the appointments. *Thirdly*, the other special function of the Senate, viz., control over foreign affairs, treaties, and diplomacy, would fall to the House of Peers, with an utter destruction of the vile system of secrecy, under which we are groaning. For, as we have urged above, the Ministers of the day, having no ordinary secure majority in the Upper House, would not be able to pack its committees with their own partizans. Moreover, when elected for life by a vote of the *Commons*, the Peers would have at least as high a guarantee of worth as the American senators, who are elected for four or six years by the *State-legislatures*; and in this mode we should have good ground to believe that our Upper House would perform its high functions as satisfactorily as does the Senate, although with us a large number of hereditary peers would of course remain for a long while; which, though it would undesirably postpone the day of energy, would usefully afford a gradual passage towards the new state of things. Nevertheless, from the very beginning, the change would be fruitful in good. The House, even if, as a whole, it did little,—from apathy, from routine, from incapacity, from distaste for business,—yet would undoubtedly at the very first appoint, from its highly able and energetic few, a *standing* Committee for Foreign Affairs, just as the American Senate does; and the

Commons would not be long in following the example, by having standing Committees on nominations to office (civil, military, and naval), a Committee for every colony, and for India: and though a Ministry might secure a majority of its own friends in most of the committees, it would be unable wholly to exclude independent members; thus a check would be given to the appointment of incompetent persons.

Besides, we might, at the same time, effect other beneficial ends. Whatever forces a government to distribute its patronage according to merit, proportionably weakens the ignobler motives for desiring office, and the ignobler motives for supporting a cabinet. If cabinets be deprived of the prerogative of rewarding the unworthy, this will rather excite than weaken the honourable desire of office; yet (inasmuch as all able and honourable statesmen cannot be in office) unofficial men, by means of standing committees of inquiry, would find themselves in a position so dignified and so eminently useful to the highest interests of the nation, as would abate the factious desire of supplanting a Ministry for the sake of exercising power. In America, the chairman of an important committee takes rank socially as a Minister.

No new legislation by Queen, Lords, and Commons is requisite to enable the Commons to carry out its own part of this matter. The House of Commons alone, if it pleased, could vote *standing* committees of inquiry into every branch of the Government; and if it were firm, a Ministry would soon be found willing to submit. The principle once established, the rest would regulate itself, if not in exactly that mode which American precedent so remarkably recommends to us, yet in some analogous mode. At the same time, it would surely be important to secure the new principles by formal enactment, or by certain symbolical changes. To prescribe by formula the cardinal points above insisted on, it should be avowed in every diploma, that a War, a Peace, or a Treaty, with a foreign Power, is undertaken by the Queen, "with the advice and consent of the House of Peers;" and that a Nomination to Office is made by the Queen, "with the advice and consent of the House of Commons." Neither of these is any real lessening of the Queen's personal authority. The Queen can do nothing without "the advice and consent" of a Minister, at present; and though, like the Commons, she can dismiss a Ministry, yet, no more than they, can she control it; and when, after dismissing it, she is forced to receive it back, it can do what it pleases, against her will and judgment. At present therefore it is not an undue power of *the Crown* which we are engaged in lessening, but an undue power of *Bureaucracy*, or rather, of *Cliquism*;—the jugglery of Outs with Ins, which gambles away the interests of the nation.

But—s vast is this British empire—the Lower House, in which rest, and must rest, the ultimate patronage to office (because with it rests the sole power over the purse), cannot efficiently perform its high multifarious duties, unless it is delivered from the enormous oppression of work which is *not* its own. The most crying grievance here is that of Private Bills, on which we need now say little, because in our 9th number (Jan. 1854) we dwelt at large on this subject, under “Constitutional Reform.” Moreover, in a recent number of the “Edinburgh Review,” is a most vigorous, decisive, and unanswerable onslaught against this pernicious enormity; in a tone which, from the Government organ, is very remarkable, and indicates that the time is really come for the extinction of the abuse. It is only requisite to press, that we must beware lest this be turned into a new effort for Central Boards devoted to special functions; as a Board of Railways, a Board of Telegraphs, a Board of Harbours, a Board of Docks, a Board to protect Sailors, a Board of Health, a Board of Education, &c. For this result one paragraph in the “Edinburgh Review” strives—a paragraph so out of harmony with the article, that one may think it to have been foisted in by the editor against the writer’s will. Central Boards are a devouring plague. The number of them needed is infinite, unless Parliament is still to have a mass of miscellaneous local business; in fact, for every extension of practical science a new Board will be wanted, and will never be appointed until twenty years too late, if indeed the system were good. Many of the decisive objections urged by the “Edinburgh Review” against Private Bills in Parliament, apply to every Central Board. If a railway is wanted from Cork to Kerry, how absurd it is to bring witnesses up to London to argue the case before a Committee of Parliament! True; but it is equally absurd to bring them up to London before a Central Railway Board. Besides, such Boards will constantly clash with one another; nor can they ever have the same interest or knowledge in a local affair as the locality itself. The only rightful, and the only constitutional mode of delivering Parliament from the incubus of Private Bills and Local Bills, is to resuscitate *Local Legislation*:—whether by simply falling back on the old principles of England, and working by the Common Law (which Mr. J. Toulmin Smith alleges to be feasible, as soon as certain injurious Acts of Parliament are repealed);—or whether by a real construction of provincial legislation on a greater scale, analogous to the *States of the Union*—we do not now discuss. The question is a highly important one, and we ventured some thoughts concerning it in the article already referred to: but the great principle of real local legislatures, which are able to deal with the highest moral and industrial interests, equally with petty police and care of the streets—legis-

latures which are certain never to be overruled by Parliament without the gravest necessity—this principle is more important than any of the details.

In this connection, we think a passage from a recent tract of the Anti-Centralization Union very pertinent.—(*Babelara at Home*, p. 5.)

“The ‘Constitution’ requires, and formerly the practice was, that in every place continual and habitual *Inquiries* shall be held as to all those matters which concern the common welfare, and with which the only business of the State is, to take care that they are rightly fulfilled in every part. Thus wrong was promptly discovered, and the remedy applied. No man could escape his responsibility, and each Unity was held to its duty. And thus the means were ever present, and in *habitual orderly use*, in every parish and in every county, &c. . . . The Bastard Counterfeit [of the Constitution] has it as a part of its plan, that all this course of Inquiry shall be carefully smothered and avoided. Where responsibility rests—*from whom or to whom*—in any matter, no man can tell. Not a local matter can arise, but the Poor-Law Board interferes here, the Board of Health there, the Privy Council in this place, and the Board of Trade in that, . . . till nothing flourishes but Functionarism. . . . Any utterance in an organic shape is absolutely stopped: thus *Oligism* succeeds in going on its way unchecked.”

In many quarters one meets the attempt to “improve” the recent break-down of our administration into an argument for despotic centralization, veiled under admiration for the success of French management. In regard to warlike affairs, the argument is plausible to thoughtless persons; because undoubtedly, in the conduct of a war, centralized power is essential; but to show the fallacy of the argument, it suffices to remark, that the American Union has betrayed no lack of central energy in warlike matters. In fact, the more Parliament can be divested of private bills and local legislation, the more will the Cabinet also be freed from this extraneous duty. At present, such questions as a London Cab Act, or Intramural Burials, or the tariff of a local railway, are liable to distract a prime minister in the midst of a war; or else, to avoid this, a stop is put to domestic improvement. In short, we think that all Reformers will do well to inscribe on their flag, that Reform must take the *direction of America, not of France*. How little could be effected for liberty by Universal Suffrage and Republicanism, under a *centralized* system, was exhibited in France from 1848 to 1851, too clearly to be mistaken or explained away.

England at present suffers in part under the same disease as paralyzed France in 1848, viz.—that so very few persons are sufficiently known to command confidence in high office. This



is because our counties and municipalities are not, as they ought to be, normal schools for the Parliament. In America, there are thirty-one centres of legislation and of political life; and in the best ordered Free States, the towns are quite as active in the judgment and transacting of great moral interests, locally, as the State legislatures. They are schools in which statesmen are not only trained, but become known. They healthily occupy local ambition, and teach in every quarter what are the rights of freemen and what their limits—of course always *except* where the cursed Slavery comes in. A very little insight as to the working of things in America will show how much more important are these local institutions than the mere universal suffrage for *Congressional* and *Presidential* elections. A large change in the latter might be made without at all impairing true and republican freedom or energy; but to tamper with the local freedom would be damaging or fatal. English Radicals, for the last quarter of a century, have done immense mischief to real freedom and good government in England, by the enormously overstrained importance they have attached to what is absurdly called "*the franchise*." To Universal Suffrage, when a nation has its *other* institutions like America, (it will be seen from above,) we have no objection; but we appeal to France, as showing how delusive it will be, where Functionarism and Centralization rule.

The suggestions which we have made above may be conveniently summed up in their aspect toward "Queen, Lords, and Commons." They propose to give to the Queen a really free choice of servants; to give to the Lords a control over the foreign proceedings of the cabinet; and to give to the Commons a control over the appointments to the peerage, as well as to all nominations to office. All three branches will hereby gain in efficiency and in honour. The Cabinet will be made responsible in fact as it is in theory; that is to say, it will be responsible *while it exists* as a Cabinet, which is the only real responsibility. Its power to do mischief, by neglect, incompetency, or sinister interest, will be enormously lessened; but its power to do good will be increased: for it will be delivered from the incubus of many greedy claimants whom it cannot now resist, and, by carrying on its work under clearer publicity, or under the severe inspection of a standing committee, it will receive higher confidence from the nation.

The main reforms here proposed are not untried or theoretic. They are no mere *à priori* speculation, but a living part of the great American system. We know it is impossible to exhaust this subject in a single article; its very fruitfulness forbids. We are confident that it is a germ of the richest promise; and, if it obtain attention from the public, further inquiry will be made, whether any of those evils result in America, which a mind

trained to look at everything through English prejudices will predict. As the Ministers of despotic Courts urge, that no one will take the trouble of becoming Minister, if he needs to carry his measures in a Parliament, so it will perhaps be objected, "Men of education and rank will not accept office on the condition of being *really* controlled by Parliament;" or, "Will you not bring Government to a deadlock?" or, "How, ever, could a great measure, like a Reform Bill, be carried?" It is here sufficient to reply, that the experience of America proves all such practical difficulties to be purely imaginary. In spite of having legislatures elected by universal suffrage, they have an abundant supply of eminently able men anxious to sit in the President's cabinet. If these are repelled from it, it is not by the need of acting with the standing committees of Congress, but by the difficulty of agreeing with the President. Affairs *never* come to a deadlock there by collision between the Cabinet and the Congress; nor have they the slightest difficulty for the *machinery* of carrying bills of the most gigantic import, (as the Homestead Bill, which virtually would alienate the public revenue of Congress,) whenever public opinion is ripe.

We have hitherto purposely evaded a topic on which at present there will be strong difference of judgment, viz.: whether the American principle of utterly refusing to Ministers seats in Parliament should be followed. Englishmen defend our practice by saying that it forces Ministers out of their secret bureaux, constrains them to popular arts, gives the nation the satisfaction of hearing them make their own representations, and usefully exposes them to *viva voce* interrogation in Parliament. It may be replied, that all ministerial speeches are necessarily spoken for the Cabinet and not from the heart of the individual Minister; hence they are not only apt to be delusive, but they train men to habits of insincerity as a part of duty;—that such insincerity is not an imaginary, but a real and pressing evil;—that the weight given to ministerial "explanations" is highly dangerous, (as indeed our last twenty-five years abundantly prove,) and that the reports made by American standing committees after hearing Ministers in private, give to the public far more truth, and more fundamental research, than Ministers ever give out in our Parliament; and, as to *viva voce* questions, it is notorious that Ministers continually either evade them or flatly refuse to answer. Well, let this matter stand over for judgment; but the course we have suggested would leave both methods open, so that the American system would be able to grow up gradually among us, if the convenience of the public service and the desire of Parliament were to lean that way. At the same time, our present practice abounds with inconvenience. The need of reflection in the midst of a ministerial crisis has been often severely complained of; and if

the constituencies of England ever become resolved that their representative shall speak to them from his own mind and heart, instead of mystifying his sentiments according to the momentary policy of the Cabinet, it will become impossible for Ministers to obtain seats in the Lower House. We know the Whig theory that a representative is not a mere mouthpiece for his constituents: be it so; but surely constituents may demand that he will tell them fundamentally and sincerely all his political judgments, desires, and aims, and candidly explain the true motive for his past votes.

Finally, we would press upon our readers the very evil tendency—at once anarchical and despotical—of relying on momentary and voluntary “associations” for carrying on “her Majesty’s agitation,” as it has been grotesquely called. Votes passed in territorial and constitutional assemblies, after deliberation on both sides concerning public or foreign affairs, are quite another thing. This is a very healthy development of local institutions, and is therefore scoffed at by the journals which, when it suits their policy, scold the apathy of England for not “agitating” by *voluntary* meetings and associations. Such unions are to organic bodies what revolutionary tribunals are to regular courts of justice—they are exceedingly to be deprecated, yet needful at certain crises of a nation. \*Any new voluntary association for reform ought (like a constituent assembly) to take up as its problem, how to make this the last association of the kind. The antagonism which provides for future progress ought to be secured within the public institutions themselves, and to exist in constant activity, and not to need a new extempore organization for each separate occasion. What is Parliament for, if it is not a valid and sufficient check on the executive? Very many questions remain over concerning the future organization of Parliament; such as the duration of parliaments, the qualification of members, the oaths, the qualifications for suffrage, the power of dissolution, the maintenance of standing committees *during the recess*, the carrying on of reports from one Parliament to another, &c. &c. To expect or desire such matters to be decided by agitation from without and by voluntary leagues, is a grave error; they should come forwards, each in its own ripeness, from within the bosom of Parliament. They do not now, because the *holders* and the *expectants* of office have a common interest (opposed to that of the nation and indeed of the Queen) to sustain the arbitrary power of the Ministry; and while the chief leaders in Parliament are *Ins* and *Outs*, this must continue. The evil will be redressed, as soon as **STANDING COMMITTEES** assert the independent life of Parliament; which, in some way or other, must be renewed, unless the boasted British constitution is to decay in disgrace.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

## THEOLOGY.

IT is not perhaps to be wondered at, that an author of high reputation as a philologist should invite and expect attention from foreigners rather than from his countrymen in England, when he puts forth the result of his critical labours upon a portion of the Hebrew Scriptures. "Jashar"<sup>1</sup> is printed and published in Berlin, and is in Latin. Very many, indeed, and the most important of Dr. Donaldson's results we feel quite unable to adopt; and we trust our foreign friends, to whom the work is specially addressed, will deal with it according to their own standards of criticism, but without considering that it is acknowledged as a perfect specimen of English solidity and judgment on this side the water.

The "Book of Jashar," or "of the righteous," is referred to in two places of the Old Testament, in Josh. x. 13, when the sun and moon are said to have stood still at the word of Joshua; "Is it not written in the Book of Jasher?" and in 2 Sam. i. 18, when it is said that David, after the death of Saul and Jonathan, "commanded to teach the children of Israel the use of the bow; behold it is written in the Book of Jasher." Dr. Donaldson justly observes that *שֵׁן הַדָּלָה*, "*Is it not?*" is equivalent to *הִנֵּנֶךָ*, "*behold!*;" in neither place is the reference made for confirmation of a doubtful or startling statement, but only to an authority for a matter of detail. The Book of Jashar, according to Gesenius, was the book of the righteous or upright, consisting probably of the records and praises of true Israelites. It is generally supposed that it has perished, with the exception of the two passages referred to, or if there are any other remains of it, that they are hopelessly indistinguishable from the rest of the Old Testament. Dr. Donaldson thinks otherwise; and it is the design of his work to reconstruct the book out of the fragments of it which have been worked up in the canonical writings, by the unknown Masoretic hand to whom they owe their present form. The original book or fasciculus is fixed, according to our author, to the time of Solomon, as the Augustan age of Jewish literature, and the origination or compilation of it is tied down to that age, and probably to the king himself, for the following reasons in particular:—1. That it must have been posterior to David, from the reference in 2 Sam. i. 18. 2. Since Gen. xlix., the last blessing of Jacob, and Deut. xxxii., xxxiii., the Song of Moses, undoubtedly belonged to the collection, and all twelve tribes are named in both those

<sup>1</sup> "Jashar. Fragmenta Archetypa Carminum Hebræicorum in Masorethico V. T. textu passim tessellata collegit, ordinavit, restituit, in unum corpus redegit, Latine exhibuit, commentario instruxit." J. G. Donaldson, S.T.D. 1864. Lond.: Williams and Norgate. Berlin: Wilhelm Hertz. \*

poems, the compilation must have taken place before the rebellion of Jeroboam. 3. In Gen. xlix. 5, occurs the word מְחֵרָה *m'chērāh*, obviously the same as μάχαρα, which word could not have been in use before the later years of David, when his Cretan auxiliaries (Cherethites) introduced the weapon and its name. 4. That the name שְׁלֹחַ *Sch'loh*, in Gen. xlix. 10, probably a curtailed form of שְׁלֹמֹה *Sch'lōmōh*, assigns that chapter itself to the age of Solomon. 5. That Solomon's expression, "God made man upright," יָשָׁר *Yāschār*, but they have found out many inventions," (Eccl. vii. 29), points him out as the most probable author or director of the compilation illustrative of that sentiment; the first illustration of it being, that man was created good, and fell. 6. That the recovery of their freedom by the Edomites, included in the prediction, Gen. xxvii. 40, *likewise a portion of the same book*, assigns it to the time of Solomon, when that event took place. 1 Kings, xi.

The portions, then, which Dr. Donaldson assumes, by reason of their illustration of the sentiment of Solomon, "God made man upright," &c., to have composed the Book of Jashar, are the following:—1. The Elohist and Jehovist anthropogonies. 2. The adoption of the Abramidae and rejection of the neighbouring nations, from various chapters in Genesis. 3. The flood, Gen. viii. 6-12, considered as typical of the deliverance of Israel from bondage, and their happy settlement in the land of promise. 4. The marrow of the law from Deut. v. 1-19, &c. 5. Songs and benedictions of Jacob, of Balaan, of Moses. 6. Songs of victory; Miriam's, Joshua's, Deborah's. 7. The Song of Hannah; elegy over Saul and Jonathan; David's song 2 Sam. xxii.; also Pss. xviii., xlv., lx., lxviii.

It will be seen that most of these passages are very remotely connected with the subject supposed to be illustrated in the Book of Jashar. With respect to the very first, we cannot persuade ourselves that it has any connexion with it, or that Gen. i. 27, 28, ought to be severed, as Dr. Donaldson severs it, from the preceding part of the chapter. We cannot now enter upon any discussion concerning this first chapter of Genesis, or do more than observe, that the image and likeness of God, in which man is said to have been made, does not appear, on the face of the record, to have any reference to the moral uprightness of man, but only to his being a vicegerent on the part of the Elohim, having dominion "over the fowl of the air," &c. The word יָשָׁר *yāschār*, does not occur in the whole of these chapters of Genesis. The Hebrew terms expressive of good and evil in their respective kinds are טוֹב *tōb*, רָע *rāng*, צֶדֶק *tzedeq*, רָשָׁע *rāschāng*; יָשָׁר *yāschār*, גְּנָבֹן *gnāvōn*. The ideas conveyed by each pair are:—1. Of goodness and badness; i.e., perfection and imperfection of a thing in its kind, or for its purpose, including beauty and the contrary, but without necessarily implying any moral conception. 2. Of justice and wickedness relatively to others. 3. Of uprightness and rectitude, and justification in self, opposed to obliquity, iniquity, and guilt. Now, when God is said to have made all things good, the word employed is טוֹב *tōb*; that is, as good as their nature required or admitted, yet without intimating in what that goodness consisted. But

when Solomon speaks of God having made man "upright," יָשָׁר *yāschār*; he has developed upon the original doctrine, and employs a term implying moral goodness. But so little was the moral idea present even to the author of the Jehovistic allegory Gen. iii. that the effect represented as following upon eating the forbidden fruit is not a knowledge of the righteous and unrighteous, or of the just and unjust, but of the good and evil simply—טוֹב וָרָע *tōb, vārāng*—such as pleasure and pain, sweet and bitter, the desirable and undesirable; such a rudimental knowledge or power of distinction as belongs to the child emerging into consciousness of itself and the world without it: compare Isa. vii. 15, 16,—"Before the child shall know to refuse the evil and to choose the good" טוֹב רָעָה *tōb rang*. קֶץ *gnāvōn* indeed is the word used, Gen. iv. 13, "My punishment," or mine iniquity, "is greater than I can bear;" and so it is, Gen. xix. 15, and likewise טָרָא *tsaddik* is the word used of Noah; which terms show a development of the moral idea, and confirm the otherwise highly probable supposition, that the early part of Genesis is made up out of a number of independent documents. But what is here contended for is, that it is inexplicable on Dr. Donaldson's theory of the Book of Jasher being the work or compilation of Solomon, that in the account of the creation of man in perfection and of his fall into evil, the terms expressive of the developed conception of moral good and evil should not occur.

We entirely concur in what Dr. Donaldson says of the influence upon traditional popular theology of the poem of the *Paradise Lost*. The fall of Angels after a celestial γαῖα *topaxia*, the creation of man to supply the gap so made in heaven, the spite of the fiend against the new-created and the remedy devised subsequently in time to the damage inflicted by him, are found as doctrines by the people of England in their Bibles, because they read them in their *Miltons*. But we cannot adopt Dr. Donaldson's particular interpretation of the Serpent in Gen. iii. The difficulty of taking עָרָא and עָרָא *Gnārūm* and *Gnārōm* in two different senses in two contiguous verses is not great, and the words are used in the distinct senses of *subtle* and *naked* in many other places; as in the book of Job, the *subtle* in a bad sense, cc. v. 12, xv. 5, and *naked*, cc. i. 21, xxii. 6, xxiv. 10. But if the difficulty with עָרָא *gnārūm* were much greater than it is, we cannot admit that it points to a phallic interpretation of the Allegory of the Serpent; "Serpens qui incentivas struit mulieri non viro insidias, phallicum Baal-Peoris signum, i.e. membrum virile denotat," p. 47. For although the phallic ceremonies degenerated into occasions of the most abominable immoralities, as a religious symbol, the phallus did not signify immoral concupiscence, but the creative energy: and a particular emblem on which Dr. Donaldson lays some stress, "in gemma insculpta apud Knightium serpens erectus ithyphallicum signum depingit," (p. 48), symbolizes the union of wisdom with the creative power. Dr. Donaldson carries his phallic interpretation through the details of the curse upon the serpent, "upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat," in a way which strikes us as exceedingly far-fetched, and in this part of his treatise we think it as

well that the author is not *en gnârûm*, but that he has clothed himself in Latin. Whether the temptation by the serpent symbolizes the sexual concupiscence in particular, or pleasure generally, as Philo thinks, or a lust for experimental knowledge of things forbidden, it is inconsistent with a chastened spirit of interpretation to press the details of such a figurative passage. Neither Homeric simile nor Hebrew allegory runs on all four legs.

Our space will not permit us to follow Dr. Donaldson in his etymologies, or even throughout his arguments, but we will notice one of the latter, on which he lays stress, namely, that the Book of Jashar itself and the "blessing of Jacob," in Gen. xlix., must be of the date of the later years at least of David, because there occurs in that passage the word מ'כֶּרֶת *m'chêrâh*, 'obviously the same as the Greek μάχαρα.' In the Hebrew of this passage we read מ'כֶּרֶת חֶלֶל *ch'le' hhamûs m'chêrôlêhem*; "instruments of cruelty are in their habitations," E. V., which cannot be the true rendering. If the word, which is read only in this place, means "arms" or "weapons," "their weapons are instruments of cruelty," it may be derived from כר *chur*, "to pierce;" or it may be derived from מכר *mûchar*, "to sell or dispose of," when the meaning of the passage will be, "their contracts or agreements are instruments of violence." But Dr. Donaldson thinks that מ'כֶּרֶת *m'chêrôth* is the Greek μάχαραι, as R. Elieser in Pirke, quoted by Buxtorf says, that Jacob by way of imprecation upon their weapons, describes them by the Greek word; and whereas it would have been an insuperable difficulty to suppose that Jacob, according to his received date, should have used a Greek term, Dr. Donaldson derives hence a confirmation of his opinion of the Solomonic age of the Book of Jashar, by assuming this passage to have been a part of it, and that *m'chêrôth* were the μάχαραι, or swords of David's Cherethites or Cretan, and therefore Greek, auxiliaries. Dr. Donaldson also transforms in 1 Chron. xi. 36, הֶפְתֵּר הַמַּכֶּרֶת *Hhepher ham'chêrâthi* Hhepher the Macherathite, into Καῦρος ὁ μαχαιρόφορος, contrary to the manner of the rest of the catalogue in that chapter, in which the heroes are described by the name of their father, or their country, and not by their weapons. But let it be granted, that among David's mercenaries were Carians and Cretans, Cherethites and Pelethites are always mentioned together, and doubtless were of cognate origin; and even if they were some of them islanders, were of no other than Palestinian blood. Crete indeed we know to have been colonized from Palestine, and that the Carians and Cretans were of common blood. And though afterwards colonized by Greeks, there is no reason to suppose that Crete, in the time of David, was occupied by them: nor that, if David's Cherethites were Cretans, they, or the Carians of his time, were Greeks. On the contrary, we learn from Herodotus, i. 173, that originally Crete was inhabited wholly by barbarians; and from Thucydides, i. 4, that these barbarians were Phœnicians and Carians. Carians have the epithet in Homer, Iliad, B. 867, of βαρβαρόφωνοι, and the Carian tongue is not intelligible to Greeks, Herod. vii. 135. Besides, with respect to μάχαρα, it could not have

been the name of a Greek weapon of war, in that age, at all; it must not be confounded with the *ξίφος*. In the time of Homer, the *μάχαρα* was a knife with which Greek soldiers cut their meat, but was no fighting weapon. The heroes with Leonidas indeed, when their spears were broken, took to their swords, and after their swords, to their knives, and after their knives, to their nails and teeth; just as our brave Crimean, when his powder is spent, and the butt-end of his musket broken, might, if he could get at it in the mortal struggle, draw across the throat of the barbarian the knife with which he cut his raw pork in the morning; but that is not nevertheless his natural, national, or characteristic weapon. If indeed David's Cherethites and Pelethites used *μάχαραι* as weapons, it was because they were barbarians, and not because they were Greeks. Thus Herodotus writes, that the Egyptians in the army of Xerxes, had long *machærae*, and so had the Syrians, while the Carians had scimitars and daggers, not *machærae*, but *ἑγχυρίδια*. The scimitar with which, as Dr. Donaldson reminds us, Onesilus cut off the legs of the horse of Artybius, was indeed a national weapon, but had no correspondence to the *machæra*, nor though less unlike it, had the dagger either. At a much later period, *machæra* was used to mean sword generally, and the LXX. render *מַחֶבֶר* *hheréb* almost uniformly by *μάχα* but even in the time of the Peloponnesian war, this latter was a barbarian weapon only; thus Thucydides describes some of the mountain Thracians as *μαχαίροφόροι*; and so little was the knife recognised as a weapon of war among civilized people, that Ovid, speaking of the Getae, says:—

Dextera non segnis fixo dare vulnere *cultro*,  
Quem vinctum lateri *barbarus* *omnis* habet.

With respect to the Book of Jashar itself, we confess that we do not think that Dr. Donaldson has produced any sufficient evidence to show that it was a collection of illustrative pieces, or *morceaux*. The title, *סֵפֶר* *Sepher*, is properly, though not exclusively, applied to a catalogue, or orderly recital; as "The book of the generations of Adam," Gen. v. 1: "The book of the acts of Solomon," 1 Kings xi. 41. In like manner we conceive the Book of Jashar to have been a catalogue of Hebrew worthies, *raisonnée* and descriptive of their most notable exploits. The passage in the present book of Ecclesiasticus, commencing chapter xlv: "Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us," represents precisely what we think it probable was the form of the book of Jashar; and no doubt that remarkable recital of national heroes was not only formed out of pre-existing material, but fashioned after ancient models. Now in this very catalogue Joshua has his place, "Did not the sun go back by his means, and was not one day as long as two?" xvi. 4. And David too, though it is not there mentioned of him, as it was in the older book of Jashar, that he "commanded to teach the children of Israel the use of the bow," but, that he "set singers before the altar that by their voices they might make sweet melody, and daily sing praises in their songs," xlvii. 9.

We cannot however close this notice without congratulating our-



selves that Dr. Donaldson does not feel himself precluded, by any extreme theory of inspiration, or by any ecclesiastical bondage, from bringing to bear upon the Hebrew writings, the same critical acumen, and the same research, which he would apply to the illustration of any other ancient literary monument. And we trust the time is not far distant, even in this country, when not only in Latin essays "*ad clerum*," but in "*conciones apud populum*," the third chapter in Genesis will be acknowledged to be an allegory, and the prodigy in Joshua xi. to have been developed into a history from a poetical effusion.

It is well known that an interest, far beyond the intrinsic value of the MS. generally, attaches to the "*Codex Montfortianus*,"<sup>a</sup> preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, from its being the only Greek MS. not copied from a printed edition, or obviously garbled, which contains the celebrated text, 1 John v. 7. It is the same with the "*Codex Britannicus*," on authority of which Erasmus inserted the verse in his third edition of the Greek Testament, published in 1522, since which time it has retained its place in the *Textus Receptus*. It is thus the only extant Greek MS. which gives the verse a *locus standi* in the court of criticism. Dr. Barrett had already partially collated this MS., i. e., from Rom. ii. to the end of the Apocalypse, with Wetstein's edition of the New Testament. By the care of Dr. Dobbin, the collation of the Gospels and Acts is added in the work now before us. Dr. Dobbin was led by the preceding labours of Dr. Barrett, in reference to this MS., to make Wetstein's edition his standard of collation; but he observes with great justice, that an edition which, as all editions do, presents a mosaic text, made up from a variety of sources, is not a proper standard of collation, and that he should have preferred, had he felt himself at liberty, to have collated relatively to some Codex, such as the Alexandrian, already given to the world in fac-simile. It is not perhaps hopeless, that the biblical critics of Germany, France, and England might be able to agree upon a common standard, with reference to which all future collations should be made: and although much labour hitherto expended would thereby be partially thrown away, the encouragement given thenceforward to collation in an uniform direction, would soon compensate the immediate loss and disadvantage.

But Dr. Dobbin's labours have not been confined to completing the collation of the Montfort MS.: he has collated some others of which we cannot now make mention, preserving, but not yet publishing the results. The interest, however, of his present publication centres upon a MS. in the Library of Lincoln College, Oxford, 39 of Wetstein, College mark 82. This MS. was presented to the College, in 1483, by Robert Flemmynge, Dean of Lincoln, is written on parchment in a round, clear, and symmetrical hand, and is ascribed by the Rev. H. O. Coxe, a most competent judge, in his Catalogue of Oxford MSS.,

<sup>a</sup> "*The Codex Montfortianus: a Collation of this celebrated MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, throughout the Gospels and Acts, with the Greek Text of Wetstein, and with certain MSS. in the University of Oxford.*" By Orlando T. Dobbin, LL.D., &c. Bagster. 1854.

to the 12th century. It contains the Acts, Catholic and Pauline Epistles in that order, wherein it differs from the Cod. Montf. The Lincoln MS. is in 4to, written in two columns on the page. It is marked by accents, breathings, and stops, but is not divided into the Latin Chapters.—Dobbin, pp. 33, 34. To prove the relationship between the Cod. Montf. and the Lincoln MS., Dr. Dobbin presents the following analysis of the readings of the two, compared with Wetstein and with each other:—

|   |     |       |
|---|-----|-------|
| Readings in which Cod. Montf. and Wetstein disagree .....   | 884 |       |
| Cod. Montf. differs from Linc. MS. ....                     | 414 |       |
|   |     | <hr/> |
| The two MSS. agree .....                                    |     | 470   |
| Of these are words arranged differently from Wetstein ..... | 63  |       |
| Words omitted .....   | 100 |       |
| Words added .....   | 73  |       |
| Homœoteleuta .....  | 3   |       |
| Words differing .....                                       | 231 | 470   |

Dobbin, p. 39.

But a numerical analysis does not convey an adequate view of the evidence for the close relationship of the two MSS., the corresponding readings exhibiting such faults of grammar, orthography, and signification as can only be traced to a servile transcription of the "Codex Lincolnensis." And this conformity is not confined to the Acts, but runs throughout the Epistles, p. 61. Here we must express a regret, that it did not square with Dr. Dobbin's immediate designs to give the results of the collation between the Cod. Montf. and Cod. Linc. through the Epistles, or a portion of them. We perfectly acquiesce, from a knowledge of the mechanical labour which would be involved in their insertion, in Dr. Dobbin's decision to omit the accents in his collations; but we feel that his comparison of these two MSS. is imperfect without it, with reference to the particular conclusion which he seeks to establish. It is probable that the transcriber of the Montfort MS. was no great Greek scholar; and if it could have been shown, even by a *specimen* of the accentuation of the two MSS., that they corresponded in accentual faults, the conclusion that the one is a servile transcription of the other would have been very much confirmed. The result at which we now arrive is this, that "with a resemblance between the two documents so full and pervading, so curious and minute, we should expect to find the classical text of 1 John v. 7, in the parent MS.; but it is wanting in the Lincoln College Codex; therefore its presence in the Montfort MS., is an arbitrary and unauthorized interpolation." That the addition of the text in the recent MS. was made without any fraudulent object or controversial purpose is most probable; the design of perfecting the MS. for private use is quite sufficient to account for it. That the transcriber had this intention of perfecting his MS. for use is evident, from his having added the Latin chapters, which are wanting in the Lincoln MS. The verse however itself, as it stands in the Cod. Montf., is evidently a translation from the Latin; for the article is omitted

before *πατήρ, λόγος* and *πνεῦμα ἅγιον*, because there is no article in Latin; *in terra* is also represented by *ἐν τῇ γῇ* instead of *ἐν τῇ γῆ*, which is just as if a school-girl should translate "in the mountains" into "*dans les montagnes*," instead of "*sur les montagnes*."

We have given a very inadequate view of much interesting matter brought together by Dr. Dobbin in his Introduction; but we can only further express a sincere hope, that he and his publishers, who have in their department so well seconded his purpose, will meet with sufficient support to encourage them in the prosecution of similar designs. We will only add, that we do not esteem the bearing of the text, 1 John, v. 7, as of much, if of any importance, in the Trinitarian controversy. The purpose of the writer is to allege witnesses in confirmation of his assertion; and the unity of witnesses, as far as they are alleged as witnesses, can only be an unity of testimony. At the same time, we think that the internal evidence likewise is against the verse. The reference is to the maxim of the law, Deut. xix. 15, and is a repetition of John, xix. 34, 35; and the sense is perfectly complete, and the argumentative purpose answered, without the interpolated verse. To the modern mind, indeed, the witnesses in verse 8, resolve themselves into the sole evidence of the writer himself; but to the Oriental, there would be a force in this manner of stating a fact, which it does not present to our apprehensions. And, as critics, we should neither ignore modes of thought altogether different from our own, nor seek for mysteries where, when such modes of thought are understood, nothing beyond a plain statement is intended.

Every department of learned research, thought, philosophy, scholarship, in this country supplies itself from German sources, with one signal exception. Tardily, and after much resistance, we have gradually, during the last half century, submitted to learn from Germany, and to discuss after Germany. Theology alone among us drags on an isolated existence, abiding within its own charmed circle into which the thought, the knowledge, the movement, circulating outside cannot penetrate. We not only repudiate results, but we ignore the whole discussion that produces them. German philology has been no less active and prolific in its application to the canonical books, than in any other field of learning or literature; it is therefore quite impossible that such a subject as the history of Christianity,<sup>3</sup> for example, can be properly treated without a full consideration of the new lights thus elicited, and the stores of learning thus brought to bear. To those who are acquainted with what German criticism has done for the early centuries, the English treatment of the same period and of the New Testament writings, appears childish and contemptible. Mr. Mackay, in the volume before us, presents English readers with all the more important results of the German criticism, not only on the earliest, but on the later, development of the Christian idea. A work of this nature was much wanted, and will be highly useful. Mr.

<sup>3</sup> "A Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Christianity." By R. W. Mackay, M.A. Author of "The Progress of the Intellect, as exemplified in the religious development of the Greeks and Hebrews." London: John Chapman. 1854.

## *Theology.*

Mackay has executed his task with great skill; he is profoundly acquainted with the whole German literature of his subject; and he has successfully fused into one continuous and consistent view, the latest results obtained and chief topics treated, by the freest and ablest of the critics of Germany. Summaries and abridgments are apt to be superficial; but Mr. Mackay condenses in such a way as to preserve originality, and present ample data. Indeed his own learning and direct acquaintance with the original documents of the early centuries, enable him to check and modify his immediate modern authorities.

He divides his subject into seven heads. The four first of these treat of the earliest periods, and the origin of the church. A vigorous, but not extreme historical criticism is brought to bear on the written remains of Christian antiquity. The Ethnic and Jewish antecedents, the elements philosophic, or religious, which coalesced in Christianity are first delineated. In Part 2. "The Pauline Controversy and its Issues," the author's abundant knowledge is perhaps more conspicuous than in any other portion. He follows mainly here the view which is supported in detail in Zeller's "Apostel-Geschichte." Christian doctrine, as it appeared about the middle of the second century, was a comprehension or compromise between the lofty spiritualism of St. Paul and the Judaism of the older Apostles. The prevalent Christian doctrine was an improved modification of the Mosiacal. Jew-Christians renounce national prejudices and ritual, while Gentiles, unapt to comprehend the Pauline metaphysical adaptations of Judaism, adopted a Christianity consisting in moral amelioration, rather than in passive justification and mystical atonement; yet was this not an external compromise of passive arrangement, but an inward self-development of Christian feeling, spontaneously extruding the incompatible, and incorporating every extant idea capable of harmonizing with its instincts. A certain quantity of Judaism found itself outside the Church, and thrown in direct opposition to it. The extreme Judaizers themselves quitted the Christian community or were disclaimed by it as Ebionites or Nazarenes. But their heresy consisted not in any peculiar tenets, but in the obstinacy of their orthodoxy, and their refusal to move with the expansion of free sentiment in the general church. On the other side, the emancipation of Christianity from its Jewish fetters, and its presentation to a wider and more educated audience, led to excursions of speculation in an opposite direction; gnosticism hovered on the outer confines of the free and fluctuating Christian opinion, and was the element which would have converted Christianity into a Philosophy, placed it in its widest relation to the universe, and embodied into it the best ideas of the age. But here the Christian movement was arrested; after the middle of the second century Christian thought took up a definite position, between obstinate Judaism on the one hand, and free opinion on the other; and the Church was driven by these antagonists into the Catholic or Petro-Pauline coalition, in which minor differences were sunk as in a league for mutual support.

In tracing (in Part 5) the mode in which, out of the Ebionite and Gnostic Christology, was evolved the dogma on the Incarnation, the

author is hardly so definite and critical as in his history of those earlier speculations themselves. A religion originally purely subjective, was transformed into an objective one. The soul, in its endeavours to bring the divine object of its aspiration nearer to its consciousness, gradually built up that object in the character and attributes of Jesus. The belief of his divinity supplied the connexion between the transcendental Deity of the Old Testament, and the human race; and so became the leading dogma of the religion. At first vaguely felt or surmised, it was afterwards precisely adjudicated; the conception of the attributes of the founder varying with the successive phases of the religion. When Christianity was Judaical, Christ was the son of David, and human; in the Christology of St. Paul we have a midway point; Christ is now the second Adam, whose body was subject to death, but who was also "the pneumatic man" or "quickening spirit" of life. This spiritualizing theory was the first step towards the final hypothesis. The antemundane existence and the divine consubstantiality were the next steps; but while thus interweaving its idea of Christ with cosmical theory, orthodoxy, or rather the more measured views of those who at that day were unconsciously creating orthodoxy, successfully endeavoured to retain Christ as a human Redeemer, "in all things like unto his brethren," in the closest connexion with human sympathies. From this time onwards, Orthodoxy came to consist, in preserving the balance even, between the two Christological alternatives; and Heresy, in like manner, in insisting rigorously and exclusively on the consequences from one or the other of them. From Origen to the close of the Athanasian disputes, the history of orthodox dogma consists in the varying modes in which the two contradictory notions were forced into the ideal coalition. If the Church finally recurred to the formula of the "Homousia," which the prelates in one of the synods of Antioch had formally set aside, it was rather in the interest of tranquillity, than from any superiority which that formula possessed as a mode of escape from the logical dilemma.

While the Eastern church was absorbed in this metaphysical dispute, the Western seemed, like the old Romans, to have relinquished speculation, in order to concentrate its attention on perfecting its government. Eventually, however, it produced a Theology peculiarly its own; elaborating in process of time a doctrine of human nature, which silenced free inquiry on this ground, as completely as the Athanasian dogma had on the other. The Greek church had as its problem the reconciliation of the two incongruous hypotheses, the Divine and the Human natures. The Latin undertook to harmonize the two determining conditions of Moral action, the Eternal will, and Free agency. In this controversy, as in that, a termination, but not a solution, was arrived at. Inquiry was quenched, not satisfied; the great idea of "Authority" arose out of the ruins of speculation; Orthodoxy now rested not on reason, but on power; and The Church trampled remorselessly on the freedom and faculties which dignify man.

As the diplomatic history of the Middle Ages circles round a single object, the power of the Church, so its intellectual history is a record

of the patient labours of reason in the fetters of church-authority. The intellect was never more active than in these ages, when it had resigned the fundamental right of inquiry, and was content to explain, to analyse, to reconcile. Beneath this unnatural slavery it is true, lurked an undeclared and unconscious resistance. With the exercise of reason its consciousness of power revived. By a curious reversal of the former experience, the philosophic activity of the ages of Scholasticism began in submission to, and ended in the overthrow of, the idea of authority: while Greek speculation, which began in freedom, had terminated in the establishment of a spiritual tyranny. The twenty pages which Mr. Mackay devotes to Scholasticism, are not the least interesting part of his work. We are not acquainted with any English book on the subject, which gives, though in such short compass, so neat and consistent a view of the school theologians. The beginnings of Reform are just touched, and only touched, in this volume. The Protestant movement of the 15th-16th century, how determined by the Scholastic epoch, how reopening the still unclosed discussion of first principles, and so bequeathing to a distant age the very problems which had occupied the earliest, might form by itself the subject of another and no less interesting volume than the present.

"Theological Tendencies of the Age,"\* is an Inaugural Lecture delivered by Dr. Tulloch, at his entering the duties of the principal chair of Theology at St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. It is intended to indicate the treatment which Theology will receive at his hands, and we have no doubt will be well received by those who desire to see academical chairs occupied by *safe men*. We do not doubt but that the Professor will see further into his subject hereafter; and it was not to be expected in a preliminary lecture, although the Bible is set up as the sole external authority, that he should determine what is the Bible—What is its general meaning? is it inspired? in what sense? to all? to the enlightened? how enlightened?—with a variety of other questions, before he can settle his unerring objective standard. The style has nowhere any particular merit, and the meaning is sometimes rendered unnecessarily obscure: "How radical a difference," &c.; p. 28.

We should add, that, with an orthodox horror of Popery, on one side, and Rationalism on the other, the tone of the author is temperate, as of a man who means to be candid and desires to be useful.

The author of the "Restoration of Belief"† has, no doubt, heard of the maxim—"Cuique in sua arte credendum"—and seems inclined to enforce its application in his own modest way. He has constituted Deists, Theists, Atheists, and anti-Christian anti-Atheists into his audience; and, like every one "who charges himself with such a task as that of conveying to the intelligence or reason of others a system or

\* "Theological Tendencies of the Age." By Rev. J. Tulloch, D.D. Edinburgh: 1865.—Dr. Tulloch has recently obtained the second of the two Burnett prizes. The corresponding prize was obtained forty years ago by the present Archbishop of Canterbury.

† "The Restoration of Belief." Part III. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1865.

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body of truth—he professes to understand the subject of which he is to treat, and those to whom he speaks must believe that he understands it, they must listen to him on the belief that what he affirms he knows to be demonstrable”—and therefore he “proposes to speak in the undisturbed confidence that his position is good; and that it is impregnable.” (p. 260.) We cannot, without unduly trespassing upon our readers’ time and our own space, give them a reasonably fair impression of the wordiness, incoherence, mingled slip-slop and bombast, which characterize this most pretentious Essay. We will venture, however, upon one exemplification of the entire absence of the logical faculty from this writer. “Strauss, by general acknowledgment, has failed in his endeavour to solve the historic problem of the origin of Christianity, on the assumption that it is false. The same thing stated in other words is this—that the historic and critical argument, on the affirmative side, is found to be irresistible;” (p. 249.) Passing by the looseness with which the word “false” is made to stand for “non-miraculous,” the passage amounts to this: that because Strauss has failed to account by his mythical hypothesis, for the origin of Christianity, naturally, therefore its supernatural origin is proved: yet all which Strauss’s failure in the hypothetical part of his work amounts to is, that he has not succeeded in that particular disproof of the supernatural origin, which would follow from a discovery of the true natural origin: to adopt our author’s word, the false, if it be such, does not become true, because a particular attempt to assign the *αἰτίον τοῦ ψεύδους* has failed. One instance of utter nonsense: “When we have trod the Theistic ground as far as it may be trod, Christianity is ready to collapse upon us, and to challenge us to surrender. And this challenge gets a deeper meaning at each step of our progress.” (p. 253.) We will only further say, that the author’s definition of Christianity is “the Gospel in its plenitude and its amplitude, interpreting itself in its own way, and speaking among men in a tone of authority from which there is no appeal.” (p. 248.) We afterwards find that Christianity is an “unexceptive (?) orthodoxy,” and that the Restoration of Belief, the tirade against Atheism—Voltaire, Strauss, and modern “railroad literature”—resolves itself, as far as at present developed, into an undertaking to breathe life into the dry bones of the Nicene formulary of A.D. 325.

The work which we now proceed to notice,<sup>6</sup> although addressed to controversies of the day, and directed somewhat to the same purpose with the “Restoration of Belief,” is a work of a far higher order: though not without a certain confidence in its tone, and perhaps over-elaborateness in its logic, it is temperate, well-arranged, perspicuous, and close. No one, however he may demur to some of Dr. Alliot’s conclusions, or except to some of his arguments, can have reason to complain of any offensiveness on his part towards those from whom he

<sup>6</sup> “Psychology and Theology: or, Psychology applied to the Investigation of Questions relating to Religion, Natural Theology, and Revelation.” By Richard Alliot, LL.D., Professor of Theology and Mental Philosophy, Western College, Plymouth. Jackson and Walford. 1855.

differs. The design of this course of lectures is to show the relation of Psychology to Religion, Theology, and Revelation. If the cultivation of the science of mind were not at the low ebb that it is in this country, it would have been unnecessary to argue, as Dr. Allcott feels himself obliged to do in his Introductory Lecture, the value of mental philosophy to the science of Religion, which by its very definition implies a mental experience; or to the science of God and of Revelation, which requires a knowledge of the laws of mental cognizance, and of the relations between the human subject and that which is external to him. In respect to religious feeling, Dr. Allcott decides in the negative, against Schleiermacher and Morell, that it has its source in man from a specific faculty or susceptibility; he decides also in the negative on the question, whether the will has a self-determining power, that is, irrespective of motive? We think on this latter point something is to be desired in the second Lecture, both to bring out further the necessary presence of *preponderating* motive to each act of volition, and to illustrate the *genesis* of motives, or of that state of mind on which depends the force of motives relatively to a particular agent. Proceeding next to consider the origin of our idea of God, the supposition that it is in any sense innate is rejected, as also that it is owing to an immediate supersensual intuition; it is proved that the idea of cause is empirically acquired, and that the attributes of Eternity and Infinity, ascribed to the First Cause, are of a negative character.\* It is next shown sufficiently, that the testimony of consciousness concerning an external object must be true relatively to the conscious subject, and shown with somewhat less distinctness, that it must be true concerning external objects, at least proportionately to their differences *inter se*. But the hinge on which the whole subsequent part of the Essay is to turn, and in fact the most difficult and important part of the whole, namely, that the First Cause is possessed of will and consciousness, is passed over far too slightly. For if energies which produce effects be, according to Dr. Allcott's division, either spontaneous or voluntary, the author has by no means proved that the Energies of the First Cause, however various their effects, may not be spontaneous and necessarily springing from the constitution of his nature. It seems probable, that the instinctive energies of other living beings than ourselves, which are powers and causes relatively, are in no sense the result of motivated will; nor, to confine ourselves to our own psychology, are we justified in saying, that those actions which spring from will are more perfect, or, so far, imply a greater perfection in their subject, than those which are spontaneous; nay, there are indications, that actions which, in a rudimental condition of the agent, issue from motivated will, tend, as his nature perfects itself, to become spontaneous. At all events, this part of his subject has not received from Dr. Allcott that attention which it requires, as we think will be obvious to himself when he reconsiders the following statement: "If, then, all actions of God necessarily spring from the constitution of his nature, and he has no power of control over them, there can be no variety in the effects produced. What is produced at one time must be produced at every time, and what is produced in one place must be produced in every place." (p. 174.) Surely



if the conditions under which the Divine Energy acts, and with which it is co-extensive, are indefinitely various, its action, though spontaneous, may produce an indefinite variety of results. If we could here give this work the examination which it deserves, we should have to bring before Dr. Alliott's notice, that he has not distinguished, in Lecture V., between the super-natural and contra-natural, nor recognised that miracle can only be such relatively to the human observer; that there can be nothing supernatural, *à parte Dei*; and that the whole argument on the subject of miracles, on one side and the other, must shortly be re-cast. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that Dr. Alliott felt himself obliged to include so much as he has done within the scope of his work: for, though the subject of inspiration fairly comes within it, he has been thus led to pronounce himself, in respect to it, with the most perfect good faith, no doubt, in favour of a theory of inspiration of thought and suggestion, "in reference merely to the great facts, doctrines, and duties of Christianity, and only to details so far as they affect such doctrines, facts and duties." Let Dr. Alliott endeavour for his own satisfaction, to verify his theory by running his pen, from the commencement of St. Matthew to the end of Revelation, through details unimportant, discrepancies, colourings of the several writers, arguments, allusions, rhetorical figures, illustrations. Upon what principle will he deal with such a writing as the Epistle to the Hebrews? how judge of its genuineness, of its inspiration at all? where draw the line between great facts and doctrines of Christianity and arguments and applications uninspired, suggested by the immediate purpose of the writer, or by his own natural prepossessions and modes of thought? But it is no discredit to Dr. Alliott not to have been able, in the compass of a moderate volume, to exhaust so many subjects as those which he has embraced. He has more than justified his proposition, that the study of mental philosophy is of the highest importance to the science of Religion and Theology; and his work deserves to be well received, not only by members of his own communion, but by thoughtful persons of all Christian denominations.

It does not appear to have occurred to the author of "Bible Doctrines in Bible Facts,"<sup>7</sup> that the expression "Bible Facts" is capable of being understood in a variety of senses. He simply understands by it the facts of the Bible according to a mere literal interpretation, and without the application of any critical tests whatever. And he concludes, that "it has pleased God to lay in his word the historical foundations of those things he would have us most surely believe and lay hold of. Our religion is a religion of facts. Its doctrines are fact-doctrines--its creed is a fact-creed." (p. 348.) The book is written in an amiable spirit, and no controversial asperities are permitted to appear in it.

"Sermons by the Rev. A. P. Mendes,"<sup>8</sup> are the production of an earnest and sincere person, and show the vitality of that faith which

<sup>7</sup> "The Doctrines of the Bible developed in the Facts of the Bible." By the Rev. Geo. Lewis. Edinburgh: 1854.

<sup>8</sup> "Sermons." By the Rev. A. P. Mendes. London: Chapman. 1855.

has preserved the Jewish race for so many ages intact in the midst of the nations. Mr. Mendes is opposed to the liberal movement among some of the "people" in Germany and elsewhere, which spiritualizes a large portion of the Old Testament, surrenders the hope of the advent of a personal Messiah, and would be content, for convenience sake, to observe the first day of the week as Sabbath instead of the seventh. The general purpose of the sermons is to bring home to the understanding and feelings of his people, the significance, in a religious and moral sense, of various passages in their law and ceremonial. We have not observed any peculiarity in Mr. Mendes' English, except his use of the word "defilation" for "defilement."

"Thoughts to Help and to Cheer."<sup>9</sup> There are helpful and cheerful things in this second series, and not the less so from their subdued tone, and the serious aspect under which the author looks out on the life of man. A staff is most valued when the way is rugged, and a mere gleam telling of a distant home is more welcome to the benighted traveller, than the broad glare of day to those who flout in it. The design of the work is practical, and it deserves to be popular with those who desire to pass through this life as not setting too much store by it for itself.

"Fabiola"<sup>10</sup> comes under the class of religious novels, but is not offensively or very ostensibly polemic. It does not pretend to do more than represent a few scenes from the martyr-period of the Church, taken from the Roman point of view; the story being mainly founded on the legends of St. Agnes and St. Sebastian. If the tale is from the pen of the eminent person to whom it is attributed, he is a far better judge than we can be of the probable effect of this little work upon those for whom it is intended. He has no doubt considered that the cause of his church will not lose by divesting his saints of their *nimbi*, and causing them to walk and talk in some degree like common people. But we rather feel for ourselves, that they are thus made too human and not human enough. We feel little interest in Sebastian until the arrow-scene, and then not so much as in the story of Prexaspes or of Tell. His last outbreak upon the Emperor clearly puts him in the wrong. Agnes appears in the drama as a crazy girl in white. Nevertheless, whether saint, or crazy, or both, happier far, so martyred, than many a bride of the same Bridegroom, the flowers of whose spiritual crown have faded, before those of her earthly crown have fallen away; who has felt herself espoused but not wedded; before whose eyes, as before those of widows, the image of Him, who was to be the only and the full-beloved one for ever, grows fainter and feebler day by day, and who is tortured by the alternative, that either once she was possessed by a brief delirium, or is now guilty of a life-long sin. We regret that the dissimulation practised by primitive Christians, such as the concealment of her religion on the part of a wife from her husband, is justified on the authority of Tertullian (pp. 72, 73), and that the author does not perceive, that in such a case the *suppression*

"Thoughts to Help and to Cheer." Second Series. Boston. 1855.

"Fabiola; or, the Church of the Catacombs." London: Burns. 1855.

*veri* is equal to the *suggestio falsi*; and we should be sorry to think, that even to this day there should be left an untruthfulness in the Roman religious conscience, an evil residuum, from times of ancient persecutions, or from mediæval struggles between Popes and Emperors, Church and State.

We fear that in this country the chief interest excited upon the Philosophumena and Hippolytus controversy, has turned upon a Protestant greediness to believe that some blot has been hit in the page of Popery; that some flaw has been discovered in his infallibility; that on tracing the Roman Euphrates to near its source, it has been found to issue from a puddle. But even if the Philosophumena belong to Hippolytus, as they probably do, and if he were a bishop at Rome, and if he were a better and more learned man than Callistus, and if he were a stickler for orthodoxy even against Popes, our Protestant will gain little by the issue. His Roman adversary will remind him, that if Callistus, afterwards Pope, was born a slave, we should therein behold the triumph of Roman Christianity; if he was a defaulter to his master, it was because he had been cheated by the Jews; if he was summoned before the Prefect and whipped for disturbing the Jews' conventicle, behold the spirit which crucified his master; if in shame and despair he attempted his life, it was the hand of Providence which preserved him for a high destiny; if Callistus never put pen to paper, and Hippolytus was an able pamphleteer, "the weak things of the world confound the things that are mighty:" nay, if Hippolytus was a bishop, he was a schismatical and excommunicate one; if his doctrine even was more conformable to subsequent standards than that of Zephyrinus and Callistus, his was not the truth for that time or in that order: and if Hippolytus suffered for the faith and has been esteemed a saint, it is an evidence of the comprehensiveness of the Church and of the efficacy of martyrdom. But apart from theological squabbles, it is with a kind of emotion that one is able to disinter, as it were, the dry bones of the dead from calendars and catalogues, and to give them flesh and skin, and to see them live and talk before us, doing their own acts and using their own words. But for the especial purpose of a history of the formation of dogma, the Philosophumena, as the product of their time and place, are of a more philosophical interest; and so Dr. Volkmar's "*Hippolytus*"<sup>11</sup> forms the first part of a history of heresy previous to the Nicænum. Dr. V. has freely availed himself of the labours of others who have trodden the same ground recently, appropriating or setting aside their materials and their results with singular acuteness and felicity, and addressing himself in particular to apply a corrective from time to time to Dr. Döllinger's views on the Romish side. Dr. V. is not free from the fault of desiring to make his theory embrace every fact which lies at all near him, and of forcing the most unlikely facts to work up with a "*nicht unmöglich*" into his theory. In estimating the peculiarity of the Roman creed in the Hippolytus period, regard should be had to a native antagonism to the Pagan

<sup>11</sup> "*Hippolytus und die römischen Zeitgenossen.*" Von Dr. G. Volkmar. Zurich. 1855.

idolatry, of a much rougher kind than the speculation of Noëtus; the confession "I believe in one God Jesus Christ," is not necessarily Patripassian; it is in itself a profession of faith in one man-god, in opposition to the many man-gods of the Pagans; the relation of that man-god to the supreme Author and Father of all, opened an infinity of further questions, not immediately present to the minds of many of that age and place. Certainly that formula would combine on the one side with Noëtianism, Patripassianism, or Sabellianism. On the other side it would consist with the doctrine of a  $\text{Logos} = \text{θεὸς πρὸς τὸν θεόν}$ . Here meets us therefore, as on so many other points, the inquiry so vital to the Christian dogma, of the origin of the fourth gospel. Is it a part of the original and central fact-system of Christianity, or evidence, phenomenon, and effect of its action? We may amuse ourselves for a moment in reflecting upon the probable form of Roman doctrine, had Hippolytus not learnt the *Logos* doctrine from his master Irenæus, and so laid the foundation, though personally overborne, of theological orthodoxy at Rome.

Dr. C. Hase, in a recent letter to Dr. F. C. von Baur,<sup>12</sup> of modest size and courteous tone, addresses himself to show, in reference to various critiques upon his own works, that he occupies a clear and defined position, on the ground of the critical investigation of the *Christian Origines*, relatively to the Tübingen school. On the principal point of recent interest, he excepts against the conclusion which throws the origin of the fourth gospel into the middle of the second century, at the same time that he recognizes the differences between that gospel and the Synoptics. He acknowledges, indeed, that the evidence from ecclesiastical antiquity is not conclusive to its Johannean origin, and that the internal evidence is capable of leading to opposite results; but he reminds the Tübingen critics, that they had until lately thrown the fourth gospel to the end of the second century, on the assumption that it could not have been known to the author of the Clementine Homilies, whereas it now appears from the reference to the miracle of the man born blind, in the recently discovered portion of them, that it was. Nothing, indeed, can be more fallacious than the undertaking to prove or disprove the genuineness of a book solely from internal evidence; but the case of the fourth gospel is in many respects a very distinct one from that of the Synoptics; for by whomsoever they were compiled, the alternative is not presented of crediting irreconcilable or prodigious statements, or else attributing a *mala fides* to the authors; not even is this the case with Luke. But, with regard to the fourth gospel, the author is either an eye-witness or is falsely personating one. Either therefore, its authority is immeasurably above that of the Synoptics, or altogether below them. The setting of an assumed name on the title of a compilation, might not be inconsistent with a truthful intent; but to personate falsely a chief actor in events described, and to vouch for them as eye-witness, renders the whole narrative of such an author unworthy of credit, and is not lightly to be

<sup>12</sup> "Die Tübinger Schule," Sendschreiben an Herrn Dr. v. Baur, von Dr. K. Hase. Leipzig. 1855.

supposed of any author. Notwithstanding, even in the narrative of an eye-witness, there may be events related to which the voucher does not apply, which may be discredited, without impeaching the narrator's veracity in those cases for which he vouches. Thus the finding of the sepulchre vacant, as related John, xx. 1-8, and the passage in the same chapter, ver. 19-29, stand on an entirely different footing from that of the angelic appearance to Mary, ver. 11-18. And in the same chapter likewise are instances, ver. 9, and ver. 31, of inference, opinion, or conviction on the part of the author, which might likewise be erroneous, consistently with his veracity. Dr. Hase, however, maintains the genuineness of the fourth gospel, which he considers to have been written late in the Apostle's lifetime, and he does not feel the introduction of the Logos doctrine in any degree irreconcilable with the truthfulness of the historic part of the narrative; while he considers Dr. Baur and his followers altogether unauthorized in assuming, that the Logos doctrine could not have been developed, in some minds at least, as early as the end of the first century. With respect to the miraculous part of the narrative, Dr. Hase, receiving as perfectly reliable the accounts of the Apostle concerning the *phenomena* which he witnessed, adopts the solution of occult or unascertained natural influences, and such, especially of a healing nature, he considers to have belonged to Christ himself: while his resuscitation, and that of Lazarus, he imagines to have been recoveries from a state of apparent death.

A second edition of "Hävernicks Handbuch"<sup>13</sup> revised by Dr. Keil, is in progress, and may be recommended to English students who wish to enter more deeply into the critical study of the Old Testament than they can with the help of the meagre introductions to be met with in English, and at the same time to be safe from *German Neology*. The principles of the author, whose work first appeared in 1835, and of his present editor, are reactionary against the destructive kritik of Semler, Eichhorn, and De Wette.

We recommend to the attention of feeble Protestant preachers on this side of the water, a small volume of able sermons by M. Athanase Coquerel,<sup>14</sup> fils, of Paris. He tells us in his preface to them, that he has felt the evil of detaching a text from its chapter, and of rearing upon a few words a system of dogma or a scheme of morality; of making it say, what the words indeed will bear, but not what the words in their context really mean. The necessity for carrying the open Bible into the pulpit, as M. Coquerel expresses himself, is more necessary perhaps in France than here, where the Bible, for that matter, is open enough; but English preachers likewise would do well to found their discourses rather upon the *bona fide* *argueis* of a chapter, or ample passage, than upon an artificial division of a few words. A preacher dealing with an entire section, is not so able to blink difficulties, as if he selects a

<sup>13</sup> "Hävernicks Handbuch der b. k. Einleitung" in das A. T." Zweite Auflage von Dr. Carl Fr. Keil, Frank. a. M. und Erlangen. 1854.

<sup>14</sup> "Homéliea." Par Athanase Coquerel, Fils, Pasteur Suffragant de l'Eglise Réformée de Paris. Paris. 1855.

single verse for his text; he will soon find, that his moral application will in no wise *tell*, if to the intellects and feelings of nine-tenths of his audience his exposition has appeared insincere or silly. In the discourses before us, M. Coquerel takes care to clear his way by a comprehensive view of a considerable context, and where the passage is figurative, by a bold resolution of the figures employed, into their appropriate meaning. He thus leaves no reserve between himself and his hearers, when he comes to appeal to their moral nature, which he does with earnestness, sincerity, and force, permitting them no subterfuge or screen behind which to shelter themselves, as though their fate were not practically in their own hands. The design of M. Coquerel's discourses is not controversial, but he has felt himself in the presence of two theological extremes, of the Romanist and of the Calvinistic. Thus a sermon, on Matt. xvi. 18-20, has a bearing on the Romish controversy, and one on Luke xvi. 19, 20, to which we shall confine our few remaining observations, is directed against some of the horrors of Calvinism. M. Coquerel is sensible, that a doctrine concerning two sharply defined and irrevocable conditions in another world, does not point to such a sequel as is required by the present condition of man on earth: to say nothing of the exclusion, according to Calvinism, of all but the *elect* from interest in the future promises, the mass of men are too good for a hopeless Hell, and too bad for a perfect Heaven. But M. Coquerel finds himself here also, though he does not expressly refer to it, face to face with the Romish system, which has adapted itself to the moral sense of mankind, by providing a purgatory for the imperfect faithful, and a *limbus* for the unconverted. Although the Romish purgatory is interpolated in the wrong place, that is, before the judgment instead of after it, although it be untenable upon authority of Scripture, although encumbered and implicated with other doctrines open to farther objection on their own score, we do not hesitate to say that, as an alternative to the Calvinistic hypothesis, it approves itself to men's necessary conceptions of the Divine justice, their consciousness of their own internal moral condition, and to their natural affections. Many a heart-broken parent and fond friend, within the Roman communion, when mourning over the death of the prodigal and the reprobate, have thanked God and their Church, that they have not had to sorrow for the eternal fate of the departed even as the Calvinist, who in like cases "has no hope."

M. Coquerel is anxious to find some scriptural authority for his view on this subject, and he finds it, strangely enough, where the Romanist finds his purgatory, namely, in the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. We cannot think that our author is here quite consistent with himself, or that his application of this passage will stand. He observes, with perfect truth, that in this, as in all other parables, which are apologues constructed for the sake of elucidating and enforcing a religious or moral truth, the form of the *vehicle* is not to be pressed: he considers also the form of this particular parable to have been borrowed from the Jewish theology, representing accordingly a divided state of the *School*. But he thinks, that in the mouth of Christ, the "bosom of Abraham" and the "flame of fire," signify respectively, Heaven and

Hell: and he infers, because, when in torment, the rich man is bidden to "remember," and is represented as not without feeling for his brethren yet on earth, that even among the damned there is place for the wicked to become better than they were on the earth. "Une condamnation efficace, un enfer utile, des souffrances destinées à toucher les cœurs, des châtimens destinés à ramener, voilà l'enfer du christianisme, celui que le Fils de Dieu lui-même fait connaître dans cette parabole."—p. 152. He considers that the future state, like the present, will present a progress from bad to good, and from good to better. But we think, that if no better scriptural foundation can be found for views concerning the future state, which approve themselves to many thoughtful minds, and which are nowhere contradicted by Scripture, it would be better to rest them on the broad grounds of natural theology, and of the observed nature and constitution of man, than to force out of Scripture, of which the predictions reach only to the solemn close of our present ævum, revelations concerning that which shall be from age to age.

Monnard. "*Du Droit et du Devoir.*"<sup>15</sup> This is a prize Essay on a subject proposed by the Society of Public Utility of Geneva. "Right and duty being considered as the bases of moral conduct, to ascertain what are the respective offices of the two powers, for the good of individuals and the happiness of communities." The author brings out well on the whole the distinction between "right," which is the offspring of social relation, and "duty," which has its root in the "self:" also between "right" and "rights," the former of which is the just, relatively to the agent, and the latter relatively to the recipient. In further developing the distinction between "right" and "duty," the former is seen to be embodied in laws, and takes cognizance of overt acts: it is external: duty takes cognizance of motives, and is an internal principle. Hence legal obligations and moral duties stand not in opposition, but in contrast. But inasmuch as in an artificial and highly organized society law attempts to regulate, defensively at least, almost all external relations between man and man, those whose moral sensitiveness is of low degree are led to bound the circle of their moral duties by the limits of their legal obligations. And therefore M. Monnard says, that the orbit traced for society by its Author lies between the poles of duty and right. We should rather say, that the rights of individuals and the rights of the public, the rights of self and the rights of others, are the respective poles of society, in its hard and merely mundane condition; but that the duties owing to self and those owing to others are the poles of society, according to a higher idea, dreamt of by philosophers and philanthropists, and traced out by the Founder of the Christian Society, but never as yet realized upon earth, and only not hopeless because we know not how long the human experiment has to run. Revolutions fail, says M. Monnard, from not taking duty into account; they are confined to political objects, that is, instrumental and merely material ends, from not duly considering the moral nature

<sup>15</sup> "*Du Droit et du Devoir.*" Par Ch. Monnard, Prof. ord. à l'Université de Bonn. Geneva. Paris. 1854.

of man. And we may add, that it is evidently not sufficient for the happiness of a people, or for the stability of a form of government, that a constitution be devised, wherein the complicated rights and range of action of its several powers are accurately defined, if there is absent from it, and from its functionaries severally, a sense of duty. The next best security to a sense of duty in the governors is their sensibility to public opinion: and it may well happen, that a government less popular in its form may be more amenable to public opinion, and to the moral sense of humanity, than one which is theoretically perfect in the balanced powers of its constitution; but which has no heart, no centre of life beating with a conscience of duty, or which can be effectually touched by praise and blame.

Mr. Bohn continues his Ecclesiastical series with the "History of Sozomen,"<sup>16</sup> which, with the "Eusebius" already published, completes the period from the commencement of the Christian era to A.D. 440. There is added to the "Sozomen" the Photian Epitome of Philostorgius, now first translated into English, and pleasantly done by Mr. Ed. Walford. Mr. Bohn also presents the English reader with the works of Philo.<sup>17</sup> In this translation there is something occasionally to be desired on the score of scholarship and elegance; but it gives, on the whole, a very sufficient representation of an author whose works throw great light on the origin of some parts of the Christian dogma, and whose principles of exegesis, though not his particular interpretations, are still applicable to many portions of the Old Testament.

## POLITICS AND EDUCATION.

OXFORD is but seldom exoteric in her teaching; too seldom, we fancy, for any special action on the life which surges about that cloistral calm of hers so tumultuously. Her culture is stamped with a jealous seal of freemasonry; her activity lies in the shadow of the actual; her influence is essentially chronic in its nature. But in these troublous days the deeps are shaken; and at length the Aristotelian "*placidum caput*" is beginning to emerge. A volume of "Lectures"<sup>18</sup> from the Oxford chair of political economy, on the ever-recurring question of "population," is one of several grateful symptoms of this resuscitation. Indeed, it is one of the most pertinent contributions to the political literature of the quarter. In the same lucid style of exposition which marked Professor Rickards' former lectures, it aims at demonstrating a truth, certainly not novel, but which many in these

<sup>16</sup> "The Ecclesiastical History of Sozomen, comprising a History of the Church, from A.D. 324 to A.D. 440. Translated from the Greek, with a Memoir of the Author." London: Bohn. 1855.

<sup>17</sup> "The Works of Philo-Judæus, the contemporary of Josephus, translated from the Greek." By U. D. Yonge, B.A. 3 vols. London: Bohn. 1855.

<sup>18</sup> "Population and Capital; being a Course of Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford in 1853-4." By George K. Rickards, M.A., Professor of Political Economy. London: Longman & Co. 1854.



populous times will be glad to have thus clearly approved to their vaguely apprehensive convictions. The conclusion we mean we will leave the author to enunciate for himself. He says :—

“Rejecting the assumption opposed to facts, and replete with anomalies and contradictions, that ‘population has a tendency to increase in a greater ratio than subsistence,’ we establish, as the law of social progress, the converse principle, that *the productive power of a community tends to increase more rapidly than the number of consumers.*”

Although holding this proposition to be true in the main, *i.e.*, so far as a dozen words, including the ambiguity “tends” can exactly convey a general law, we think that the author in framing it has glanced too exclusively backwards to the last half-century of England’s experience, however his volume may seem to show America, with all its new economical data, to have been embraced in his horizon. In support of this position, Professor Rickards takes fitting occasion to be just to a name which has waited long in the gloomy outside of prejudice and ill-grounded hate. Indeed, his arguments do not aim so much at overthrowing the basis of the theory of Malthus, as at scientifically correcting its premises and gratefully humanizing its harsh conclusions. He maintains that there is a law of population which pliantly adapts its growth to the various stages of a progressive species—to an age of barbarism no less than to an age of the highest refinement; and that just as the pressure of physical scourges declines, the more beautiful, yet no less adequate, restraint of moral and social influences begins. But in attributing this gradual limitation of excess to the mere operation of civilizing elements, we think Mr. Rickards has shorn his argument of its proper force, as he has failed to examine the law suggested by the organic phenomena of reproduction—the law by which the power of multiplying the species is found to vary inversely with the power of preserving the life of the individual. To demonstrate an inherent necessity is more satisfactory than any appeal to ameliorated aspects of society, which constitute but a variable result of civilization. Our author may have considered the existence of such a regulating power somewhat doubtful, but, professedly devoting much space to the history of the argument, to notice such a theory could not have been superfluous. This we regard as an error of omission; and to point out a solitary instance of an opposite kind, we can hardly believe (despite Mr. Rickards’ assurances) that the fallacy is still alive which his first lecture puts upon the rack for the fiftieth time—the doctrine that individual extravagance is a gain to the community, or that “private vices are public benefits.” On the whole, however, we must regard this volume as an acceptable boon to those young economists who stumble for the first time on the sombre threshold of Malthus. The author has enriched his own speculations by a liberal study of later authorities, (not forgetting Transatlantic labours), and in his evident acquaintance with Bastiat seems to have caught that writer’s grace of style and felicity of illustration. It will give him a novel claim among political economists.

Of a very different character from these thoughtful and spirited lec-

tures, is the "Natural History of Labour,"<sup>2</sup> by Mr. Leopold Besser. Quaint enough in its title, and labelled, to boot, with the sibylline dictum, "Poverty or Labour," this is still but a dull and diluted volume. There is, it is true, a grand simplicity of conclusion, here and there, which savours of the same enlarged conception of which we presume these vast alternatives were born; but we will leave the reader to judge whether this is a happy accident, when we inform him, that the only panacea Mr. Besser would advise for the social maladies of these latter days is, the simultaneous adoption of a "two-children system." We should have said the chief remedy is this; but, if we are not diminishing from the sweeping sufficiency of this discovery, we should add, that the author would further concentrate these small, but happy families, by separating the occupations of towns and villages, and preventing any light-minded change of residence by their inhabitants. We need not say that, to accomplish this isolation, he would use legal barriers of the most approved efficiency. Mr. Besser looks on emigration with favour; and in view of such an outlet into fertile but untrodden tracts, we wonder how any man can indulge in the chimera of a more than local over-population—so contrary to facts, and to the idea of a well-ordered universe—and sit down complacently to balance the probable gain to society from an enlightened prosecution of a "two-children system."

A "History of the English Poor-Law,"<sup>3</sup> by Sir George Nicholls, gives us, contrary to the modern fashion, far more than its title seems to promise. It is not limited to any dry detail of enactments, with the dates of their passing and amending; but continuously presents the special subject in its connexion with the national history, and its organic growth but of general developments of society. To use the author's words—

"All enactments affecting the industrious classes, or bearing materially upon the condition of the people, are regarded as partaking more or less of the nature of a Poor-Law; every such enactment being intended, if not actually calculated, to prevent the occurrence and spread of poverty, or else to apply a remedy wherever poverty existed in such a form or to such an extent, as to be a nuisance or source of danger to the community."

Written with such a scope, in a style almost uniformly concise, and by a man who has long applied his energies to the execution of the existing law, and been a steady advocate of reform, this book has strong *à priori* claims to attention. Indeed, a *real* history of this nature forms a proper basis for argument, whatever our foregone conclusions—whether we admire the Union system or not; whether we regard the relief of poverty only as a removal of what would otherwise be "a nuisance or source of danger;" or, lastly, whether we entertain

<sup>2</sup> "Die Naturgeschichte der Arbeit, als Grundlage für die volkswirthschaftlichen Disciplinen." Von Leopold Besser. Armuth oder Arbeit. Leipzig: Engelmann. 1855.

<sup>3</sup> "A History of the English Poor-Law, in connexion with the Legislation and other circumstances affecting the Condition of the People." By Sir George Nicholls, K.C.; Late Poor-Law Commissioner and Secretary to the Poor-Law Board. In Two Volumes. London: John Murray. 1854.

a hope that institutions are not impossible which, by affording greater facilities for the acquisition of property, might raise large numbers of fellow-creatures to a higher level of knowledge, morality, and humanity, and, so to speak, abolish pauperism by tending to reduce its causes to those inherent in the nature of things alone. "In every country," says the author, "and in all states of society, destitution has existed, and from the nature of things, will ever continue to exist." This we are far from denying. Differences of talent, of energy, of longevity, of bodily constitution, are causes, inseparable from the nature of things, which must ever tend to reduce men to poverty; but does not a "destitute class" of from 4.8 to 6 per cent. of the population argue something defective in the organization of society—a proportion which does not include all those who are desperately struggling to shun official help, nor those who are relieved and kept alive by private charity? Moreover, is the guarantee against crime which the present Poor-Law contains, so cheaply bought by 500,000*l.* yearly? and is the degradation which its operation entails—degradation which reacts on the whole framework of society—so inevitable that we should not look out for fairer means of meeting the evil? Lastly, could there be no better incentives to work found slumbering in human nature than the harsh repulsiveness aimed at in the present manner of relief?

It is gratifying to find a man of Sir George Nicholl's practical experience contending for codification and for the abolition of the law of settlement. The latter of these measures should precede, in order to purge the "*rudis indigataque moles*" of much useless incumbrance. Our English tenacity for existing institutions has never been more marked than with regard to this unfortunate law. Mr. Baines observed in Parliament "that from the time of Charles II. downwards, he could not find a single writer or speaker of reputation who defended the principle of settlement, which, on the contrary, had been condemned by authorities of the most respectful consideration." Among these authorities are Adam Smith, Mr. Pitt, and Committees of the House of Commons from 1735 to 1847. Yet still the "*glebæ adscripti*" are expensively restored to their local habitation.

"Free-Trade in Land" is the title of a pamphlet intended to advocate the measure brought forward lately by Mr. Locke King to make the land of intestates devolve like the personalty under the Statutes of Distribution. This is accompanied by a summary of arguments and statistics in favour of subdivision of land among a peasant population. There is not much that is new in the pamphlet, and it is loosely written, and full of grammatical blunders. But it is evidently the production of an honest thinker, warmly interested in his subject. Its main fault is, that it contains no estimate of the effect of the change desired upon the actual England of the present day, apart from the abstract advisability of the alteration. England

\* "Free-Trade in Land: an Inquiry into the Social and Commercial Influence of the Laws of Succession and the System of Entails, as affecting the Land, the Farmer, and the Labourer: with Observations on the Transfer of Land." By James Leal. London: John Chapman. 1855.

is passing year by year more decidedly under the sway of the middle classes. That this sway is something very different from that of the bourgeoisie of Louis Philippe is greatly owing to the influence of the aristocracy. It may be that hereafter this state of things should be exchanged for the rule of the masses under the influence of the middle classes, and subdivision of land may be the proper means to effect this. But this leads us into many complex problems, social and political; and if no attempt is made to solve or even to state them, we gain little by reading declamatory pamphlets like that before us.

The subject of registration of lands, so important to all who have land to buy or sell, forms a fertile theme for pamphlets by lawyers; and any means whereby the cost of the transfer of land could be lessened is of such great social interest, that these pamphlets will attract the attention of many besides professional readers. We have two now before us; one by Mr. Goodeve, entitled "*Shall we Transfer our Lands by Register?*"<sup>5</sup> and the other, entitled, "*Shall we Simplify our Titles?*"<sup>6</sup> The latter is a pamphlet of great ability and originality, and is evidently written by an author who is master of his subject. The purpose of Mr. Goodeve is to raise objections to the plan of registration, and his arguments are more or less valid against most of the schemes hitherto laid before the public. But they do not appear to us to touch the plan proposed in the rival pamphlet. And we think this plan may be comprehended even by persons uninitiated in conveyancing. It is proposed that every deed of transfer shall contain the name of a person having absolute power to sell the property transferred. The name of this person, together with the names of the parties to the transfer and the description of the property transferred, would be entered on the register. When the new owner of the property wished in his turn to convey it to another, all that would be necessary would be, that the person on the register should appear by the register to substitute in his place another representative of the estate. The object of all this is, that if the persons on the register were shown to have concurred in the transmission, of which the register itself would furnish proof, the title would be clear and indisputable. Thus the heavy expense of investigating the title would be avoided; and it is this expense which forms the heaviest item in the cost of selling or mortgaging land. Of course every person appearing on the register would be bound to see that the interests of no one claiming under the deed by which he was appointed, should be prejudiced by his act. But this would rest between them and him, and third persons would only have to ascertain the fact, not the propriety, of his concurrence. The plan is accompanied by an ingenious system protecting the real owners of the property against improper transfer; but to give any notion of the mode in which it is intended to work would carry us too far into legal minutiae.

<sup>5</sup> "*Shall we Transfer our Lands by Register? A Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the Contemplated Transfer of Land by Register.*" By Joseph Goodeve, Esq. London: Bruning and Co. 1854.

<sup>6</sup> "*Shall we Simplify our Titles?*" By a Conveyancing Barrister. London: Wily and Sons. 1854.

The institutions and principles of the "British Commonwealth" have found a clear and high-minded commentator in Mr. Homersham Cox. The author is right when saying that he could find no single and convenient treatise of parallel scope in our political or educational literature—no book in which "the modern principles of the British constitution are systematically discussed and elucidated by reference to the actual state and numerous institutions of our Government." We could have wished a larger historical element in his pages, seeing that the book may come to second the efforts of school and collegiate instructors in this growing feature of English education; but, on the whole, Mr. Cox's task has been well and faithfully executed. His style is vigorous and precise, and sometimes, as on pauperism and the urgent need of remedying its evils, on the importance of the British colonies, and on the influences of secret diplomacy, it glows with delightful earnestness and vitality. The following passage may give an idea of our author's breadth and earnestness of conviction:

"Again, there are those who, admitting the doctrine of a social compact to be abstractedly true, urge that it is a dangerous doctrine, and ought therefore to be concealed. I am more concerned to ascertain what is true than what is deemed safe, considering the security which depends on the suppression of truth to be unsubstantial and delusive. If the promulgation of the principle of a social compact be dangerous to a government, the danger is the fault of the government, not of the principle. A government which has a right sense of its duties, has no reason to fear because its subjects deem it responsible. It is only the unfaithful steward who denies his stewardship."

In giving the author all the credit which is due to his labours, we are not prepared to follow him in all his views. Indeed, we differ with him at the outset on a point which he has rightly shown to be an essential one in his inquiry into the duties of a Government. That these duties are comprehended in the "Principles of Morality and Wealth," or in other words, that a care for the moral and material welfare of its citizens forms the prime and complete duty of a Government, we are far from admitting. There is no more easy approach to that "paternal Government" which the author wisely deprecates, than so liberal a scope as this. Indeed, it is a *carte blanche* which may be very variously filled and empowered. While Mr. Cox asserts that "the happiness of mankind is the general object of Government," and yet attacks the "greatest happiness principle" of Bentham, because no "measure of happiness" is assigned, he might have come by one step further to something like a solution of the antagonism. He might have recognised the truth that happiness is essentially individual, and therefore does not admit of measure; and that the only way in which Governments can promote the "happiness of mankind" is by removing all impediments to the individual search after happiness. Each man knows best what is good for him. This position removes in theory all other duties save this—to ensure security for the fullest and freest individual development.

<sup>7</sup> "The British Commonwealth; or a Commentary on the Institutions and Principles of British Government." By Homersham Cox, M.A., Fellow of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, &c. London: Longman and Co. 1854.

A little, unassuming volume of "Political Sketches,"\* by Dr. Carl Retslag, contains, without any aid of typographical embellishment, and in a style somewhat unused as yet to the shackles of a foreign idiom, some fruit of honest thought and observation. The writer was a young professor of philosophy in the University of Rostock, when, a few years ago, the setting-in tide of absolutism drove him an exile to our shores, with so many other worthy and gifted men. This event gave him fitting opportunity to review the troubled period of which we speak, and "to compare the political condition of the Continent, and especially of his own country, with that of England,"—meaning by his own country, Germany, and not that petty section of it, Mecklenburgh Schwerin. Remaining faithful to his liberal principles, he has not failed to discover "in loss a gain to match," but has found reason to correct his views of the method of realizing those principles by a study of our English polity and its manner of working. His chapters on "Universal Empires and Russia," the "Failure of the Revolutions of 1848," "A Chapter of Prussian History," "Diplomacy and a Revision of the Map of Europe," contain much that is valuable in suggestion, not only to his fellow countrymen, but to us who would do well sometimes "to see ourselves as others see us."

A new edition of "Briefe über Staatskunst,"† by Victor von Strauss, brings before us a book which we expect to be in some degree piquant and vigorous, when we learn from the preface that the first forty-seven pages have been suppressed by the Prussian authorities. But either the spirit of the author suddenly deserted him at the forty-eighth page, or if the suppressed portion was like that published, we should have thought the most timid officials might have allowed so innocent and feeble a production to appear in full. The book bears throughout the impress of a weak, amiable mind, sick at the social evils which may well make any honest German despond, and glad to clutch at a few straws, which it is pleasant to believe will keep the state from sinking. The author reviews in turn the condition of the peasantry, the nobility, and the bourgeoisie of Germany, and finds them all going wrong,—the peasantry eaten up by subdivision of land and poisoned by rationalism, and the nobility and the burghers equally fallen from their ideal. His remedies are of two kinds, moral and social. The latter mainly consist in giving substantial and definite organization to the different ranks; in creating, for instance, local associations of peasants, and guilds and corporations of burghers; the great object of this organization being to confront and overpower bureaucracy. The moral remedy is to foster the spread of pure spiritual teaching, on the basis of those truths which are held in common by all churches. There is undoubtedly a sort of truth in this. Clearly one of the chief tasks of the modern world is to impede excessive centralization, and to foster charity and zeal. But to state this, and to apply it in any practical way to such a country as Northern Germany, are things immeasurably

\* "Political Sketches: Twelve Chapters on the Struggles of the Age." By Carl Retslag, Dr. Phil. of Berlin, &c. London: Robert Thorold. 1846.

† "Briefe über Staatskunst. Social-Politik." Neue Ausgabe. Berlin. 1851.

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different, and very little approach to a practical application is made in these Letters.

Under the startling and somewhat aggressive title of "The War: Who's to Blame?"<sup>10</sup> a Mr. Macqueen has inflicted upon a patriotic public a wholly unpatriotic volume. To use a recent ministerial phrase, he has been laboriously "pottering" among "blue-books," and has got himself into infinitely tortuous errors for his pains. True, his vision is singularly oblique on this question. He sees Russia only thwarted in her fair schemes for civilization, and bullied in her lamb-like innocence and good-will; he traces the evil chiefly to "one man at St. Petersburg," but that not Nicholas, but Sir Hamilton Seymour; he loudly resents Russia's infringed rights with regard to the Holy Places, and where argument fails him shows extensive familiarity with the Apocalypse. We have not space to expose Mr. Macqueen's numerous logical and historical errors, or to condemn, as they deserve, his sinister conclusions. We wholly withhold our judgment of the war in reading through such lengthened misinterpretation as to who is to blame for it; and at the close of the book our, at first, suspended censure, falls only on Mr. Macqueen.

That indefatigable jurist, Mr. Leone Levi, has given to the public another careful, and in this instance, admirably compendious digest of his researches in Mercantile and International Law.<sup>11</sup> In his former elaborate volumes the author compared the mercantile codes of nearly all commercial countries; in the present work he has devoted more exclusive attention to our own system and its important relations with the similar institutions of France and America. We had every reason to expect a useful manual for the merchant and lawyer from the great special knowledge of Mr. Levi; but his perspicuous method has enabled him to satisfy the growing wants of general inquiry as well. Believing that a wide-spread acquaintance with the actual state of the law is the best guarantee for safe and comprehensive reforms, we regard this latter merit with peculiar favour. We therefore cordially agree with our author when he presses the educational claims of his subject, and expresses his belief that defective codification may be, to some extent, supplied by the publication of ably condensed manuals. When the Massachusetts scheme of common instruction proposed that there should be no child in that state who could not at least "read the good laws of his country," it briefly embodied what we must think an essential idea of education in any self-governed community. Such inquiries comprise a mental discipline sufficient to redeem the instruction that would adopt them from any charge of mere slavishness to results. We must look to the legal training of the Roman, if we would estimate one of the chief elements which helped to form the masculine wholeness of the Roman character and intellect.

<sup>10</sup> "The War: Who's to Blame? or, The Eastern Question investigated from the Official Documents." By James Macqueen, Esq., F.R.G.S., &c. London: James Madden. 1854.

<sup>11</sup> "Manual of the Mercantile Law of Great Britain, &c." By Leone Levi, Lecturer on Commercial Law at King's College, London, &c. &c. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1854.

The book before us effectively groups together the laws which relate to international commerce, to the mercantile profession, to partnerships and companies formed for commercial or banking operations, and to the most useful mercantile instruments, as bills of exchange and promissory notes. A future work will be devoted to the subjects of agency, shipping, insurance, and other supplementary considerations. The question of partnership *en commun* has now become so cardinal a topic of legal reform, that the careful examination of its merits by Mr. Levi—so different in its temper and depth from the loose or blustering assertions most in vogue—will be read with unusual interest. We cannot then follow him, however briefly, through his formidable oppositions of fact and argument; the conciseness of his style would leave us no alternative but to quote his entire chapter. It will, however, be readily presumed by those who think and observe, that he sees little in our present system to counterbalance its manifold anomalies and evils. England owes her grandest triumphs in the way of united effort to exceptional partnerships with limited liability. The scope of our author also necessarily brings him face to face with certain repulsive facts as regards the legal position of women. We will quote his few plain words; they are more to the purpose than much fashionable outcry on the subject:—

“The disability of married females to trade on their own account arises from the fact, that as by law all the property of the wife is vested in her husband, she is deprived of the means of satisfying private engagements. Owing to the new relations in which she stands, all transactions into which she had entered before her marriage, which require a continued assent to their subsistence, are all by marriage brought to a close. Thus a submission to arbitration is avoided, a partnership is dissolved, and an agency is thereby recalled. The disability of married women is even more conclusive than that of infants, inasmuch as the acts of an infant are voidable only, and they may be ratified at full age, but the acts of a married woman are absolutely void.”

“In England, a married woman living separate from her husband, and having a separate maintenance, except where the husband has abjured the realm, or has been transported, cannot engage in trade; and neither she nor her husband, unless the latter had acquiesced to it, would be bound by the engagements resulting from her trading. In Scotland, the engagement so contracted would be obligatory, and might be enforced against herself and her husband. By the custom of London, a married woman may trade as a single woman, but the trade must be carried on in the City only, on the sole account of the wife, and the husband cannot intermeddle with it.”

Now where lies the right among these conflicting laws and customs? In the case of the general law, who may trace the social windings of the wrong? We are fully aware that there are many men, and women too, whose lot leaves them nothing to wish for from any change of the law—whom difficulty or dislike have never thrown back upon its present harsh necessities. This is ignorance. But there are others whose experience precludes the bliss of ignorance, but who earnestly deprecate interference with what they think a necessary evil. They have not learned, perhaps, that in other countries the married relations have been essentially altered on similar grounds of experience,—that by a statute of New York in 1848, and amended in April, 1849, it was



enacted that the property of a woman, thereafter marrying, should continue her sole and uncontrolled possession; and that any married woman might inherit, or otherwise receive, property from any third person, holding the same for her separate use, exactly as if she were unmarried. "They also manage these things better in France." We do not select the Code Napoléon as a model in all its laws with regard to matrimony. Indeed, it is singularly unjust, more especially to those women who fall under the still heavier ban of society, and, in its present altered shape, in the matter of divorce. But injustice is the mother of immorality; and if we look to the same questionable aspects of married life in France, we shall find them flowing, not from the laxity of the law, as many suppose, but from an unequal recognition of true womanly freedom. The suppression of the Bourbon law of divorce is one of these causes—the power of mere separation, which invites to the violation of a bond not really annulled. The system of "mariages de convenance," is one among many others.

Mr. Levi's sympathies are warmly enlisted in the cause of an international commercial law, likely to "remove the barriers which obstruct the expansion of trade, and to cement the universal relations of amity and commerce." We are aware that he pursues this object zealously in other quarters, and that, in connexion with a society for that purpose, formed in Edinburgh, he has taken active steps towards arranging a European congress at Paris, during the time of the Exhibition, to discuss the subject of an international code, and to be held under the auspices of the French government. We trust Mr. Levi's endeavours may meet with much success, for they aim at supplying a necessary complement of the generous and beneficial policy of free-trade. The enormous difficulties which stand in the way of such an undertaking are obvious; but its complete accomplishment—a thing we do not believe desirable—is Utopian. Commercial law cannot be wholly severed from the body of a nation's legislation, and the latter is intimately interwoven with its entire character, its manner of acting and perceiving—its individuality. We cannot think it wise to do away with this individuality of nations, and with the actual organization of the human race, it is happily impossible. It is well to acknowledge this at the outset of such a movement, in order to guard against wasteful, because fruitless, endeavours. There may be perfect active sympathy between nations, as between friends, without a disintegration of what is peculiar in each; indeed, such sympathy is often more strong and rich in results. Uniformity deadens; variety quickens. There are, however, many laws which have no close or necessary connexion with peculiar national developments—mere formulas, for instance, for authenticating general mercantile transactions. These might be reduced to uniformity with a decided advantage to all trading nations. There is no possible reason why the drawing, acceptance, indorsement, and payment of a bill should be hedged round with differences and difficulties. From a proper arrangement of these, many benefits would arise—more clearness in transactions, more extended credit, a greater facility of commercial intercourse between nations, and a wider diffusion of all those blessings which follow in the train of unrestricted commerce.

In translating the general part of Thibaut's "*System des Pandekten-Rechts*,"<sup>12</sup> Mr. Lindley has made a valuable contribution towards a literature of jurisprudence in the English language. The want of such a literature is one of the chief obstacles to the advancement of liberal views, and the apprehension of great principles, among English lawyers. When English students attempt to go beyond the barest elements of civil law, and to appreciate those problems which underlie the intersecting ground of morals and jurisprudence, they are baffled by finding that their native language offers almost no books worth their perusal. Bentham's writings, full as they are of vigour and originality, are of a nature to deter and bewilder, more than they profit a beginner. And setting his works aside, what English book on jurisprudence, written in this century, have we, that we could show to an educated foreigner, but the lectures of Mr. Austin? However, a demand for such books has now arisen, and we may be sure the supply will be forthcoming. There is an inexhaustible fund of works in German and French, on which we may draw at pleasure. If we import anything like all that is really valuable from the store that continental writers on civil law and jurisprudence have to offer us, we shall find employment during many years for all who are likely to devote themselves to this branch of authorship. We want translations of some books, not of many, but of those that are eminently good. We want selections from, and abridgments of, many others. And when the way has been thus prepared, we want works which shall exhibit in an English shape, and illustrate by the comments of English thought, the main results at which our continental teachers have arrived.

Translations, then, of suitable works, are the first step in the formation of the literature we speak of. And there is perhaps hardly any work of which a translation could be more acceptable, than the general portion of Thibaut's "*System des Pandekten-Rechts*." The great name of the author makes it only right, that he should be one of the first from whom Englishmen should learn. And the work now translated with great care and fidelity by Mr. Lindley, is in every way well suited for the perusal of English students. It is short; it dwells at some length on general principles, and yet descends to details sufficiently to give reality and force to the scientific outline. Even where it is unsatisfactory, it is eminently suggestive. At the same time, since Mr. Lindley informs us that his translation is designed as an introduction to the study of jurisprudence, we must say, that its value as an introduction depends on the amount of knowledge possessed by those who are to be introduced. If a person is familiar with the "*Institutes*" of Justinian, and the ordinary commentaries on it; with the history of the Roman law; with the lectures of Mr. Austin, and the rudiments of moral philosophy, he may still require in one sense to be "introduced" to

<sup>12</sup> "An Introduction to the Study of Jurisprudence;" being a translation of the general part of Thibaut's "*System des Pandekten-Rechts*." With notes and illustrations by Nathaniel Lindley, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London. Maxwell. 1855.

jurisprudence. But unless he comes furnished with this amount of previous knowledge, he is not very likely to gain much benefit by the introduction which this book will afford him. It is exactly the work for those who have had such a foundation, and even its obscurities and short enigmatic dogmas may to them prove only provocative of thought. Still we must not disguise that it is full of allusions, some of which are quite out of the sphere of an English reader, being borrowed from the German and the Canon law, and that many of the most interesting problems that lie around the threshold of jurisprudence, are either passed over, or treated in a very cursory and inexhaustive manner.

The work is divided into two parts. The first treats of laws and jurisprudence considered by themselves; and the second of laws and jurisprudence considered with reference to their consequences. The latter portion, as it is much the longer, so it also appears to us much more intrinsically valuable. By the side of Austin, the account of the nature and sources of law seems jejune and unphilosophical. Or, rather perhaps, it would be more correct to say that the sections of Thibaut, in order to have justice done them, should be treated as the heads of oral exposition. And this will, we think, be the main use which Mr. Lindley's translation will subserve. It will form an excellent text book for lecturers at the universities and elsewhere to expound to their pupils, and will provide them with a vehicle of sound and definite instruction. And the portion of the book which treats of rights and duties, of transactions, that is, the object of rights and duties, and of things, the objects of transactions, though it does but elucidate a division of the subject familiar to all continental jurists, is so masterly, and, indeed, profound, that in some of the main points which it embraces, it leaves nothing to be desired.

To his translation Mr. Lindley has appended a body of notes, designed mainly to apply the principles of the treatise to the English law; and to furnish short summaries of the latter as an illustration of, or more frequently as a contrast to, the former. These summaries are clear and correct, and are given with a lawyer-like precision and care. But we must confess we have perused these notes with a considerable degree of uncertainty as to the exact class of readers for whom they could be intended. For they are not confined entirely to the exposition of the English law, or we might suppose that the object was to dwell only on that side of the subject. Two or three difficulties relating to the minutiae of Roman law are selected out of the hundred which the work presents, as matter for long notes, all the rest being passed over in silence. It seems, indeed, to be quite a matter of chance what subject is selected as deserving of a note. And then when the English law on any particular point is of a lengthy nature, and cannot be compressed into a page or two, we are referred to the ordinary well-known text books on the subject, the names of which are familiar to all who can have access to them, but which are almost invariably out of the reach of all non-professional readers. The information is superfluous to lawyers and useless to laymen. But we will not dwell on the few blemishes of a book which has given us so much pleasure, which is in

many ways highly creditable to Mr. Lindley, and which gives a very hopeful promise for the future of our juristical literature.

The object of a small volume by Dr. Leist, bearing the title, "*Ueber die dogmatische Analyse Römischer Rechtsinstitute*,"<sup>13</sup> is to awaken a new spirit, and to advocate a new purpose in the study of Roman law. The author considers the German lawyer the slave of the *corpus juris*. He acknowledges the immense superiority of Savigny and his fellow-labourers over the older civilians: he makes no scruple in admitting that Germany has in the last half century given to the world views of the civil law far more profound, and more true, than previously prevailed; but he complains that German jurists are prisoners in the structure they have themselves reared. The *corpus juris* is treated as a fountain of truth, a written word all-sufficing, of which, to ascertain the meaning, is to have human law at its perfection. In the first place, Dr. Leist objects, this is to set a value on the compilation of Justinian to which it is not historically entitled. It is merely a collection of the opinions and arguments of able men, reasoning, probably, on the suggestion of real cases, but not under the responsibility of a judicial position. And secondly, the *corpus juris* is not the law of Germany. There is a body of customary German law, and it is only when it is silent or defective that Roman law prevails. The task of the jurist is therefore to analyse both bodies of law in order to ascertain what is their common groundwork, and thus, attaining a point of view which will show where they meet and where they diverge, he may be able to give them each their due place in a common system. It is not to be wondered at that such a protest against over-reverence for the Roman law should be made and needed in Germany. For the civil law has been a sphere in which the great jurists of modern Germany have laboured earnestly and successfully; and when men devote themselves to a study that taxes their ingenuity and elicits their powers, and yet is removed from the current of their daily life, they soon blindly idolize what they love as being almost a part of themselves. To Englishmen it reads like a satire to find our contemporaries speaking of the dangers they are undergoing from too intimate an acquaintance with Roman law.

In telling the English reader that Mr. Kloss, Director of the Normal Gymnastic School at Dresden, has done excellent service to educational literature by a recent work on "*Calisthenics*," we must guard him against the too narrow idea of his labours which that unavoidable translation of "*Die Weibliche Turnkunst*"<sup>14</sup> might give him. The word is comparatively new, even in Germany, and has only been demanded by the late progress of gymnastic science in that country. By this title the author characterises a system of female training, based on a study of the peculiar constitution of woman, and a careful

<sup>13</sup> "*Ueber die dogmatische Analyse Römischer Rechtsinstitute.*" Von Dr. Burkard Wilhelm Leist. Jena: 1854.

<sup>14</sup> "*Die Weibliche Turnkunst.*" Für Eltern, Lehrer und Erzieherinnen bearbeitet von M. Kloss, Director der Königl. sächsischen Turnlehrer-Bildungsanstalt in Dresden. Leipzig: Weber. 1855.

recognition of those duties which, in the economy of nature, fall more particularly to her lot. One class excepted, we have no practical idea of such discipline in England; and Mr. Kloss, believing that the daughters of the English aristocracy surpass those of other countries in beauty of form, is at no loss to trace it to their superior physical and mental culture. Such substitutes as we have are often not free from positive injury. Caroline Rudolphi, quoted by our author, says well of dancing, that "It is not enough for the dancing-master to know his art thoroughly; he must also know how to impart it wisely. Children never cease the child-like so easily as in their dancing-lessons. If they are not treated as children—if their happy innocency and artlessness is not delicately recognised and respected, we may often lose in a few hours what is the precious prize of a dozen years' solicitude. Not vanity alone, but wholly different ideas and feelings, which we could have wished long to slumber, shoot up suddenly into unfortunate precociousness, like hot-house exotics." Mr. Kloss does not exclude dancing from his curriculum; he sees in some of its forms an important help to bodily symmetry and graceful ease of movement. He would have dances accompanied with singing; making them less lady-like, but more spontaneous and child-like, like the motions of the "airy, fairy Lillian." Such training, while falsifying the maxim that "children always move gracefully until they have learned to dance," would form sufficient preparation for more formal evolutions when requisite. The second division of this valuable work is confined to practical regulations; it includes all manner of exercise, games, swimming, bathing, skating, &c., and some valuable chapters on diet, dress, and the general rationale of feminine physical culture. The whole is illustrated by striking wood-engravings, and arranged progressively according to the stages of infancy, maidenhood, &c. The first or theoretical portion gives us the history and philosophy of gymnastics from the Greeks to our own days, and devotes especial consideration to the exertions of those German gymnasiarchs who, after the example of Jahn, converted the youth into patriotic athletes for the national struggle against Napoleon, and whom a jealous government persecuted, while they gave a new and important feature to German education, and by derivation to that of France and Switzerland. After examining the gymnastic system of the Swedish professor, Ling, the largeness of whose views may be judged from his division of exercises into educational, therapeutical, military, and æsthetical, Mr. Kloss treats the theory in its special reference to woman. He argues ably for the importance of this "*weibliche turnkunst*" in the present state of civilization; explains the character of the female organism and its bearing on woman's life and destination; the rules which follow from these; the therapeutical treatment of female diseases; and the use of different bodily exercises calculated to relieve actual bodily suffering. We cannot too warmly recommend this admirably sound and comprehensive book, and are only sorry that in its present form it cannot address itself to the English public generally. With some modifications, it might prove essentially conducive to an improved national education.

## SCIENCE.

THERE is no more striking indication of the present disturbed state of the general mind of Europe, than the great dearth of scientific publications during the last few months. Even German science, usually to the full as voluminous as it is luminous, is represented by a miserable half-dozen tomes; and the subjects of which these treat are, for the most part, so special as to unfit them for discussion in this place. What are we to say, for instance, about Professor Julius Budge's learned and excellent essay "On the Movement of the Iris,"<sup>1</sup> except that it is worthy of the most attentive and careful study by every professed physiologist? For here assuredly we cannot discuss questions as to the origin and distribution of the ciliary nerves, or as to whether Professor Budge's theory that the ganglia are never centres of reflex action, is correct or otherwise.

M. Laurent's posthumous "*Méthode de Chimie*,"<sup>2</sup> deals in like manner with grave and important doctrines of that higher chemistry which chemists alone can comprehend, and to them alone, therefore, is it addressed. M. Biot says of the author, in his preface, that

"He wished and hoped to put in the hands of chemists a collection of symbolic analogies drawn from experience, which should afford them the strongest grounds of probability, if not of certainty, in the interpretations to which they are continually obliged to have recourse. The operations of chemical analysis, applied either to a natural or to an artificial product, simply acquaint us with the mean and the relative proportional weights of the elementary, or reputed elementary, bodies which compose it. They do not instruct us whether the material molecules of their constituent principles enter into the body in a condition of general combination, the same for all, or if they are distributed in it in distinct groups, combined together without individual decomposition and coexisting, each with its special qualities, in the total product.

"It is of extreme importance, however, to decide finally and to fix in special cases which of these alternatives is correct; for we have every reason to expect that the reactions of a system of material atoms will be different according to whether its molecular constitution is homogeneous or heterogeneous; and in this latter case, according to the nature of the groups which are associated together. We have, in fact, numerous examples of bodies which, formed of the same simple elements, in similar proportions by weight, have very different physical and chemical properties; but chemical analysis can give us no direct indication in these highest problems of rational chemistry, since its results define each compound only by the elements which it withdraws from it, either isolated or combined into groups, whose pre-existence it does not affirm. So that it has been said, truly enough, that it judges of bodies only when they no longer exist.

"The pre-existing condition, then, can only be concluded by induction, based

<sup>1</sup> "Ueber die Bewegung des Iris." Von Dr. Julius Budge. Braunschweig: 1855. Vieweg.

"Méthode de Chimie." Par Auguste Laurent. Paris: Mallet-Bachelier. 1854.

upon analogies of properties and of reactions; or on purely speculative ideas, which, by giving a simple conception for each product, approximate it, on probable grounds, to those with which it would seem to be most closely related in its molecular constitution.

"Now this liberty of interpretation which every chemist assumes for himself in each particular series of researches, is at present producing a state of great confusion in science, which will certainly increase as we advance in the study of organic bodies, where the combinations of a small number of the same simple principles take place in an almost infinite variety. Laurent's aim has been to regulate the exercise of this liberty by subjecting it to uniform and general laws. Among the multitudes of symbolic forms by which the bodies, whose chemical composition has been made known by analysis, may be represented, he has endeavoured to select and to decide upon those which are most in accordance with the present state of science, and which present the greatest general advantages for the classification and practical study of compound bodies; approximating those which are analogous, and separating those which differ, by characters so numerous and so marked, that the mere inspection of their symbolic formulæ may enable one to foretell the greatest possible number of the reactions which they ought to exert, and of the products which ought to be deduced from them."

Has M. Laurent succeeded in the execution of his great plan, or has he not? M. Biot leaves this question undecided, but recommends M. Laurent's work, as highly suggestive, to the attention of chemists.

The first edition of the work before us<sup>3</sup> made a considerable impression upon the world of science: it formed the subject of private conversation and of public correspondence between scientific men. This attention was not, unhappily, excited by the excellences of the book, but its results were at least instructive. Profiting by past experience, Mr. Hunt now presents to the public "a new edition with corrections;" its publisher has been changed, and Mr. Bohn has thought the work worthy of incorporation with his "Scientific Library."

We have perused the book with some care, and, we regret to say, with much weariness. Were it not the production of a man who, for some reason unknown to us, enjoys a kind of association with the science of this country, and the letters to whose name attest the estimation in which he is held, we should certainly take no notice of the work. But proceeding, as it does, from such a well-known pen; adopted, as it is, by such a well-known publisher; and introduced by the latter into his store of scientific nutriment for the public mind, we deem it a duty to inform the said public of the nature of the food thus presented to it.

We cannot say that the food is fresh and wholesome. We cannot even say that, though a little fly-blown here and there, the mass of it is still sound. The work is intellectually rotten throughout. There are some men of good minds, who yet seem to lack the symmetry of thought necessary to the arrangement of a scientific subject—who have the knowledge, without the power of clear communicativeness; such men, though they may write obscurely, never write nonsense. But in the work before us, obscurity and absurdity exhibit themselves

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<sup>3</sup> "Elementary Physics: an Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy." By Robert Hunt, F.R.S. London: H. G. Bohn.

in appropriate companionship. Mr. Hunt advertises his "intimate association with institutions which are devoted to the diffusion of useful knowledge"—his conviction "that is quite possible to render every truth intelligible by the most simple language"—his intention "to give accurate information on every important fact connected with physics, and to explain the experimental evidence by which each law has been developed." And what is the result of this large promise? A book in which the plainest truths of science are crippled and defaced, and whose "experimental evidence" sometimes indicates a mind disqualified by nature, or by habit, from pursuing aright the simplest physical inquiry.

Those are hard words. We know it; but we should state the opposite with tenfold alacrity, if Mr. Hunt had given us grounds for so doing. A certain degree of severity is needed; for this book was practically condemned before, yet here we have it again. It may, however, be retorted that this is "a new edition, with corrections." Now nine out of ten of Mr. Hunt's readers will infer from these words that the work has been a second time through the press. But is this the case? In the first edition some very ill-favoured errors had been pointed out; in the present issue we find the leaves in which these errors occurred removed, and new leaves, "with corrections," pasted in their places. Beyond this we can discover no improvement. Mr. Bohn, however, is in error if he supposes that the removal of a few local sores can materially alter the constitution of a work so radically diseased: and we question even the prudence of endeavouring to effect the sale of such a volume, by introducing it where its tendency must be to diffuse a kind of moral miasma, and infect with its own bad character the whole "library" with which it is connected.

The selection of a few examples will justify our censure, but they will fail to convey a true notion of the real character of the work. Nevertheless to such we must confine ourselves. In page 13, Mr. Hunt, speaking of the flattening of hoops, the divergence of governor balls, the destruction of fly wheels, and the shortening of the polar diameter of the earth by rotation, goes on to observe:—"It may appear difficult to conceive how light bodies, free to move, are not thrown off from the surface of the earth into space, under the influence of motion. It will be shown that the power of gravitation is so nicely balanced against the result of the earth's revolution, that the lightest down floating in the air swims in the calm equilibrium of two forces, apparently undisturbed." This may be very pretty poetry, but it is very false science. The tendency of bodies to fly away from the earth's surface is greatest at the equator, and diminishes as we proceed north and south in the ratio of the square of the cosine of latitude. But even at the equator it is only  $\frac{1}{184}$  of the force of gravity; hence the nice balance alluded to by Mr. Hunt, exists solely in his own imagination. Speaking of gravitation, in page 42, Mr. Hunt says:—"It matters not whether we throw a pound of iron or a pound of chalk into air, they are each drawn back to the earth with the same velocity." This is not true; old Archimedes would have taught Mr. Hunt another doctrine. In page 44, our author, wishing to give an experi-



mental proof of gravitation, says:—If we place upon water in a smooth pond two floating bodies, at certain distances from each other, they will be seen to approach, slowly at first, and eventually to rush rapidly together." This experiment is far better made in a common basin. Let the basin be half filled with water, and a bit of wood, a lucifer match, for example, be thrown into it; the end of a pencil, or of the finger, dipped into the basin, near "the bit of wood," will forcibly attract the latter. It is a remarkable fact that oiling the pencil, or making it perfectly dry, so that it does not draw the water up its surface, destroys the effect! It seems almost childish to write thus, but Mr. Hunt still needs to be told that his "rush" is due to capillary attraction and not to gravitation, and that the most refined experiments are needed to demonstrate the action of this force between two bodies upon the earth's surface. "The attraction of one body upon another," says Mr. Hunt, page 46, "does not depend upon the mass of the body which is attracted. . . . But this attraction is proportional to the mass of the body which attracts." The italics here are Mr. Hunt's. It is, of course, needless to inform the reader that the attraction is *mutual*, and depends as much upon the mass of the one body as upon that of the other. In page 48, we have the following definition of a hyperbola:—"If we cut the cone parallel to the axis, *perpendicularly from the vertex*, making a greater angle at the base than is made by the side of the cone, the figure obtained is a hyperbola." We are puzzled by the association of "parallel to the axis," and "perpendicularly from the vertex." From the latter phrase we should infer that the axis lies in the cutting plane, the section being therefore a triangle. Had Mr. Hunt's love for originality been less strong, he might have ensured correctness by simply copying this and the preceding definitions from any work on conic sections.

At page 52, Mr. Hunt informs his readers that the earth rotates *from east to west*! If so, the sun strangely mistakes his place of rising; for the diurnal motion of the earth being as Mr. Hunt describes it, the apparent motion of the sun ought to be from west to east. This statement is followed by an attempt to explain how a body liberated from the top of a "well-ascertained perpendicular," will fall to the earth's surface; the reasoning, if not very edifying, is at least amusing. In page 73, referring to a diagram on a previous page, Mr. Hunt says:—"the perpendicular line from *c* would then fall without the base, and the structure could no longer support itself." The position of "the perpendicular from *c*," is not, however, the test of stability: it might fall without the base, and the building might still be stable. The perpendicular ought to proceed from the centre of gravity, and not from the summit of the tower, as our author has drawn it. In page 77, Mr. Hunt forsakes science, and relaxes into that "fine frenzy" which sometimes overshadows the poetic soul, and makes it its own lawgiver. "If," he exclaims, "the force of gravity were increased by any alteration in the earth's density, the bird would no longer soar gracefully upon the air, the fleetest animals would become sluggish in their movements, and even man, unable to support his stately position, 'and gaze upon heaven with a forehead erect,'

would be compelled to crawl slowly over the surface of his world." Mr. Hunt says, "any" alteration of the earth's density would produce this effect: but this is doubtless due to the fervour of his thought, which rendered swift expression a necessity. For his calmer moments it would be an interesting problem to determine the precise amount of change necessary to make a man's legs forsake their perpendicularity.

In his explanation of the inclined plane, page 86, Mr. Hunt says:—"If upon the plane *cd*, forming an angle  $\alpha$  ( $\alpha$  according to the figure being the height of the plane), we place a weight  $a$ , the centre of gravity of the body is no longer at right angles to the plane." We may remark here, that Mr. Hunt's diagrams are, on the whole, exceedingly unhappy and confused; but passing this, it surely cannot be necessary to tell a Fellow of the Royal Society that the centre of gravity is a point, and that it is absurd to talk of a point being perpendicular to a plane. Mr. Hunt goes on to observe, that the gravity of the body resting on the plane "is decomposed into two forces, *one drawing it to the earth being at right angles to the plane, and causing the pressure*, the other acting parallel to the inclined plane, and forcing the weight down it." We beg to inform our author, that the force "drawing it to the earth" is the total force acting upon the body; the force "causing the pressure" being one of the components of this total force, instead of the force itself. The force which draws the body to the earth is at right angles to the horizon, and cannot be at right angles to a plane inclined to the horizon. "The screw," says Mr. Hunt, upon the same page, "is an inclined plane winding round a cylinder, as will be apparent if we take a *rectangular* piece of paper, whose length is equal to the circumference of a glass rod, and wind it around," &c. The shape of the paper must be *triangular*, not "rectangular." "Friction," says Mr. Hunt, "is obviously nothing more than the exercise of cohesion and gravitation; and as an illustration of its force, let us attach a stone to a string. To lift it from the ground a certain amount of force is necessary; but, if we attempt to draw it along the surface, we shall find the resistance considerably increased." This, of course, is nonsense, but the benignity of its utterance disarms our criticism. On the subject of friction, we will, for Mr. Hunt's information, describe an experiment:—"A roughly chiselled block of stone weighing 1080 lbs. was drawn from the quarry, on the surface of the rock, by a force of 758 lbs.; it was then laid upon a wooden floor, the tractive force being 606 lbs. When the wooden surfaces moving upon one another were smeared with tallow, the tractive force was reduced to 182 lbs.; but when the load was placed upon wooden rollers three feet in diameter, the tractive force was reduced to 28 lbs. \* It may be fairly deduced from certain premises of our author, that "infinitely greater" means six times greater. In page 97, he calls the tangential force the centrifugal force, and concludes the paragraph by a passage which, though not remarkable for its sense, emits a pretty sound:—"An impulsive force is exactly balanced against a statical power, and a system of harmony is the result."

In page 102, Mr. Hunt, while correcting a common prejudice of scientific men, delivers himself of the following oracular declarations:—"No form of matter can move without the application of a force, and as soon as the power applied is expended, *the body comes to rest.*" In page 8 of his book Mr. Hunt rightly informs his readers that matter "cannot bring itself to rest after it has been moved;" but here he states a precisely opposite doctrine. "By no strictly logical deduction," says our author, "can we arrive at the idea of motion producing either light, heat, electricity, or chemical affinity . . . . The error, as it appears to me, has arisen from regarding sound as a phenomenon analogous to light." We have no reason to doubt that Mr. Hunt is a sincere believer in his own competence to offer an opinion on these subjects. It would be useless to advise him to make himself acquainted with the alphabet of science before he plunges into its profounder doctrines. His psychological peculiarities are manifestly beyond the reach of such advice.

The reader would scarcely thank us were we to go through the whole of this remarkable volume in the manner hitherto pursued. Passing over the chapters on "slightly elastic fluids," on elastic fluids, on the sonorous movement of bodies, and on electricity and magnetism, we will dwell briefly upon the chapters on "Heat or Caloric," and on "Light and Actinism," which, if we mistake not, constitute the field of Mr. Hunt's personal "researches." We regret our inability to report favourably even here. The book is smitten with the same disease from beginning to end. The definition of latent heat, given at page 336, has really nothing to do with latent heat. "Whatever be the state of a body," says Mr. Hunt, in page 337, "it suffers expansion if it is subjected to a higher temperature than itself." This statement is controverted by a fact cited in another place. Speaking of specific heat, in page 347, our author states:—"A simple experiment or two will easily determine these laws. Place upon a hot plate, side by side, two vessels containing equal weights of water and mercury at a uniform temperature. If, after a period, we examine the temperature of each, we shall find that the mercury will be much hotter than the water; the capacity of one for caloric being greater than the other." Except for the information of Mr. Hunt himself, it is unnecessary to say that the "simple experiment" is altogether delusive. In page 349 our author observes, with reference to the heat of the earth:—"Every extended series of observations appears to contradict the hypothesis of a *central fire*, and to prove that the increase of subterranean temperature is due to the absorption of caloric matter by the surface, and the gradual conduction of it by the masses of the rocks to a considerable depth." One quality our author possesses in an eminent degree—a hardness which enables him to risk assertion where all knowledge is absent. M. Dove could inform him that at a depth of thirty inches below the earth's surface the difference between day and night, and at a depth of sixty or seventy feet the difference between summer and winter, disappears. "In practice," says Mr. Hunt, "radiation is prevented by clothing the

pipes thickly with felt, or some other bad *conductor* of heat." Felt radiates heat far better than metallic bodies; it is loss by contact with the cold air that is prevented in this way. "The phenomena of polarization," says our author, page 375, "will be more fully dealt with in the next section . . . if may be described in general terms as a power of turning the ray of heat half round; and it is regarded as proving that the influence of lateral vibrations *are* different from the onward waves in calorific propulsion." Does Mr. Hunt ever reflect that, at the present moment, scores of honest men, whose time is valuable to them, may be taxing their brains to extract sense out of this jargon?

In the first pages of Chapter VIII. we have the claims of the rival theories of light considered; the doctrine of diffraction; the experiments of Lord Brougham, which, according to Mr. Hunt, "certainly appear to indicate the existence of an exceedingly refined form of matter;" the structure of the eye; the camera obscura; the stereoscope—and all this before the reader is furnished with the slightest hint of the laws of optics. With this defect of arrangement the gravest errors are, as usual, associated. Take Mr. Hunt's description of the eye, page 382—"In the centre of the cornea is a circular opening, *the pupil*." This is wrong, there is no such opening; the cornea is a perfectly transparent unperforated shell. "Within it (what?) is the *crystalline lens*, a transparent capsule containing the *vitreous humour*." This is wrong; the vitreous humour lies behind the crystalline lens, and fills the inner and largest chamber of the eye. The crystalline lens contains the crystalline humour. Thus, in our author's description of the eye, we have the *cornea* labelled, the *aqueous humour* behind it ignored, the wrong humour put into the crystalline lens, and the great mass of the eye behind the "lens" wholly omitted!

Towards the end of Mr. Hunt's description of the stereoscope, we have the following statement:—"If we place two candles in such a position that when they are looked at by the right eye one covers the other, we shall find that when we close the right eye, and look at them with the left, that the hinder candle is no longer screened by the front one, *but will be seen about an inch to the left of it*." We should have no high opinion of the intellect of a boy twelve years old, who could not give a better account of this experiment than Mr. Hunt has done. We invite the reader to make the trial with any intelligent little boy or girl, and see whether the child will not discover the nonsense of the concluding words of the above quotation.

An incorrect photometric law is given at page 391. In page 393, we have an erroneous interpretation of the compounding of colours upon a rotating disc. In page 394, we have a general statement made with reference to concave mirrors, which is true in a particular instance only. In the same page, a very absurd remark occurs regarding the images produced by a convex mirror. In page 395, Mr. Hunt has drawn a diagram explanatory of the law of refraction; the statement of the law is all wrong. In page 407, the influence of the

second prism used in recomposing decomposed light is misinterpreted. "According to the undulatory theory," says Mr. Hunt, "those dark lines (the lines of Fraunhofer) are supposed to be produced by the depressions in the wave of the luminous ether." He may attach a meaning to these words; we are unable to do so. "Coloured rings," says our author, in page 429, "are formed about the axes of such crystals as have two axes, these being intersected by the form of a cross as shown in the upper figures of the frontispiece." The figures referred to are descriptive of the phenomena of crystals possessing one axis, and not those of biaxial crystals.

But we are weary of our task; and the reader will, doubtless, grant us exemption from the further hacking of this scientific corpse. We should be sorry to believe that Mr. Bohn, on taking the book under his protection, was aware of its real character.

The great *Micromegas* of Berlin, Professor Ehrenberg, has just published a work,\* which is the very reverse of those excellent little tracts of Mr. Parker's, the "Small Books on Great Subjects," inasmuch as it is a very great book on very small subjects. Everyone knows, that some fifteen years ago, Professor Ehrenberg put forth a huge folio, illustrated by correspondingly mighty plates, on the "Infusory Animalcules." It might well have taken the old title of the "Invisible World (not Satan's) Displayed," its object being to show that there is a vast living world of which the unaided faculties give us no evidence; that size is no necessary condition of vitality or of high organization, but that the microscope opens up new worlds as wonderfully peopled as those which the telescope reveals, or rather, we would say, with due deference, which the telescope was supposed to reveal, in the dark ages before the Master of Trinity. Greater service was never done to science than by the publication of the "Infusion's-thierchen," and it is one of the most remarkable monuments ever raised to his own reputation by the single-handed labour and persevering energy of one man.

Nor in point of accuracy of observation is it less wonderful, for although there are many scattered matters of detail which have required amending, yet as a whole, the account of the creatures of which it treats is, so far as the facts go, singularly correct. Professor Ehrenberg, however, has been by no means so successful in interpreting his own observations. Finding wonderfully complicated structures in some creatures, whose total size would seem to have precluded the possibility of the existence of organs within their minute frames, the Professor appears to have become haunted with the notion that correspondingly complicated structures must exist everywhere, and he persisted in seeing in the spots and gaps of a monad, the representation of all the organs of the highest animals.

Now, that a man's hobby-horse should be hard-mouthed and run away with him is too common an event to excite either surprise or

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\* "Mikro-Geologie: das Erden-und Felsen-Schaffende Wirken des unaussprechlich kleinen selbstständigen Lebens auf der Erde." Von C. G. Ehrenberg. Leipzig: Voss. 1854.

reprobation. *Humanum est.* But if, in addition, that unruly steed be vicious, and show a tendency to biting and kicking, which we regret to say is too much the case with Professor Ehrenberg's, it is high time to take measures for the public safety. Every one but Professor Ehrenberg now knows perfectly well that one-half of his Infusory animalcules are not animals at all, but minute and low organized plants; that the organization which he attributed to the Infusoria proper does not exist—that a great number of his genera and species are mere transitional forms; and that among the Rotifera a great number of the organs have a structure and function totally opposed to what he imagined. All this would in no way detract from Professor Ehrenberg's high and well-deserved reputation, if he would accept the modifications of his views, which the labours of those who work upon his foundation—labours which, perhaps, would never have been undertaken save for his preliminary clearing of the ground—have naturally and necessarily introduced.

Instead of taking this course, which would ensure the tender and respectful consideration of all younger workers, Professor Ehrenberg disgusts every one by the ridiculous pertinacity with which he endeavours to force the "Infusion's-thierchen," the whole "Infusion's-thierchen," and nothing but it, upon Science, and by the intolerant and oppressive manner in which he exerts his necessarily great influence. When will men of science learn that our knowledge is the knowledge of our time—that absolute truth is unattainable—that all our theories, however well founded, and however grand, are but myths, which enable us to grasp for awhile that fragment of the incomprehensible universe which has presented itself,—to float thereby on the surface of the great abyss until some larger fragment come within our reach and the old is deserted for the new? Professor Ehrenberg has assuredly not learnt this lesson: for in this new "Mikro-Geologie"—a work which must be regarded as a sort of supplement to and practical application of the discoveries made in the "Infusion's-thierchen," and which is, if possible, more marvellous, both in mass of details and in absence of anything like scientific digestion, than its predecessor—he adheres with special tenacity to all the errors of the latter. The Bacillaria are animals, and have eyes and various other organs, and whose asserts the contrary is either blind or incapable, &c. However, it is no affair of ours to prevent Professor Ehrenberg from doing his best to diminish the force and value of his own eminent labours, and without adverting further to peculiarities which must cause the greatest regret to his most sincere well-wishers, we subjoin his own account of the contents of the "Mikro-Geologie."

"Another result is the definite recognition of the fact that, with our present optical means, the earth presents through all parts of its atmosphere and of its surface, above and below the sea-level, from the summits of its mountains to its deepest rocky strata, the same constantly recurring six classes of microscopic forms, of which I gave a general sketch in 1841 and 1846. All microscopic organic forms—that is, whatever the microscope has hitherto clearly shown with magnifying powers of from 300 to 1000 diameters—may be arranged so far as they are capable of forming rocks and earths (and the soft forms will

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also fall under these classes) into: A. Silicious bodies—polygastria, polycistinia, phytolitharia, and geolitharia; and B. Calcareous bodies—polythalamia, and zoolitharia.

"There are no other kinds of solid organic parts, no aluminous organisms, no purely iron organisms, &c. Of these six classes of microscopical beings, established and named by me, three possess an independent life; three are the often massive fragments of the skeleton, or of the shells of unknown or of known forms of the same or other classes of organisms. Possibly the geolitharia, more particularly, will gradually be grouped apart, inasmuch as their silicious forms are often very peculiar. The phytolitharia are silicious parts of land plants or of sponges; the zoolitharia are principally portions of radiata or of mollusca. Both of these yield particularly interesting geological characteristics of rocks, which would be lost without due attention to them. Polythalamia, polycistinia, and geolitharia are entirely marine products, no fresh-water forms of the kind being known. Polygastria, phytolitharia, and zoolitharia occur in fresh water and in the sea, but many forms of them definitely characterize the one or the other; they contain purely marine and purely fresh-water genera and species, together with others that inhabit both media.

"It is on these relations that the plan of the work is based.

"FIRST DIVISION. *Fresh-water Formations*.—South Pole, Australia, Asia, Africa, South and North America (North Pole), Europe. *a.* Present epoch; *b.* past epochs; *c.* volcanic products.

"SECOND DIVISION. *Marine Formations*.—Southern Ocean, Tropical Ocean, Northern Ocean. *a.* Present epoch; *b.* past epoch; *c.* volcanic products.

"THIRD DIVISION. *The Living Inhabitants of the Atmosphere*.

"The atlas illustrating the work, consisting of forty-one plates, is here published, with twenty-four and a half sheets explanatory of the plates and six and a half sheets of comparative index of names. In the atlas the living forms of past epochs are principally dealt with, and those of the present are only introduced for the sake of comparison.

"The text published herewith contains in ninety-four sheets, six sheets of introduction and general views, so as to include the whole of the first or largest division of the subject, with the exception of North America and Europe. What is needed to complete the whole, will amount to about twenty-five sheets."—pp. xiii-iv.

We cannot refrain from adverting to one or two points, of very great importance for the general naturalist, which Professor Ehrenberg considers he has established. In the first place, it would seem that the Protozoa and Protophyta, of which he treats, are abundant under very extraordinary conditions of height and depth. Such forms of life, in fact, appear to flourish at heights above 10,000 feet on land, far above the snow-level of the place where the observations were made, and at depths of from 10,000 to 12,000 feet in the sea. These facts are of great importance, in relation to the distribution of higher forms of life—many of which subsist on protozoa and protophyta—inasmuch as it reduces the question of their limits from one of the supply of food, to physical conditions of light and heat.

Secondly, Professor Ehrenberg draws this remarkable conclusion from his examination of fossil forms, that the oldest Infusoria, whether carboniferous or silurian, belong to the same genera, and often to the same species as the present. It is quite clear, therefore, that any Vestigiarian aspirations for advancement in life, have been remarkably ineffectual so far as the palaeozoic protozoa are concerned.

An excellent popular view of geology is contained in Professor Cotta's "*Geological Sketches*;"<sup>5</sup> and Professor Schleiden has issued a series of "*Popular Lectures*,"<sup>6</sup> clever and amusing as all his writings are, upon "things in general;" at least we know not under what other title to group together the following subjects, which compose his table of contents:—Lecture 1, *On Foreign Policy in Nature*; 2, *On North Polar Expeditions*; 3, *The Nature of Tones and the Tones of Nature*; 4, *The Souls of Plants*; 5, *Swedenborg and Superstition*; 6, *Wallenstein and Astrology*; 7, *Scientific Modashine*. We are not quite sure that the title of the last lecture might not have been most fitly prefixed to the whole work.

While on the subject of popularizing the results of science, we must advert to Mr. Hopley's "*Lectures*"<sup>7</sup> and "*Helps*."<sup>8</sup> We know nothing of Mr. Hopley, and his science does not seem to be very profound; but it is sound enough as far as it goes, and he is evidently not one of those verbose impostors who emasculate the public mind, and degrade science to the level of jugglery and recitation, by what is commonly called "*popular lecturing*." Earnest and truthful do these attempts of his, to bring the great facts of physiology home to the minds and consciences of the people of this country, seem to us to be, and we wish him every success in his advocacy of the great doctrine of the physiological foundation of morals. In his *Lecture on Respiration*, he says well and eloquently,—

"But enough has been said on this great subject to show that the cleansing of the country and the caring for the poor, are matters of the utmost moment to us all. The world, as it advances, will see more and more how closely the interests of each division of society are united with the interests of all besides; and how each class must better its own condition by a successful striving for the good of the generality. Although this is in all things evident to every thinking mind, yet perhaps it is in nothing so distinctly demonstrable as in a contemplation of the vast importance of obedience to the law of respiration, in connexion with the remembrance that it will be scarcely practicable for any one, whatever be his painstaking, to constantly observe the law, *until the entire people of our towns dwell in pure localities*. It is seeing the difficulty of observing this law, yet knowing the utter impossibility of breathing, even for a few minutes, an atmosphere incapable of properly oxygenating the vital fluid, without more or less injuring the entire system—this it is which causes me most unhesitatingly to pronounce the cleansing of the country as the greatest educational question of the day. To purify the atmosphere for a nation is to purify a nation's blood; and to purify a nation's blood is to improve the entire nation, physically, intellectually, and morally. For the sake, then, of ourselves and others, bear we well in mind the truths which science has revealed, and bear we in mind that it is in each one's power to expedite such improvements as these revelations naturally suggest. The world moves exactly in accordance with the growth of public opinion; and the growth of public opinion must

<sup>5</sup> "*Geologische Bilder*." Von Bernhard Cotta. Leipzig: Weber. 1854.

<sup>6</sup> "*Studien. Populäre Vorträge*." Von M. J. Schleiden. Leipzig: Engelmann. 1855.

<sup>7</sup> "*A Lecture on Respiration*;" being the Sixth of a Series of plain and simple Lectures on the Education of Man; and

<sup>8</sup> "*Helps towards the Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Elevation of all Classes of Society*." By Thomas Hopley. London: Churchill. 1853.



yet awhile be slow. Still there is no one possessed of an important truth but may scatter the seeds of truth abroad; and even from such scatterings will sound opinions spring. And thus it is that even the most humble individual among us is gifted with the power of contributing his mite to the benefit of the human family."

Once more we wish Mr. Hopley all success, but we warn him not to expect it. This is an utterly idolatrous age and nation—a people which listens to the voice of the living God thundering from the Sinai of science, and straightway forgets all that it has heard, to grovel in its own superstitions; to worship the golden calf of tradition; to pray and fast where it should work and obey; and, as of old, to sacrifice its children to its theological Baal. How long does Mr. Hopley suppose it will be before his excellent and sensible "Helps"—his world of the God that we *know is*—will take the place, in the reticules of district visitors, of those fatuous dilutions of the word of the God that our forefathers imagined *was*, yclept "Religious Tracts?" That time will come, but neither in this generation nor in the next; and we who work now to that end must labour earnestly and faithfully, and without discouragement, though we may not hope to see it.

Strictly speaking, reviews of works on "practical" or "applied" Science do not come within the prescribed scope of this article, still we shall venture to notice here a new edition of Sir Howard Douglas' "Naval Gunnery," which contains much to interest those who have a taste for ordnance of all kinds, sea fights, Minié rifles, and Crimean expeditions. These matters, and a good deal besides, are explained, by Sir Howard in a way pleasant enough for general readers, though unsatisfactory as regards scientific discussion and accuracy of details. An "aide mémoire" to a special and mechanical science is no fit vehicle for rhetoric and declamation; but this obvious consideration is disregarded in the manual in question. And we would suggest to Sir Howard to omit, in his forthcoming work on steam navies, all notes of admiration, sneers at shell guns, puffs of Admirals Dundas and Chads, speculations on the impending war with France. We also protest against his habit of serving up stale and erroneous statistics, with a view to save labour or support a theory. We further advise a reconsideration of such passages as the following, which are curiously inaccurate. "When we consider how much our steam navy must be dispersed throughout the dominions of the British empire, and the concentration of that of France on the coasts of the country, the comparison appears very unsatisfactory." On referring to Sir Howard's *own tables*, we find that the British navy possesses 11½ effective war steamers, while the French navy has but 53; and that the British navy has further 67 avisos, tenders, &c., against 64 French. Also, that we have 64 screw-steamers, and our Allies but 7. This is what Sir Howard Douglas calls a "very unsatisfactory comparison." Sir Howard's tables inform us that the British navy has (afloat or building) 20 screw line-of-battle ships; but the British navy has 43 such ships. He tells us that the British navy has 4½ screw frigates,

corvettes, &c.; but it actually possesses 64 such vessels. As for our Allies, the French, Sir Howard Douglas only allows them 3 screw line-of-battle ships afloat, although the real number that has been launched is 18. Of these last, 14 or 15 were afloat long before Sir Howard Douglas could have turned out of hand the proof sheets of this edition of the "Naval Gunnery;" and there were, also, on the stocks, at the same date, about 20 screw line-of-battle ships, screw frigates, corvettes, &c.—all new vessels, whose existence, in an appendix specially devoted to the subject, he ignores. Such blunders are superfluous, and might have been corrected at the very small expense of a subscription to the "Moniteur de la Flotte." Amongst other instances of inaccuracy we may cite the following:—"Ship-building is now being carried on with great activity at Cherbourg, where the *Phlééton*, 450 horse-power, and two other steamers, besides a first-class brig, are in progress of construction. A first-rate ship of the line, the *Desaix*, is to be laid down on the slip lately vacated by the *Henri Quatre*." It so happens that all these vessels were launched long ago; the *Phlééton* having been last year in the Baltic, and the brig (the *Beaumanoir*) in the White Sea! Moreover, the *Desaix* was laid down nearly three years since. All Sir Howard's statements about the Russian navy are inexact. He is wrong in the generalities, and wrong in the details. This is inexcusable, as authentic accounts have been published in a contemporary. He is of opinion that British ships are no match for Russian. "Of what avail are 32-pounder shot and 8-inch shells against the 42-pounder and 68-pounder solid shot of the Russian ships?" Such sentence is its own critic; unless, indeed, it is intended for a sarcasm on the admirals who lately commanded British fleets. Unfortunately, the Russian ships are not armed as Sir Howard asserts, despite the ingenious facts contributed by Admiral Dundas and others to Sir Howard's pages. Sir Howard's appendix on the Crimean expedition is not without interest, and his objections to the plan of siege actually adopted are, as far as they go, unanswerable; but it must be remembered that when the allied armies began their siege operations, the south side of Sebastopol was almost entirely undefended. And we happen to know, from our own sources of information, that in the opinion of some of the highest authorities at St. Petersburg, Sebastopol must inevitably have been taken, and that without serious loss, to the assailants, if a *coup-de-main* had been attempted immediately after the flank march. Still it is not easy to combat Sir Howard's judgment of the whole issue, or to deny that our own inbecility has brought matters to their present pass.

## CLASSICS AND PHILOLOGY.

THE fifth volume of the "Proceedings of the Philological Society,"<sup>1</sup> though only just issued to the public, goes as far back as November 22, 1850, and closes with a paper read on June 26th, 1852. We do not attempt to penetrate into the mysteries of learned bodies, and to guess whether some literary motive or the venial sin of some defaulting member who had not yet completed a paper read or to be read, has delayed the publication of this little volume. But we beg to observe, in the very interest of its valuable contributions, that there might be great inconvenience connected with such delay. The transactions of a learned society are mainly intended for imparting their influence, more or less transitory, to some labour of a more permanent kind, and their effect is lessened, of course, the longer they conceal themselves from the literary world, not to speak of the anachronisms they may represent, in spite of their real date. Thus, we cannot help thinking, that the various works, periodical or not, on subjects of comparative grammar, which are published and publishing in Germany, might have derived assistance from the able papers of Mr. Key and Mr. Wedgwood, and it is more a matter of chance than of duty (as it would have been, had the proceedings become *publici juris*), that the spirited and interesting paper of Mr. Watts, "On the Extraordinary Powers of Cardinal Mezzofanti as a Linguist," has lately been noticed in an essay of a similar kind.

One of the first papers of this fifth volume of the Proceedings, "On the Position occupied by the Slavonic Dialects among the other Languages of the Indo-European Family, by Professor Trithem," reminds us of the serious loss we have to lament in the person of its learned author, a loss deeply felt by all those who had the opportunity of knowing the amiable disposition and the superior attainments of the deceased, and who could appreciate the assistance he readily offered, within the extensive sphere of his erudition, to scholars abroad and in this country. A Swiss by birth, but having passed a considerable portion of his life in Russia and amongst the Slavonic tribes, nobody was, perhaps, more competent in this country to treat the subject alluded to in his paper, especially as he was supported by a knowledge of Sanskrit and many other ancient and modern languages, such as is not usually found combined in one and the same individual. The more we regret, therefore, that the sketch he had begun in a former volume of the Proceedings and continued in this, has been interrupted by his untimely end.

The essays of Mr. H. Wedgwood, "On the Traces of an Egyptian Origin in the Alphabets of Greece and Rome," "On English Etymologies," and "On Words connected with the Roots Snuu and Snu, and Krup or Kruk," are valuable additions to palæography

<sup>1</sup> "Proceedings of the Philological Society for 1850-51 and 1851-52," vol. v. London: published for the Society, by George Bell. 1854.

and English etymology. Mr. Wedgwood is generally happy in tracing the pedigree of Saxon words—compare, for instance, his etymologies of “to earn, earnest,” “to stove,” “to dade,” “to wait,” &c.—he must beware, however, sometimes, of limiting himself to the circle of languages he makes reference to, and of being led astray by the apparent similarity of sounds. Thus, “to beg,” is probably connected with the Sanskrit root “*bhaj*,” which means amongst others, “to obtain,” and the irregular desiderative form, “*bhiksh*,” “wish to obtain,” which has given origin to the word “*bhikshu*,” “a beggar;” and of course the notion of a “bag,” in which the beggar collects his alms, is foreign to the origin of the latter word. “To sound,” “to take the depth of water,” may be better referred to the Anglos “*syndrian*,” and to the German “*sond-ern*,” than to the Bret. “*sonnu*,” “seep, stiff, upright;” and we doubt much whether Lat. *nares* belongs to the class of roots containing the element “*Snu*,” because none of the kindred tongues contains the sibilant element before the initial N, and a Sanskrit root “*nás*,” “to sound,” appears as the radical of the word *násá*, related with Litth. *noris*, Slav. *noc*, &c. In his etymologies of “*freeze*” and “*island*,” Mr. Wedgwood coincides with the views of Adelung (s. v. *friern*—*Island*), and his explanation of “to pound” is clearly countenanced by the use of the German “*pünden*” (see Adelung, s. v.).

Mr. Thomas Watts has contributed, besides the paper on *Mezzofanti* we mentioned before, some very clever observations “On the Devanāgarī or Sanskrit Alphabet,” the best, if our memory does not deceive us, we have met with in a popular treatise on this subject. “To judge from the terms in which the Devanagari alphabet has been spoken of by some philologists,” begins Mr. Watts, “it might have been deemed to be constructed on a system little short of perfection.” And he seems generally disposed to adopt that view, as the only fault he finds with the method of the Devanāgarī writing is, that it requires a great number of compound letters, which increase the number, already great, of single forms; and, as he graphically describes, have the result “that the student of the language is often, after having made some proficiency, not able to read words at sight, but is brought to a standstill by arriving at some hitherto unknown cluster of consonants, all hanging together in a confusion which it requires both patience and skill to disentangle.” He considers this as a practical grievance for reader as well as printer, and would prefer, if we rightly interpret his meaning, that the sign in this alphabet which is employed at the end of a sentence to mark the suppression of the vowel *ā*, which is naturally inherent in the letters, might have been allowed the same function in the middle of a word, and, we must add, in the middle of a sentence. We regret that we cannot share this view of Mr. Watts, and believe, that had it been followed by the framers of that alphabet, it would have seriously damaged the harmony of method which now exists. The system which prevails in the Devanāgarī alphabet is, to represent a single sound by a unity of form, and to symbolically indicate, as far as this could be done without too great an encumbrance of signs, the change a sound undergoes through its connexion with other sounds, by a

change in the sign that represents the original sound. The phonetic value of vowels, for instance, is different at the beginning and in the middle of words; hence, in Greek the *spiritus lenis* put over initial vowels, but with still greater consistency in the Devanāgarī alphabet—a full form of the vowel in the beginning, and a contracted one in the middle of words. The same observation applies to the use of the Virāma, or the sign depriving a consonant of its vowel at the end, and to the use of compound forms in the middle of a word or sentence; because there is a phonetic difference between a vowelless consonant at the end, and one in the middle of a word or sentence. We may observe this difference, when we pronounce the word “man” by itself alone, or followed by an affix or another word, as in “manhood,” “mankind.” To apply the same sign in both cases to the letter *n*, would, according to the principle of Devanāgarī writing, indicate that the sound *n* is in both the same—which it is not. The two horns of the dilemma are, therefore, these: either to prefer in general an alphabet which conveys the least possible difficulty by presenting the fewest possible signs, or an alphabet that imitates the phenomena of sound to the utmost perfection. Our modern and ancient alphabets, except the Devanāgarī and those framed on the same principle, fall under neither predicament: they possess either too much or too little of graphic matter. The Devanāgarī, it is true, encumbers the beginner with a greater amount of signs than he is accustomed to, from the study of other languages—though we cannot quite admit the difficulty Mr. Watts supposes in the deciphering of its compound forms—but it has, or might at least have, the signal advantage of compelling the student to *think*, and in a time when teaching is too often confounded with cramming the student’s memory, and when a mechanical accumulation of undigested matter is too apt to pass for learning, we consider it, on the contrary, as a great boon, that there should exist a language, the very alphabet of which invites the beginner to think, and induces him to view language in the light of a natural science and to treat it accordingly.

Professor Malden has developed, in an interesting paper “On Greek Hexameters,” as he observes himself, the theory to be found in Thiersch’s “Homeric Greek Grammar,” viz.:—“That the Greek Hexameter was a compound verse, compounded of two parts, of which the first consisted of two dactyls or spondees, with a close, which was an imperfect dactyl, wanting the last syllable; and the second part was the same, except that a short syllable (what is technically called, a syllable in *anacrusis*) was prefixed to it.” The great number of instances he alleges from Homer and Latin poets, as well as the conclusions he arrives at with regard to some doubtful cases of digamma, we acknowledge as gratefully as we expect with pleasure, the paper he promises “On the Manner in which a large class of Greek lyrical metres sprang out of the elements of the old Hexameter.”

We conclude the review of this fifth volume of the Proceedings with referring to four elaborate and excellent papers of Professor T. H. Key, “On the Nature of the Verb, particularly on the Formation of the

Middle and Passive Voice;" "On the Derivation and Meaning of certain Latin Words" (two papers); and "On Vowel Assimilation, especially in relation to Professor Willis's Experiment on Vowel Sounds." The first of these papers is a development of the theory first hypothetically expressed by Bopp in the "Annals of Oriental Literature" (London, 1820, page 62), and, though abandoned in his *Conjugations system*, followed by Pott, in his "*Ätymologische Forschungen*," and again taken up by Bopp, in his "Comparative Grammar:" the theory—that the *r* of the passive and middle voice, especially in Latin, is the representative of the reflexive pronoun. With the arguments adduced by these scholars, and with the facts collected from the Latin, Slavonic, Lithuanian, Finnish, Scandinavian, German, and Romanic tongues in Mr. Key's paper, we may well consider this matter set at rest, and dismiss the ludicrous assumption we have seen in the "New Cratylus" of Dr. Donaldson, "that the final *ur* which marks the passive voice is a mark of the locative case (!)" because, "for the true explanation of the passive, *tur* and *untur*, we have a perfect analogy in the particle *igitur*;" and because, "according to Fisher, *igitur* signifies *unde*, *postea*, *tum*, and in a Fragment of the XII Tables it obviously means 'thereupon' (!)." However, we cannot agree with the position Mr. Key takes in the first part of his paper, with regard to the verb "to be," as we conceive it a matter of great grammatical difficulty to identify the verbs "*esse*" and "*edere*," though we admit that the independent existence of a verb "to be" has probably followed the verbal terminations instead of preceding them. The etymologies of Mr. Key show a great amount of erudition in the kindred idioms of the Indo-European stock, and much imaginative power of combination and comparison. The only fault we find with him is, that he allows himself sometimes to be carried beyond what we should call a safe ground of analogy. Thus, in spite of the interesting materials he has collected for the etymology of "*reciprocus*," we do not think that "*porca*," furrow, could be connected with *πελῖα*, but should rather establish its affinity with Sanskrit *kṛśh* or *karsh*, "to draw, to plough." Nor are we disposed to separate "*hio*" and "*hisco*," as the difference in the meanings of both verbs seems to us explainable by the metaphorical acceptance of the desiderative affix *sc* in "*hisco*." On the other side, "*torquere*" is an acceptable addition to those verbs in which the *qu = c* represents the causative element, as in *ful-c-io*, *vin-c-io*, *ia-c-io*, *fa-c-io*, *vin-c-o*, *par-c-o*, *mar-c-e-o* (cf. Curtius, in "Aufrecht und Kuhn's Zeitschrift," ii. p. 400), corresponding with the labial causative element of a certain class of Sanskrit verbs.

Every attempt to examine linguistic phenomena according to the principles of natural science, and to remove hypothetical matter through the observation of nature, cannot be welcomed too much, enveloped as we are threatened to become in a mist of metaphysical theories on the nature of language, which hide, more or less, the solid ground of sound knowledge. We consider it, therefore, as a great merit of Professor Key's to have drawn attention to a treatise of Mr. Robert Willis, "On the Vowel Sounds, and on Reed-Organ Pipes," in the third volume of the "Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical

Society," and to have applied its results to a good number of instances collected from the Hungarian, German, Celtic, English, and other dialects which illustrate the *natural* influence which preceding vowels exercise on following and following on preceding vowels. If Mr. Key complains that the paper of Mr. Willis "has escaped the attention of nearly all English and perhaps all foreign philologists," he is generally right, but justice to the latter requires us to except Dr. Bindseil, who, in the first part of his "Abhandlungen zur allgemeinen vergleichenden Sprachlehre," bearing the title of "Physiologie der Stimm- und Sprachlaute," has mentioned the treatise of Mr. Willis, as well as other works of a similar kind. His book, however, shares the same fate with that Mr. Key apprehends for Mr. Willis's paper, though it is one of those which ought not to be overlooked by comparative philologists.

We regret that our limits forbid us to do more than mention the other interesting papers in this volume: Rev. T. O. Cockayne, "On a Lokrian Inscription;" Mr. Edwin Guest, "On the Roots of Language, their Arrangement and their Accidents," &c.; Mr. Ernest Adams, "On the Probability of Gothic Settlements in Britain, previously to the Year 450;" and a very amusing, but not the less interesting, "Account of the Late Cambridge Etymological Society and its Plans, with some Specimens of its Labour," by W. Whewell, D.D.

Within the sphere of Sanskrit philology we begin with mentioning a Sanskrit Dictionary, published at St. Petersburg,<sup>2</sup> the authors of which are Dr. Otto Boehtlingk, attached to the Imperial Russian Academy of Sciences, and Dr. Rudolph Roth, Professor of Sanskrit at Tübingen, the former principally known from his republications of original Sanskrit texts, and the latter by his essays on Vaidik subjects, and the edition of the oldest Vaidik glossary. No labour can have been more welcomed than this, as the second edition of Professor Wilson's "Sanskrit and English Dictionary" has been out of print for many years, and the Sanskrit student is therefore deprived of one of the principal means in his pursuits. The Sanskrit Dictionary of Messrs. Boehtlingk and Roth aims, however, at a higher literary position than the dictionary of Professor Wilson. While the latter, especially in its second edition, confines himself to giving merely the meanings of the words according to the original authorities, the *Sanskrit Wörterbuch* adds to the meanings of the words the native and other authorities on which they are supposed to be founded; and the covers of the four parts, already published, contain not less than three hundred different literary works of every description, and from every part of the Sanskrit literature, that have been made use of for this purpose, each cover adding some new batch of literature to that presented by a preceding one. Sanskrit lexicography was promised, therefore, the boon of possessing a Forcellini or a Stephanus, almost in the infancy of Sanskrit philology, while

<sup>2</sup> *Sanskrit Wörterbuch*; herausgegeben von der Kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften. Bearbeitet von Otto Boehtlingk und Rudolph Roth. St. Petersburg, 1854. Parts I. to IV.

the classic languages had to struggle for centuries before they were blessed with so great a treasure of scholarship; and, what is not less remarkable, it was to possess such a treasure without the preliminary special glossaries which seem to be the requisites for the preparation of a Thesaurus of this kind, prepared, as they must have been, by the two scholars who intimate by their literary list that they will embody either the whole, or, at least, the essential part of the greater number of these 300 works. That their intention must have been to give the whole material of certain works results not only from the promise we recollect to have seen in the preface of one of Dr. Hoehlingk's publications, but more so from the remarkable circumstance that we meet in the "Wörterbuch," with a considerable number of Sanskrit words that are not translated at all, but merely quoted according to the author to which they refer. Now, as the principal object of a dictionary is to translate a word considered as unknown, with a word considered as known, we are entitled to infer that the authors intended also to give in their work what otherwise would belong to the department of special glossaries. In one word, we might argue that the minutest and most scrupulous care could be expected in a book comprising the vocabulary of so many, chiefly principal works of the Sanskrit literature, and implying that it would not omit even such words, for which the consciousness and accuracy of the authors did not venture to offer a safe representative, but which might be explained at a future period of Sanskrit philology.

Such, indeed, has been the impression with which we received the first four parts of the "Sanskrit Wörterbuch." But our hopes vanished when we became acquainted with its contents. The gold of erudition that glistened on the surface, became vain tinsel when we examined page for page, and the serious satisfaction we might have derived from a serious work became a pleasure of a somewhat different kind. Yet we must own that we felt anything but delight at the comedy performed in this "Wörterbuch." A dictionary, especially one which stands alone in its place, is too important a work to be viewed in the light of theatrical legerdemain. The ideas it conveys bear upon all questions of literature, and spread through the labour of those who adopt them—over the republic of letters. The task of a dictionary is an essentially educational one; it has to direct the beginner, to produce in the student correct notions of the language he wants to acquire, and the literary works he desires to understand; it has, moreover—when composed with higher scientific pretensions (like the *Sanskrit Wörterbuch*)—to answer and satisfy the wants of the scholar so far as the actual state of science permits. Errors in a book of great extent and considerable difficulty, as in a Sanskrit Dictionary, we always feel disposed to judge leniently; variety of opinion we must expect where difficult terms are translated perhaps for the first time; but what we cannot pass over without censure, are wrong principles, gross neglect, and such ignorance and such want of judgment as are incompatible with the functions the authors of a Thesaurus assign to themselves by necessity.

The following brief remarks will therefore be directed only towards



the latter defects of this Dictionary, as space would fail us to treat on its special delinquencies.

Our first remark will be a grammatical one. It might be known, were it only from the two first editions of Wilson's Sanskrit Dictionary, that the suffixes with which nouns, &c. are derived from the roots, are given by the Hindu grammarians and lexicographers with the appendage of certain ~~note~~ or technical signs which bear upon grammatical rules—*e.g.*, on rules of accentuation, formation, gender, and so on. To ascertain the form of these suffixes, according to the native authorities, is one of the great difficulties connected with Sanskrit lexicography, but, from the reason we have named, and from a historical point of view, indispensable in a dictionary of a scientific kind. Much has already been done in this respect in the 'excellent works of Wilson; but more, of course, was still to be done, since the second edition of his book was published twenty-three years ago. We could scarcely believe, were the fact not before our eyes, that not a single suffix is mentioned in the etymological part of the *Wörterbuch*, that not the slightest notice is taken of what the Hindu grammarians—by far superior to those of the ancient classical world, and we may add, to most of our modern time—considered, and rightly considered, of paramount necessity. So the wonderful etymological labour of centuries of high antiquity, and partly chronicled with the greatest zeal by Professor Wilson, has been dashed out with a single stroke by the superior wisdom of Messrs. Bochtlingk and Roth. That they have scarcely ever condescended to notice the native etymologies at all, will be less surprising after what we have said. We know that the latter are not held in favour with German Sanskritists, because some native etymologies do not bear a scientific test; but we also know that many have been treated with injustice, and that their correctness will yet be recognised; and we believe that in a work not limited in regard to space, it would have been a matter of at least historical interest to ascertain the amount of ancient Hindu proficiency in etymology, and moreover a source of impartial research for after times, what etymologies of theirs have been right or wrong. The "*Wörterbuch*," however, makes its own etymologies, and we are sorry to say very often the most erroneous ones, where it could have got correct instruction from those old native authors which it overlooks with contempt.

There is a system of accentuation peculiar and characteristic of the Vaidik texts; the "*Wörterbuch*" has invented a system of its own, and what is worse, a system that may induce the beginner to infer that it is an original one. We forbear entering here into the question of the accentuation of Sanskrit words, as it is fraught with great difficulty, and cannot be treated without copious detail. The "*Wörterbuch*" has not deemed proper merely to hint at there being a difficulty or a point of discussion; but while it follows a certain method, it is defective also in this respect, since it omits accentuating a good many words which could have been accentuated according to its own plan.

The same neglect we have animadverted upon in the case of the

native authorities, but in a far higher degree, has affected a whole and essential part of the "Wörterbuch" (we do not speak of the ridiculous blunders in the interpretation of common native dictionary words)—we mean almost all the words belonging to the Vaidik literature. As we intend offering a few observations on this point, when we are speaking of Professor Wilson's translation of the "Rig-Veda," we will here only observe, that the invaluable Vaidik commentaries, the object of admiration to all those who have approached them, the treasure of Hindu traditions—of traditions bequeathed to us from immemorial times—have been deliberately neglected in this "Wörterbuch." Professor Roth—for he appears to be answerable for this portion of the work—has in almost all instances interpreted the Vaidik words according to his own fancy and taste; and though we own that neither the St. Petersburg nor the Tübingen libraries possess the Vaidik commentaries, we must still point out that a considerable portion of them has already been published in this country and in Germany, and that to neglect these, shows as great a want of judgment or as culpable a superficiality as it gives proof of an unscientific presumption to explain Vaidik words where the commentary was not available. One instance may suffice to explain the proceedings of Professor Roth. A Vaidik word, "athari," is translated "finger" in all ancient commentaries, and common sense, besides linguistic reasons, surely indicates that a word of this kind could have well preserved its meaning among a people who considered sacred every Vaidik word—a meaning bearing upon a material object, and not liable to the changes philosophical or abstract terms may be subject to. Professor Roth declares this meaning as "evidently erroneous," and substitutes for it "*Lanzenspitze*" (point of a lance); referring, amongst others, to the Greek *ἀθήρη*, which, in his opinion, illustrates the Sanskrit word. According to this process of Professor Roth's, our "*become*" e.g., would be the German "*be-kommen*;" our "*keen*," the German "*kühn*;" Lat. "*calidus*," our "*cold*," &c. We may fairly say, that Vaidik texts translated with the material offered in this "Wörterbuch," would be a St. Petersburg or a Tübingen Veda—anything, indeed, but the document that bears testimony to the oldest period of the civilization of India.

To speak of the errors of this Wörterbuch, and of its inferiority concerning the material of meanings, when compared to preceding dictionaries, is to pause at every page,—we may say, at every column of it. And to characterize its meanings in such general terms as we can do here, we may say that difficult grammatical terms have been misinterpreted, philosophical words either omitted altogether, or explained in a ludicrous manner, astronomical terms and terms of special science generally left out (though Wilson's Dictionary contained already a good number of them), words that belong as well to the oldest period as to a more recent one, in many cases represented as merely Vaidik forms, and even the easiest words of the later literature misunderstood in numerous instances. To trace the original idea of a word through the logical arrangement of its meanings, as we could have expected, is almost impossible in this Wörterbuch, and where the attempts at such an arrangement are made, they afford the most curious instances of some strange defect in

reasoning. There is a class of faults, moreover, in this book we should not have insisted upon, did they not throw a strange light on the capacity of the compilers; we do not mean errors proceeding from wrong principles or from the kind of superficiality we have pointed out,—errors, in fact, proceeding from and showing some process of thinking, either right or wrong, but errors that can only be understood when we offer an instance of them. One or two, indeed, may be held as the index of the class. A word “*anavasthā*” is derived from the negative prefix *an* (equal to our *un* or *in*), and *avasthā*, stability, &c. It means, therefore, literally *instability*, and in a philosophical sense “*a argumentum in infinitum*.” That the latter meaning is not explained in the *Wörterbuch*, is a matter of course; but as to the former, we believe that no beginner would find the slightest difficulty in it. Dr. Boehtlingk, however, has performed the artifice of translating it with “*das’āhabāva*,” — i.e., “*the condition of ten days*,” and that there may be no mistake about the *das’āha*, “*the ten days*,” he quotes a passage from Mann, where the “*ten days*” are “*the ten days of impurity*.” The reader may now learn where Dr. Boehtlingk has taken his inspiration. In a Sanskrit Dictionary of Rādhakāntadeva, which is printed in Bengali characters, and therefore, as it appears, considered as an original authority by Dr. Boehtlingk (a book of great value, but composed in our days), the word “*anavasthā*” is explained with “*das’ā bhāva*,” the apostrophe indicating that *das’ā bhāva* is composed of *das’ā* and *abhāva*, meaning, as we stated before, “*want of stability, or instability*.” Dr. Boehtlingk, who seems to be acquainted only imperfectly with the Bengali characters, makes of the apostrophe an “*h*,” and offers us the “*condition of ten days of impurity*,” a meaning, we venture to say, a mere beginner would declare as ludicrous or impossible. In a similar manner “*adhyusht’a*” Dr. Boehtlingk translates “*three and a half*,” without any other comment, while the word occurs only in a compound “*adhyusht’avalaya*,” the epithet of a serpent “*completely coiled up*,” its ringlets being then, as a commentator observes, coiled up three times and a half!

We forbear speaking of the quotations from those three hundred books, the names of which we perceive on the cover, and can only observe that many of them are second-hand references, and by far the greatest number appear to be taken merely at random, as any one could do in opening a book, but that they do certainly not proceed from a proper and regular perusal of the original work. We except only the Vaidik texts, of which we have spoken before, some grammatical texts, and the Rāmāyan’a, besides such Sanskrit works as have been published with indices, suffered though they have under the cruel treatment of the *Wörterbuch*, and misapplied as their passages often are to the meanings they are intended to support or to illustrate. This, then, is the great Sanskrit Thesaurus we receive from the Russian Imperial Academy, a work of which, in short, we can only say, that not a single page is free from copious material for the gravest animadversion. We have arrived at this conclusion with the deepest regret, and with the serious apprehension that Sanskrit studies might be thrown far back, should the authors of the *Sanskrit Wörterbuch* not deem fit to

cancel the sheets they have issued, and re-model their labour on the basis of sounder principles and on more solid learning.

However low would be our hopes for the future progress of Sanskrit philology, did we believe in the influence of the dictionary of Messrs. Boehtlingk and Roth, they are correspondingly raised when we revert to another work concerning the Sanskrit literature, the translation of the hymns of the Rig-Veda, by Professor H. H. Wilson, of which the second volume was published a few months ago.<sup>3</sup> We cannot approach however, this excellent translation without some reflections suggested to us by the prefatory remarks of the author. "The publication of the text of the second division of the 'Rig-Veda' by Professor Müller," begins Professor Wilson, "affords safe authority for the continuance of the translation, which is therefore now offered to the public, under the same liberal patronage of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, under which the preceding volume appeared, and without which it would probably have been withheld from the press: little interest in the work having been manifested in this country, however indispensable the Vedas may be to an accurate knowledge of the religious opinions of the ancient world, and of the primeval institutions of the Hindus."

In reading these words, and in considering the authority whence they proceed, we could not help asking why so little interest should have been bestowed on one of the most important works of literature, especially in a country the interests of which are so intimately connected with those of India. Indeed, we are aware that little stress is laid, in official quarters, on the study of the ancient language of India, and, as a necessary consequence, on the study of the Sanskrit literature; the law, borne out by history and philosophy, that the authority over a people cannot be exercised beneficially unless supported and guided by a thorough knowledge of its genius, character, and development, would appear to be departed from in the case of India, if we look at official reports, and at the tendency which is manifest in the recent legislation for India. Yet, beyond the sphere of official life, there is the nation at large with its interests in literary pursuits of every kind, and not less disposed, perhaps, than other nations to investigate matters concerning religion and religious antiquity. It may appear, therefore, not without purport, to sound the causes of the fact alluded to in Professor Wilson's words. The knowledge of the Vedas, and of the works concerning the Vaidik literature, has hitherto been confined to the limited circle of Sanskrit scholars, or to those engaged in special philosophical or philological research; the essays on the value of this branch of Sanskrit literature are chiefly contained in Transactions of Asiatic Societies, or in works intended for the Oriental scholar generally, therefore, either not available for those who are not of the

<sup>3</sup> "Rig-Veda-Saṁhitā: A Collection of Ancient Hindu Hymns, constituting the second Ashtaka, or Book of the Rig-Veda," &c. Translated from the original Sanskrit by H. H. Wilson, M.A., F.R.S., &c. &c. London: Wm. H. Allen and Co., 1854.

initiated few, or accessible only with difficulty. Nor can we consider the first attempt that was made in this country to give a literal translation of a Veda, and to bring it nearer the popular mind, a happy one, inasmuch as the Veda we are referring to—the Sâma-Veda—is a compilation made from the Rig-Veda, for ritual purposes, and without interest to those who do not make a special study of the particulars of the Hindu worship, moreover little intelligible even now to Sanskrit scholars in general with regard to all the ritual questions connected with it. In one word, we look in vain for popular works that explain the importance or communicate the content of the Vaidik literature, and we are not surprised, therefore, that the two volumes Professor Wilson has offered us in his translation of the "Rig-Veda," two invaluable yet isolated exceptions, or, we should rather say, the first volume he is speaking of, should not yet have found the soil of the public mind prepared enough to receive the productive seed. Be this, however, as it may, it is not a little remarkable that the same scholar who has proved his thorough knowledge of the minutest detail of Sanskrit philology, and who is the first who gave us a dictionary and a Vaidik grammar, besides some Sanskrit texts, should have been also the first to make popular in Europe important parts of the Sanskrit literature, the first who presented us with a collection of Hindu dramas in a poetical and reliable form, who translated an original philosophical commentary, who made us acquainted with one of the principal Purânas, and the first who now offers us, in the English language, the Vaidik texts, in a trustworthy, scholar-like, and accomplished form. But his instance is, as we said, a solitary one, and we can only wish that the younger Sanskrit scholars might follow the example of their illustrious Nestor, to remove one of the principal obstacles that have impeded and impede the influence this branch of philology could exercise on kindred sciences.

A brief account of the position the "Rig-Veda"—the oldest document of the Hindu literature—holds with respect to Hindu antiquity, the worship it represents, the age it depicts, and the antiquarian matter in general it contains, is given in the Introduction to the first two volumes of Professor Wilson's translation, as far as the first two Ashtakas, or the fourth part of the whole "Rig-Veda" is concerned. The analysis which is given of some of the principal hymns is a valuable guide for the reader, who is not accustomed to the style of hymns contained in these volumes, and who might overlook the antiquarian interest sometimes contained in an epithet, concealed in an allusion, or in matter the bearing of which is only understood by the aspect it takes at a future period of Hindu history. Thus, words which, in the epic literature, are expressions for the castes, are pointed out in the different meaning they convey in the Vaidik texts, and an interesting comparison is made between the features which the Asvamedha or horse-sacrifice presents, according to two hymns of the "Rig-Veda," and those it assumes in the time of the ritual codification, and at the still later period of the epic poems Râmâyana and Mahâbhârata. Hymns are pointed out that afford evidence of the prevalence of polygamy at this early date, others, that show the flourishing state of cities, the existence of arts,

sciences, institutes, and vices of civilized life, that speak of golden ornaments, coats of mail, weapons of offence, the use of the precious metals, of musical instruments, the fabrication of cars, and the employment of the needle: which allude to trading by sea, to the knowledge of drugs and antidotes, the practice of medicine, and computation of the divisions of time to a minute degree. Others are arraigned which refer to the social institutions of those early times, to the laws of property and inheritance, or which describe vices as the abandonment of newborn children, theft and profligacy. Yet the prominent feature of the hymns is the religious one, and the chief interest they inspire lies in the material they afford to trace back the course of the religious development of India, and, what in our opinion is more important still, to trace the laws of the rise and progress of religion in general. For the laws of religion are the laws of imagination. Imagination is the link which connects religion and art: its innate laws and its physical vicissitudes are those of religion and art. With the material we possess of the history of mankind, the attempt to frame a philosophy of imagination would be a hazardous work, because the earliest religious documents we are familiar with, are either accomplished systems of religious belief, the terminus instead of the starting-point, or we are not able to follow their ulterior fate. India is perhaps the only country that has preserved the material for such research; for we believe that the contents of the Vaidik hymns and of the Vaidik literature, combined with the epic and puranic literature, will give the key to many natural laws which pervade religious imagination, and advance that knowledge of human nature, the defect of which has been the principal cause of intolerance and human misery. However, to arrive at such possibility, the various periods represented by the hymns of the Rig-Veda, have yet to be freed from the doubts which are attached to their relative priority or posteriority—a task not impossible in many portions of the text, as far as we venture to conclude both from the contents of the hymns and from the grammatical forms of their words.

We must pause here with our remarks on the great importance of the volumes before us, to say a few words on the principle which characterizes the translation. It is, we are happy to say, the reverse of that adopted by Professor Roth, in his translation of Vaidik passages and of Vaidik words in the "Wörterbuch." "In translating the text," says Professor Wilson, "the gloss of Śāyana Āchārya has been invariably consulted, and almost as invariably faithfully followed, as furnishing the safest guide through intricacies and obscurities of the text; occasionally, but upon the strongest grounds only, has the interpretation of this very able scholiast been questioned, and where his assistance even has failed to remove all uncertainty, the passage has been ordinarily cited in the annotations, to enable the student to form an independent conclusion." After our previous observations, we need scarcely say that we consider this principle the only one that ought to be followed in all similar works. The peculiar character of the Hindu education, the manner in which the sacred texts have been handed down from school to school and from generation to generation, the scrupulous care with which grammarians, lexicographers, philoso-

phers, and commentators have vied with each other to preserve every particle of the holy literature—comparable only to the precaution employed by the Jews in the preservation of their Old Testament—and last, not least, the diffidence we have all reason to feel regarding the material of our present knowledge, will leave no doubt as to what course is alone compatible with sound scholarship. We will give an instance or two, to show what might become of our knowledge of Hindu antiquities, if we placed our own presumption over the assistance afforded by the commentaries, and we must add, over commentaries not surpassed in accuracy and ingenuity by any similar works in other literatures. Professor Roth gives, in the preface of his edition of the *Nirukta*, a specimen of a Vaidik text referring to the mystical and very important animal-sacrifice, and translates, for instance—“Göttliche schlächter . . . führet her zu den Thüren der Opferplatzes die Darbringung unter Anrufung den beiden Herren der Darbringung” (*i.e.*, “ye divine killers . . . lead hither to the doors of the place of the sacrifice the offering, under invocation to the two Lords of the offering”). The commentator explains these words in the following manner:—“Ye divine killers . . . bring hither the means that are fit for the sacrifice, indicating the sacrifice to the two gods that are the lords of the sacrifice.” Professor Roth: “Machet seine Brust (an Gestalt) gleich einem Adler, die Arme gleich zwei Beilen;” (*i.e.*, make its breast similar (in shape) to an eagle, the arms similar to two hatchets, &c.) The commentator: Take out its breast completely; take out its arms, so as not to leave anything behind, &c. Professor Roth: “Bei seinen Eingeweiden kreischet nicht als sähet ihr eine Eule, &c.,” *i.e.*, “At its entrails do not scream as if you saw an owl” (!?) The commentator: “Do not tear its entrails, mistaking them for the fleshy matter that surrounds them.” The reader must therefore choose between the sacrifice as instituted by the Hindu authorities and the sacrifice as Professor Roth would celebrate it at Tübingen, in honour to Agni and Soma.

We have only to add, that Professor Wilson has scrupulously carried out the principle he has expressed in his Preface to the translation of the *Rig-Veda*, and that the accomplished manner in which he has rendered the Sanskrit original, places his work in a foremost rank amongst achievements in literature.

To combine with the name of Professor Wilson that of the editor of the text and commentary of the “*Rig-Veda*,” would be but justice to Professor Max Müller’s invaluable labour, but we should have otherwise felt the duty of making mention of him, since we are aware that a second edition of his able and learned work, “*The Languages of the Seat of War in the East*,”<sup>4</sup> will soon be ready for publication. Yet, as the material of the first edition is revised and enlarged in the second, we must reserve a fuller comment on it to our next review.

<sup>4</sup> “Suggestions for the Assistance of Officers in Learning the Languages of the Seat of War in the East.” By Max Müller, M.A., &c. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1854.

## HISTORY, TRAVELS, AND BIOGRAPHY.

ENQUIRIES into very obscure and remote periods of history can for the most part produce only negative results. Criticism may demolish the time-honoured legends of Romulus and Numa, the exploits of King Arthur, or the taking of Troy, but can give us little in their place. Egypt alone presents an exception. There, at a period so remote that all other empires seem to be of yesterday in comparison, a race of monarchs wrote the story of their pride and power, in characters which remain to this day; there, long before the children of Israel groined and multiplied under the oppression of the Pharaohs; before even Abraham had left his birth-place in the East, civilization and learning had made no inconsiderable advances, and arts were practised, of which the results still exist, and still, like the remains of extinct antediluvian monsters, excite the wonder and admiration of mankind.

That such a field for speculation as is here opened should attract the attention of the archaeologist is not surprising; but the clue to the reconstruction of these megatheria of humanity has long been wanting. It is only since the discovery by Champollion, of the method of reading hieroglyphics, that a firm ground for investigation has been attained. Previously to that event, the meagre and often contradictory accounts of Greek writers had been the sole source of information: but since the authentic and contemporaneous, though inadequate and obscure, evidence afforded by the monuments has been made available, materials have been rapidly accumulating; and the results which were proclaimed to the world by the learned author of "*Egypt's Place in Universal History*," have been now subjected to criticism in a "*Monumental History of Egypt*,"<sup>1</sup> by Mr. Osburn.

Though we have accounts of Egypt by Herodotus, and several other writers, who at different times visited it (chiefly in consequence of the celebrity which his writings achieved for it), it is nevertheless impossible, for several reasons, to place much confidence in their assertions. The only ancient authorities which have much claim to be treated with respect, are Manetho and Eratosthenes, learned priests of the third century B.C., who composed lists of kings, which, in part at least, have been handed down to us. Their records appear at first sight to differ most hopelessly; but the difficulty vanishes, or is at any rate considerably lessened, if we suppose that the lists of Manetho are not intended for a chronological series, but contain co-regent kings and contemporaneous dynasties. That this is the case, appears to be agreed on all hands. Whether upon this hypothesis the lists of Eratosthenes can be made to tally, is not quite so certain; but it must be admitted that if they can, the apparent discrepancy of the two accounts is no slight argument in their favour. The reliance, nevertheless, which

<sup>1</sup> "*The Monumental History of Egypt, as recorded on the Rubis of her Temples, Palaces, and Tombs.*" By William Osburn, R.S.L. London: Trübner and Co.



Bunsen and Lepsius are disposed to place in these lists is, according to Mr. Osburn, very little merited. The spirit of exaggeration which possessed the priests, has, he thinks, irretrievably falsified all their records; and that this is the case, he tells us may be inferred from the fact that the lists of Manetho begin with an admitted fable, viz., the reign of the Gods of Egypt; and might have been presumed from the common tendency of nations to exaggerate their own antiquity. To this it might be replied, that when a people has satisfied its vanity by establishing a mythical period in which the gods dwelt among them, it never manifests any desire to separate itself from this fictitious golden age by forging human dynasties: but, in truth, such general arguments are altogether worthless. Manetho and Eratosthenes, if they are to be rejected, must be shown to contradict the story of the monuments; and until this can be satisfactorily done, general probabilities about the lying tendencies of Egyptian priests must have very little weight. It cannot be denied that Mr. Osburn has special reasons for wishing to fall back upon the evidence of the monuments unfettered by the evidence of Eratosthenes. The account given by the latter is incompatible with the date commonly assigned to the deluge. Bunsen meets this difficulty by denying the authenticity of the popular chronology: Lepsius, on the other hand, assumes that the deluge was a partial flood, which did not extend to Egypt; and it is mainly with a view to get over this difficulty that Mr. Osburn is induced to decline any evidence except that of the monuments, inasmuch as he wishes to remove the notion, which many persons entertain, that the early history of Egypt is calculated to throw doubt upon the Mosaic account. It is not, however, a consideration of chronology alone which induced Lepsius to adopt his theory about the deluge. He was led to do so in great measure from the absence, as he supposes, of any traditions of such an event in Egypt. Upon this point Mr. Osburn offers battle. He finds traces of the names of many of the patriarchs in the names of the Deities of Egypt, and among others of that of Noah, in the name of a god connected with the notion of water. Few persons probably will be disposed to think this so conclusive and triumphant a refutation as it professes to be. But it must in fairness be admitted, on the other hand, that we cannot attach very great weight to the absence of the traditions in question. Vanity and selfishness appear so completely to have absorbed all other feeling in the Egyptians, that unless the deluge was connected in some way with the greatness of their monarchs, they would probably trouble themselves very little about the recollection of it.

In no portion of Egyptian history do we meet with greater difficulties than at its very commencement. All the evidence we have upon the subject, makes Menes the founder of the empire, nor do any relics or any traditions throw light upon the preceding period. It is nevertheless tolerably certain, that at the time when Menes established his empire, the Egyptians were a highly civilized people. We have monumental evidence that at this early period, the arts of Egypt must have been long practised; but of the ruder efforts which must have preceded this perfection, not a trace remains. To understand how

perplexing a problem this fact presents, we must remember that it is extremely improbable that they should have been destroyed either by the violence of man, or by the slower operation of natural causes. These considerations have induced Mr. Osburn to suppose that the Egyptians were, in the time of Menes, a newly-arrived colony from Asia, bringing with them the arts which they had there acquired. Here, however, a fresh difficulty meets us. The hieroglyphic writing; and much of the creed of the Egyptians, is evidently of indigenous growth. This is the most indisputable fact connected with them. As the only way of reconciling the contradictory inferences to which these two considerations seem to point, a theory is started which, even by the admission of its author, involves one of the strangest anomalies ever met with in the history of man. Mr. Osburn supposes that the new comers, for some inexplicable reason, abandoned their old creed and alphabet, and devised a new one for themselves in Egypt, to which they ever afterwards adhered. In support of this view he argues firstly, that the hieroglyphics are evidently not the result of any gradually developed system, but must have been invented and completed by the same men: secondly, that in the simplest and most necessary parts of speech, we find the marks of civilization; as for instance, the outlines of a vessel for holding water and a twisted rope in the words which represent the personal pronouns: and thirdly, that the popular notions of the Egyptians about the natural history of their country, were such as could only have been formed by a colony of new settlers, and would have been corrected by experience, had they not been at once established as part of their religious creed. It is upon this last argument, that Mr. Osburn appears to place most reliance. He has very superfluously given a long list of the blunders upon such subjects which have been made by strangers on their first arrival at different countries. On this side the question, no one can dream of opposing him: but when he tacitly assumes that such erroneous opinions are confined to strangers, very little experience is required to show that his hypothesis is utterly untenable. The ancients were for the most part strangely inaccurate in their observance of natural phenomena. Virgil was a professed naturalist; and Virgil, in a didactic composition, has given a receipt for producing a swarm of bees, which is at least as absurd as any fable which the Egyptians told about the vulture or ibis.

The principle which has induced Mr. Osburn to adopt so startling a theory about the origin of the Egyptians, guides him in his criticisms upon all their history. He regards the monuments as a complete, as well as the sole authentic source, of information; and assuming in consequence that where the monuments are silent, any account which gives us a lengthened period is a forgery of the priests, it is easy for him to reduce his history to the limits requisite for his theory. There are in all this so many signs of a foregone conclusion; the knots which present themselves, are cut in such a daring and unhesitating manner; that it is impossible to award to Mr. Osburn the praise of a true historical spirit. But though not very historical in spirit, his book is undoubtedly very ingenious; and the very characteristics which would

disqualify him for writing an ordinary history, are perhaps in some measure necessary for such a task as the one which he has undertaken. To weigh documentary evidence with patience and impartiality is the main business of the ordinary historian; and where this is the case, foregone conclusions can only mislead the judgment: but where documentary testimony fails us, and the evidence is mainly of a circumstantial character, the inquiry is of a totally different nature. In such cases, as in inquiries of a scientific kind, it is impossible to make any progress unless there be some hypothesis which may suggest a method and end for our investigations; and though in a philosophic mind the particular end to be established will always be subjected to the general love of truth, and will consequently be immediately relinquished, when it becomes apparent that the advance of knowledge tends to negative it, still the partiality of the individual for his favourite theory, even when carried to excess, will help to promote the cause of truth: what is sound in it will live; what is unsound will be shattered by the very struggles with which he clings to it.

Few states have had more difficulties to meet, or have more successfully met them, than the Republic of Venice. Her position, which made her the great channel for commerce between the East and the West, and gained for her wealth and reputation, laid her open to aggression on every side. Not only had she the attacks of rival Italian states, of Rome, and of the German emperors to fear; attacks which, were she still the Venice of the middle ages, might still harass her; but her commerce and very existence were threatened by a power which a few centuries ago was regarded with an almost superstitious degree of awe. "The Turk" was the bugbear with which mediæval diplomatists endeavoured to frighten one another into treaties and friendship. But though no state affected to despise the terrors of this name, and though it was especially terrible to Venice, she was beginning to feel in the sixteenth century that her Christian allies were her real foes. The League of Cambrai, formed at her expense in 1508, by almost all the great powers of Europe, had reduced her to the verge of despair; but fortunately for her, the selfishness which had united was soon as powerful to divide. In the year 1515, the Emperor Maximilian was carrying out the traditional policy of Germany, by endeavouring to establish himself as absolute master of the north of Italy; the possession of Verona and Brescia being more particularly the object of his ambition, in opposition to the claims of Venice. Venice had not long previously been in alliance with the emperor, but he had played false with regard to these towns, and her only hope of successful resistance lay in an alliance which she had formed with the King of France. He claimed the duchy of Milan, and they had agreed to render mutual assistance in the prosecution of their respective claims. It was accordingly of the last importance to Venice that a powerful army from France should at once proceed to her assistance, before such successes should have been gained by the imperial arms as to render her resistance useless. Several obstacles however opposed this; the chief of which was the fears entertained by France of an English invasion. Venice accordingly determined upon despatching

an ambassador to England, with a view to preserve, if possible, peace between France and England; and Sebastian Giustinian, a descendant of the imperial family of Constantinople, was selected for this important mission. It was impossible, if we may judge from his Despatches, a translation of which has just been published,\* that a fitter man should have been selected. His stay in England lasted from 1515 to 1519, and his letters home give a vivid picture of the difficulties which he encountered, and the ability and patience with which he struggled against them. Henry, he found, regarded the attempts of Francis with invincible distrust and alarm. His valour, no less than motives of policy, led him to wish to thwart them. He had, however, as yet no pretext for open hostility, and if he took part in the struggle, it was only by subsidizing Maximilian. Against this sort of underhand assistance, Giustinian, constantly remonstrated, and though both Henry and Wolsey assured him that they were neutral, he soon learnt to put very little faith in their assertions. The leading characters of the English court, on the other hand, all set to work to sow the seeds of discord between Venice and France. They assured him that Francis was deserting his cause, and that he would sacrifice Venice to the cupidity of the emperor, for the sake of securing his own possessions. Even the foreign ambassadors were engaged in the plot. But the Italian appears to have been equal to the emergency. He describes in his letters to the council how the king sneered and the cardinal bullied, and with what cautious reserve he always affected to be startled by their assertions, without being absolutely convinced. These scenes had been many times repeated; the ambassador occasionally smoothing matters by the administration of strong doses of flattery; when his perseverance was rewarded by a grand triumph. News arrived which showed that the English, and not the Venetian Government, had been duped. "We can imagine," the editor remarks, "with what merriment the 'sale' of the king and cardinal was discussed that night at the Venetian embassy."

Peace having been concluded between the Emperor and King of France, upon terms which secured Brescia and Verona to Venice, Giustinian became extremely anxious to return home. His position had never been very enviable. The ambassador of a petty state, opposing the will of Henry and of Wolsey, must always have been rather unpleasantly situated at the English court; but he had other troubles to endure. He was in constant distress because the council would not send him the information which he wanted; he was old, and the plague or "sweating sickness" was raging on all sides; and, to crown all, he was ill paid. Before his departure, however, the death of the Emperor had changed the aspect of the political world. The alliance between France and England had been renewed, and the court was occupied in anxiously discussing the preparations for the field of cloth of gold, and the claims of the royal candidates for the vacant impe-

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\* "Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII. Selection of Despatches written by the Venetian Ambassador, Sebastian Giustinian, and addressed to the Signory of Venice. January 13, 1516, to July 26, 1519." Translated by Rawdon Brown. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

rial throne. Under these circumstances his successor at last arrived, and he had the satisfaction of leaving England, successful in his mission, and on the best of terms with the King and Wolsey.

The characters which appear most prominently upon the scene in these Despatches are, as might be expected, "his most serene Majesty" and "the Right Reverend Cardinal." Henry has always enjoyed a rather anomalous reputation. Looked at from one side he is "Bluff King Hal,"—the most popular monarch, with the exception of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who has sat upon the throne since the Norman conquest. Looked at from the other, he is a selfish, sanguinary monster, who spent his time in feasting and killing his wives; a sort of historical Blue-Beard. Some of this popularity is no doubt owing to the unceremonious way in which he treated the nobles; and some to a rather unmerited association of his name with the Reformation; but it was no doubt chiefly derived from his frank bearing and cordial manners. Both sides of his character come before us in Giustinian's letters. At their first interview, the beauty and cordiality of the king appear to have quite captivated him; the solemn etiquette which the "magnificos" of Venice always observed, rendering him particularly open to such impressions. But it is clear that the charm was soon dissolved, and though he never drops the decorous language of an ambassador, Henry is described in his later missives as a fool, who only made his folly more apparent by attempts at knavery. In many respects Henry appears to have resembled his daughter Elizabeth. Both were fond of music; both were accomplished linguists; both were passionately fond of pageants; and both betrayed their extreme personal vanity in the most childish manner. The questions which Henry put about the personal appearance of Francis as compared with his own, are, *mutatis mutandis*, just what Elizabeth put about her rival Mary; but it was a much less embarrassing task to answer them satisfactorily.

The great Cardinal presents a still more unamiable picture than his master. He seems to have combined, in a singularly successful manner, the apparently opposite vices of dissimulation and intemperate violence. The Venetian government are warned that they must not put the slightest faith in any of his assertions, the probability being that their contrary is true; and is informed at the same time that he was frequently so distempered with passion as to resemble a madman. On one occasion he stood gnawing a cane with rage; on another he took the Papal Nuncio into a "private chamber" and there "laid hands on him," and "with fierce language" threatened him with the rack if he did not instantly confess every word of certain conversations which Wolsey fancied had taken place! In addition to this, he almost asked for bribes, and used to affirm that he was the real master of England—a boast at this time well founded; for Giustinian declares his conviction that it would be far safer to offend the King than the Cardinal.

Mr. Stanley does not profess, in his "Memorials of Canterbury,"<sup>3</sup> so

<sup>3</sup> "Historical Memorials of Canterbury. The Landing of Augustine. The Murder of Becket. Edward the Black Prince. Becket's Shrine." By Arthur P. Stanley, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. London: John Murray.

much to refute or enlighten antiquaries, as to attract and instruct ordinary readers. He does not even claim to have written a history, but simply to have reproduced, in a series of historical fragments, the most remarkable scenes connected with Canterbury cathedral. In what he has undertaken he has certainly been very successful. Although every source of information has evidently been consulted by him with the greatest care, he has, with a degree of self-denial unfortunately too rare, abstained from all unnecessary display of learning; and seizing upon those points alone which can give personality to the actors, and "a local habitation" to their actions, has presented to us the scenes which he describes with all the fulness of detail and vividness of colouring of which their antiquity will allow. The volume consists of some lectures which were delivered at Canterbury, and of a reprint from the "Quarterly Review;" and the points connected with the history of Canterbury which are chiefly worked out, are, firstly, the introduction of Christianity; secondly, the death and subsequent celebrity of Thomas à-Becket; and lastly, the biography of the Black Prince. These are obviously very favourable subjects for the picturesque treatment which Mr. Stanley adopts; and he has acted very judiciously in confining himself to this point of view, and in rigidly excluding political, ecclesiastical, and architectural digressions. The first section is entitled "The Landing of Augustine and the Conversion of Ethelbert." It opens with the well-known incident of Gregory and the Saxon slaves, which is given with some fresh details; and a brief sketch of Gregory's life introduces us to the mission of Augustine upon the apparently desperate undertaking of converting the fair-haired heathens of the British islands. The landing of the band of missionaries in Kent is next given, and their meeting with the Saxon king:—

"The meeting must have been remarkable. The Saxon king—'The Son of the Ash-tree'—with his wild followers, seated on the bare ground on one side; on the other side, with a huge silver cross borne before him, and beside it a large picture of Christ, painted and gilded after the fashion of those times, on an upright board, came up from the shore Augustine and his companions, chanting as they advanced a solemn litany, for themselves and for those to whom they came. He, as we are told, was a man of almost gigantic stature, head and shoulders taller than any one else. With him were Lawrence, who afterwards succeeded him as Archbishop of Canterbury, and Peter, who became the first Abbot of St. Augustine's. They and their companions, amounting altogether to forty, sat down at the king's command, and the interview began.

"Neither, we must remember, could understand the other's language. Augustine could not understand a word of Anglo-Saxon, and Ethelbert, we may be tolerably sure, could not speak a word of Latin. But the priests whom Augustine brought from France, as knowing both German and Latin, now stepped forward as interpreters; and thus the dialogue which followed was carried on, much as all communications are carried on in the East,—Augustine first delivering his message, which the dragoman, as they would say in the East, explained to the king.

"The king heard it all attentively, and then gave this most characteristic answer, bearing upon it a stamp of truth, which it is impossible to doubt: 'Your words are fair and your promises; but because they are new and doubtful, I cannot give my assent to them, and leave the customs which I have so long observed with the whole Anglo-Saxon race. But because you

have come hither as strangers from a long distance, and as I seem to myself to have seen clearly, that what you yourselves believe to be true and good, you wish to impart unto us, we do not wish to molest you; nay, rather, we are anxious to receive you hospitably, and to give you all that is needed for your support, nor do we hinder you from joining all whom you can to your religion."

The lecture concludes with the conversion of Ethelbert, and the establishment at Canterbury of the fathers of Anglo-Saxon Christianity.

The next section is a minute account of the death of Thomas à-Becket, reprinted with some additions from the "Quarterly Review."

The third is a biography of the Black Prince, a subject well suited to a writer whose forte is description. Advantage is taken of the Prince's Oxford education to give an outline of college life as he may have seen it; and the battles of Cressy and Poitiers follow, a theme of which Englishmen are never tired. The following vivid account is given of Cressy:—

"It was Saturday, the 28th of August, 1346, and it was at four in the afternoon that the battle commenced. It always helps us better to imagine any remarkable event, when we know at what time of the day or night it took place, and on this occasion it is of great importance, because it helps us at once to answer the third question we asked—how was the battle won? It was four in the afternoon, and the French army advanced from the south-east, after a hard day's march to overtake the retiring enemy. Every one, from the king down to the peasants on the road crying 'Kill! Kill!' were in a state of the greatest excitement, drawing their swords, and thinking that they were sure of their prey. What the French king chiefly relied upon (besides his great numbers) was the troop of fifteen thousand crossbow-men from Genoa in Italy. These were made to stand in front: when, just as the engagement was about to take place, one of those extraordinary incidents occurred which often turn the fate of battles, as they do of human life in general. A tremendous storm gathered from the west and broke in thunder and rain and hail on the field of battle. The sun was darkened, and the horror was increased by the hoarse cries of crows and ravens, which fluttered before the storm, and struck terror into the hearts of the Italian bowmen, who were unaccustomed to those northern tempests. And when at last the sky had cleared, and they prepared their crossbows to shoot, the strings had been so wet by the rain that they could not draw them. By this time the evening sun streamed out in full splendour over the black clouds of the western sky—right in their faces; and at the same moment the English archers, who had kept their bows in cases during the storm, and so had their strings dry, let fly their arrows so fast and thick, that those who were present could only compare it to snow or sleet. Through and through the heads, and necks, and hands of the Genoese bow-men the arrows pierced. Unable to stand it, they turned and fled; and from that moment the panic and confusion was so great, that the day was lost."

The episode of the Black Prince ended, Mr. Stanley proceeds with the epic into which he has woven the history of Canterbury. He had delineated the arrival of the forty men whose exhortations were to have such an effect upon the fate of the English nation, and the tragic end of the struggle between Henry II. and Becket. He now proceeds to trace the consequences of that event down to the reign of Henry VIII. The growing power of the Roman See was repre-

sented in England, by the triumph of its martyr, by the celebrity which his shrine attained, and the riches which it amassed. During the reigns of fourteen kings, the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury was thronged with pilgrims who, as Mr. Stanley shows, carried the fame of his sanctity into every country of Europe. But the days of his triumph were numbered. It clashed at length with the iron will and monarchical instincts of the most despotic of the Tudors, and the edifice, the foundations of which had been sapped by the avarice and insolence of the hierarchy, crumbled into dust. Henry resolved upon an act, which, if we looked at its consequences, we might well call one of heroic courage; but which, if we regard its motives, we must characterize as one of unparalleled audacity. He summoned the buried saint to answer at Westminster a charge of treason against his king. St. Thomas, like many less guilty and less powerful culprits in this reign, was found guilty, and every external sign of the celebrity which he had once enjoyed was destroyed throughout the whole of England. This act must have appeared to the greater part of the nation strangely impious and daring. A great distrust in priestcraft had no doubt crept in, as is shown by the history of the Lollards, but the mass of the uneducated population can have been little affected by such reforming tendencies. Henry IV., when anxious to secure his crown, found it necessary to desert, and persecute the disciples of Wickliffe; and it is impossible to doubt that there must still have been multitudes whose faith in St. Thomas was unshaken. It is certainly a singular fact that, with one exception, no complaint about these proceedings should have reached our time; but as we may feel quite confident that many ecclesiastics disapproved of them, we must venture to dissent from the inference which Mr. Stanley would draw, and to regard this silence rather as a symptom of the absolutism of Henry VIII. than as a proof of the little hold which saint worship retained upon the minds of the people. It recalls the passage in Shakespeare, in which Henry is said to have desired the Lord Mayor to put down any rumours about his separation from Catherine. The one complaint which has reached us is, we may observe, mentioned as the exclamation of "some drunken man." Without some such apology Cranmer's informant would, in all probability, not have ventured to repeat it.

Australian life furnishes us with two volumes: one—"Our Antipodes," a thick octavo, by Lieutenant-Colonel Mundy; the other, better suited to youthful readers, in size and character—"A Boy's Adventures in Australia," by William Howitt. The former of these contains the substance of a journal kept during a residence of several years. It makes no pretensions to science or learning, but dwelling principally upon social aspects, gives an amusing and probably a just picture of bush-rangers, governors, squatters, and gold-diggers. A visit to New Zealand, and a brief history of the struggles which took

\* "Our Antipodes; or, Residence and Rambles in the Australian Colonies, with a Glimpse of the Gold Fields." By Lieut.-Colonel G. C. Mundy. Third Edition. Complete in One Volume. London: Richard Bentley.

\* "A Boy's Adventures in the Wilds of Australia; or, Hubert's Note-Book." By William Howitt. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.



place ten years ago between the natives and English, occupy a considerable portion of the book; the spectacles which the author witnessed being described with vigour and animation, and possessing greater novelty than Australian life, which is, it must be admitted, becoming rather threadbare.

It is difficult to select passages from a work of which the style and contents are so varied, without giving an inadequate notion of its merits; but the following extracts, of which the former is taken from "Our Antipodes," the latter from "A Boy's Adventures," may give a tolerably fair impression of their respective styles:—

"This evening, after dinner, the governor entertained a select party of aborigines with an exhibition of the magic-lantern. His swarthy guests squatted on the floor in solemn silence, and maintained perfect gravity and decorum, during the more ordinary passages of the spectacle—only testifying their admiration by an interjectional grunt, or their recognition of the object represented by pronouncing its name—'Teema,' steamer; 'Hoin,' soldier, &c. But when, in the character of showman, I manœuvred the double slides, under the operation of which a plum-pudding was seen to blow-up, just as the clown was sticking his fork in it; or the huge eyes were made to roll in the head of a monstrous ogre, their childish glee broke forth unrestrained, and it became impossible to prevent some of them from violating the old nursery commandment—'Look with your eyes, and not with your fingers;' for three or four great bushy heads were soon shadowed forth on the magic tablet, and a dozen great black hands rushed to manipulate its surface. Like Quixote's showman, I began to fear for my puppets; but all passed off quietly. As for me, I made the utmost possible allowances for their excitement, for, next to Punch, the magic-lantern ranks, in my memory of by-gone enjoyments, as the most attractive of minor spectacles."

"One accident, however, which occurred to myself, and which was really frightful, and might have terminated fatally, made old Popkins determine that Phintas should be Jonas's companion upon such excursions. And as my adventure is worth telling, here it is. I had ascended a tall gum tree in quest of an opossum, and had reached a hollow in the trunk at a considerable height, and having put my hand into the hole to feel for the opossum, my foot slipped from the bough on which I stood, and I was left suspended by the hand which was in the hole. In vain I struggled and felt with my feet for the bough: I could not regain it. If my arm had been further in the hole the bone must have been broken by the weight of the body, but the wrist bent, though attended with horrid pain. I knew that, if the wrist slipped out, I should fall and be killed on the spot; if it did not give way, what would be my fate? I was in the solitary bush, far from any road, and terrible ideas flashed across my mind of hanging and perishing there, and being some day found, a bleached skeleton!

"The pain increased, and I grew desperate. What must I do? I asked myself, and really began to think seriously of chopping off my hand at the wrist with the tomahawk, which I always take with me to cut out opossums from their holes, and which was at that moment stuck in the hole of the tree, within reach of my other hand. But then the horrid idea struck me that nothing would hinder me from falling down, and being dashed to pieces.

"What a dreadful time it was! I do not know how long I hung so. I shouted as long as I could, in hope that somebody might be crossing the bush, and would hear me. But it was in vain, and at last, in very despair, I made another try to find a support for my feet, and at last, to my great unspeakable joy, I did find it, raised myself, and was free."

"The Englishwoman in Russia" has deservedly attained considerable popularity. It is written in a pleasant and unpretending style, and with an effort, at any rate an apparent effort, at impartiality. It cannot, however, be denied that the anecdotes which the authoress narrates tax the credulity of the reader rather hard sometimes. After, for instance, her description of the wretched and brutalized condition of the peasantry, it is a little startling to hear of the population rising *en masse* upon one of the estates; and when the new proprietor, who had come to visit his possessions, expected to be murdered, to find that the object of the assembly was to press a sum of money upon him, which they had collected because they could not endure the disgrace of belonging to a noble who was reported to be in debt. Again; after our sympathy has been excited by pictures of the tyranny exercised by masters and mistresses, it is consoling to find that if a maid retaliates by boxing her mistress's ears, she will be well treated ever afterwards, and bribed with large sums of money not to reveal the secret of so indelible a disgrace. There are one or two other stories which are rendered a little suspicious from internal evidence; but upon the whole, the book is certainly far superior to most of the Russian journals, tours, sketches, and pictures, which have been so plentifully poured forth. Hospitality is described as being the chief Russian virtue; and against this are arrayed defects whose name is legion: spies and superstition, dirt and dishonesty, being most conspicuous.

Mr. Galton, in his "Art of Travel," does not profess to give hints for a tour up the Rhine, or a visit to Paris. Travel is with him a much more serious affair. It consists in marches through the interior of Africa, where the wanderer may have to catch a wild beast for his dinner, in a pitfall, and then boil it in its own skin: where he must know how to secure himself at night from storms and natives; and how, if he gets lost in a trackless wilderness, he may best succeed in regaining his companions. The plain and sensible directions which are given for such emergencies as these, bring a more vivid notion of what "roughing it" means, than pages of description could do. They are evidently the results of long experience and careful observation. But though the greater part of the book is of a kind which can be of little practical importance to Brown, Jones, and Robinson, there are, nevertheless, not a few paragraphs containing instructions useful to ordinary tourists; as, for instance, the directions for fording a river, and for protecting a boat in rough water. The contents are carefully classified, and lists are given of the various articles likely to be wanted.

The following anecdote, which Mr. Galton quotes from MM. Huc and Gabet, will remind Mr. Carlyle's readers of the similar device once usual in Scotland, and the nickname which the unfortunate bishops gained in consequence.

<sup>6</sup> "The Englishwoman in Russia: Impressions of the Society and Manners of the Russians at Home." By a Lady Ten Years resident in that Country. London: John Murray.

<sup>7</sup> "The Art of Travel; or, Shifts and Contrivances available in Wild Countries." By Francis Galton. London: John Murray.

"These long-tailed cows are so restive and difficult to milk, that to keep them at all quiet, the herdsman has to give them a calf to lick meanwhile. But for this device not a single drop of milk could be obtained from them. One day a Lama herdsman, who lived in the same house with ourselves, came with a long dismal face, to announce that his cow had calved during the night, and that the unfortunate calf was dying. It died in the course of the day. The Lama forthwith skinned the poor beast, and stuffed it with hay. This proceeding surprised us at first, for the Lama had by no means the air of a man likely to give himself the luxury of a cabinet of natural history. When the operation was completed we observed that the hay calf had neither feet nor head; whereupon it occurred to us that perhaps, after all, it was a pillow that the Lama contemplated. We were in error, but the error was not dissipated till the next morning, when our herdsman went to milk his cow. Seeing him issue forth, the pail in one hand, the hay calf under the other arm, the fancy occurred to us to follow him. His first proceeding was to put the hay calf down before the cow. He then turned to milk the cow herself. The mamma at first opened enormous eyes at her beloved infant; by degrees she stooped her head towards it, then smelt it, sucezed three or four times, and at last proceeded to lick it with the most delightful tenderness. This spectacle grated against our sensibilities: it seemed to us that he who first invented this parody upon one of the most touching incidents in nature must have been a man without a heart. A somewhat burlesque circumstance occurred one day to modify the indignation with which this treachery inspired us. By dint of caressing and licking her little calf, the tender parent one fine morning unripped it: the hay issued from within, and the cow, manifesting not the slightest surprise or indignation, proceeded tranquilly to devour the unexpected provender."

We will conclude with confessing, with something like shame, to having read, and to having found rather amusing, the life of T. P. Barnum.\* Purchasers have their choice of three editions: one at seven-and-sixpence, another at half-a-crown, a third at a shilling. We can award, and the author appears to covet, no other praise, than that of being readable.

## BELLES LETTRES.

ALL Europe has become so serious that at home and abroad every department of letters feels the deadening influence of war. The office of moving and diverting even the most idle and most frivolous has been transferred from novelists and humorists to the chroniclers of the Crimea and Scutari. Nevertheless, we must console ourselves with the fact that the most glorious epochs in art and science have been during or at the termination of great wars. As the husbandman reaps the richest and most golden harvests on the plains which the blood of warring nations has sanctified, so let us hope that when the terrible shadow of war shall have passed away, the fair fields of Art and Science may long feel the strengthening and invigorating influence

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of the stirring memories of human valour and endurance which this great contest shall leave behind it.

We commence our quarterly review in this department with a poem in dialogue, called "*Cain*,"<sup>1</sup> by Mr. Boner, the author of a vigorous and stirring narrative of life among the chamois hunters of Bavaria. His former book proved the author to be a man fond of hazardous adventure—this gives still greater proofs of the same fact; for how many men are there who would attempt such a feat after Lord Byron's "*Mystery*?" "*Cain*" is as much the peculiar property of Lord Byron as "*Hamlet*" is of Shakspeare, or "*Paradise Lost*" of Milton. We, at first, thought Mr. Boner's intention was to answer the arguments of Lucifer, which have always been a sad affliction to the orthodox, since the wicked Peer left most of them without reply; and, consequently, we regretted, on looking through the book before us, to find the evil-loving Immortal was not to be brought upon the stage at all—at least, in any articulating shape: for "*Cain*," it is true, is continually having the mischief-working fiend in unpleasant proximity to his person in serpent guise.

More portents precede the great catastrophe than accompanied the birth of Owen Glendower. Terrific voices in the air were heard resounding through the world. The earth shook with convulsive throbs. The sun, too, looked unpleasantly red, as though a slaughtered creature's blood were on its face. Too great liberty has, we think, been taken with the catastrophe. Cain is made at last to kill Abel inadvertently, which quite destroys the grandeur of the Bible story, which makes the first-born of the first man redder his hand with the wilful murder of his brother, and the most awful of all crimes follow immediately on the entry of Sin into the world.

Mr. Boner's poem is, however, not without merits. At times the diction has great vigor and purity. And the influence of mountain scenery on the restless and impassioned nature of Cain is well described. His former prose work showed that Mr. Boner was possessed of much poetic feeling. We think that this time he has been very unfortunate in his choice of a subject, and that he has not well weighed the way in which it should be treated; we have no doubt, by the aid of self-examination and care, he is able to produce something of far more worth than the book before us.

Grillparzer is a German tragedian, very little known in this country, though his mind is of a high order. His tragedy of "*Sappho*,"<sup>2</sup> of which a translation is before us, is a noble composition. Lord Byron read a translation of it in Italian—the worst of all languages, perhaps, into which to translate German: and, in one of his letters to Moore, says: "*Grillparzer* is grand—antique—not so simple as the ancients, but very simple for a modern; altogether, a great and goodly writer." Fitter words could hardly be used to express Grillparzer's merits. The character of "*Sappho*" is

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full of dignity: peerless in the domain of song, she descends to love the simple Phaon. Phaon has gained her affection, his vanity is contented; and he deserts Sappho for her slave Melitta. The poetess prepares, with dignity, for the fatal leap from the Leucadian rock; further life would bring the sacred gift of the immortals to scorn; she, the companion of the Muses, has debased herself—there is but one issue. The character of Melitta, tender, pliant, and impulsive, is also good. That of Phaon is overdrawn. The translation is faithfully executed, so far as we have examined it, the numbers good, and the language spirited.

Those who are unacquainted with German may gain some knowledge of the nature of its modern poetry through a well-printed book of translations from a large number of the best modern German poets—by Alfred Baskerville. The original is given as well as the translation, and as the rendering is pretty literal, it will answer the purpose of the tyro as an introductory manual. The title, “The Poetry of Germany,”<sup>3</sup> is not well chosen for a collection in which “native woodnotes wild” of the early German minstrels and popular singers—in which Hartmann von der Aue, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Walther von der Vogelweide, Hans Sachs, and the numberless unknown ballad-poets of Germany, find no place. No one can have an idea of the poetic genius of the German nation who knows not this portion of its literature. They are the sweet wild-flowers of German fancy—fragrant with all the truth, faith, and singleness of heart of olden times; in them we feel the great heart of the German people beat, and in their natural grace and *aufricht* these move the soul far more than the laboured productions of later times. The present volume commences with Hagedorn, Gellert, and the poets of the beginning of the eighteenth century; and includes specimens of many living poets. Mr. Baskerville has taken upon himself a most ungrateful task; the matured student of German has no need of translations, and the rising onewill perhaps make use of them for awhile, and then throw his crutches into the dirt. No translation, especially that of lyric poetry, where the beauty lies essentially in the form, the *Gestaltung*, can have a very long reputation; at best, it can give a man some consideration as a tasteful scholar of the language in which he makes his essay. The translation before us is far from being without defects; the form and rhythm of the original is frequently not sufficiently adhered to, and the very expressions sometimes unjustifiably changed and the spirit consequently missed.

We have examined with some curiosity two volumes of Poems<sup>4</sup> and Tales<sup>5</sup> of Paul Heyse, knowing that he was a foster-son of Geibel, and of considerable reputation in Germany. The result has not answered our expectation. There are so many different classes among the vast reading German public, that it is always necessary first to know among which

<sup>3</sup> “The Poetry of Germany.” Translated by Alfred Baskerville. Leipzig: Mayer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1854.

<sup>4</sup> “Hermen. Dichtungen.” Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: Wilhelm Hertz. 1854.

<sup>5</sup> “Novellen.” Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: Wilhelm Hertz. 1855.

class an author is popular, before his merit can be taken on trust. We can only imagine Paul Heyse a favourite with that part of the German public which has received Oscar von Redwitz with such rapturous applause, and sent "*Amaranth*" through as many editions as our own Mr. Montgomery has been honoured with. Paul Heyse belongs to the band of young poets mentioned by Heine in no very complimentary terms. His poems have a want of finish, a carelessness of composition, and a disregard of the necessities of grammar, which are only here and there atoned for by faint glimmerings of poetic fire. His tales have the same faults, no point and not well told.

The Germans, it is well known, excel all the rest of the world as translators, a superiority they are ever anxious to improve. We have here a new version of the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," by Dr. Carl Abel, who has translated other plays of Shakespeare. Their rendering appears to us to be more exact than that of Schlegel. Every expression is weighed with the accuracy of a philologist, while the effect of the whole is carefully preserved. Shakespeare is still worshipped as reverently in Germany as ever.

Written in an animated, eloquent, and impassioned style, and evincing much power both of reflection and observation, "*Grace Lee*" is a very attractive novel. We cannot say we approve either of the conception of the characters or of the conduct of the story, but the author has at all events stepped out of the ordinary track of novel writers. The main object of interest is whether the hero and heroine, both of whom are of proud and imperious temperaments, will, at some period or other, in the course of their joint lives, come together in sufficiently compliant and tender moods to make a match of it. The union is at last happily effected after a wooing of twenty years' duration. Both John Owen and Grace Lee comport themselves in the most extraordinary manner. In one-half of the three volumes the hero is very rude and very ungentlemanly to the heroine; in the other half the heroine behaves in the most heartless manner to the hero. John Owen is the more natural character of the two, and he consequently has the greater command over our sympathies: who can forgive a woman, who, because "she is proud—very proud," goes and hides herself away for seven years from a man whom she knows is devoted to her, and whom she loves? She remains in her hiding-place without giving him a hint of her existence, and trusts to the chapter of accidents that he may be able to light upon her again. Her manner of expressing her affection might not have been amiss in the eighth century after the creation, when, according to Addison, Shalun courted Hilpa for more than a century, and then enjoyed several hundred years of connubial felicity. But for poor post-diluvian humanity, the proofs of constancy expected by Grace would be unendurable, without a constant and unlimited use of "poppy and mandragora, and such like soothing syrups" of the

<sup>6</sup> "*Ein Sommernachtstraum*." Von William Shakespeare. Uebersetzt von Dr. Carl Abel. Leipzig: Ernst Keil. 1855.

<sup>7</sup> "*Grace Lee: a Tale*." By Julia Kavanagh. In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1855.



world, to reduce one to as comfortable a state of obliviousness as the seven sleepers of Ephesus are said to have enjoyed. We doubt after all if the poor tortured Mr. Owen would not have done a far wiser thing to have married the pretty and fascinating Mrs. Gerald Lee at the beginning of the third volume, and dismissed the proud and whimsical Grace to her self-chosen obscurity. Marriage at thirty-three, with a winning and mobile young beauty, would, we imagine, with most men, be preferred to marriage at forty with a plain and middle-aged woman, however high-minded. This, of course, is on the "*vivamus dum vivimus*" principle, which ought to weigh for something in the noon-day of life. Seven long years of torture, neglect, and despair, are a heavy price to pay for a marriage by a man whose tide of life is on the ebb. Grace, too, has a curious way of being always where she ought not to be, or doing the contrary to what she is expected to do, of hearing what she ought not to hear, of laughing when she ought to be crying, which gives her, as the Italians say, "*qualche cosa d'antipatico*," something "uncanny." Many of the scenes in the novel are painted with much force, and display great knowledge of human life. The wild mountains and coast scenery of Wales, with their sunshine and storms, are truthfully depicted, and in the narration and dialogue there is a power, pathos, grandeur, and imagery, which is both startling and fascinating.

We have found considerable pleasure in perusing the entertaining and instructive volumes called "*Recollections of Literary Characters and Celebrated Places*," by Mrs. Thomson, the author of "*Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII.*" and other works. Readers of magazines, some years back, will recognise many of these papers as old friends. The essays have a genial, unaffected tone, and have the merit, no common one, of being very readable. The author has loved to haunt the moated ivy-crowned castles and grey manorial halls of Old England, and repeople them in her imagination with the noble and the brave who lived and moved there. To a well-read student of our literature and history like Mrs. Thomson, this manner of composition offers many advantages. In writing about such places of historic renown as Ragland Castle, Kenilworth, Ham House, Latham House, Basing House, one can as it were from an eminence take a survey of a great deal of history, and at the same time the conditions of the subject allow a great deal of minute information on the manners and customs of our ancestors, which would be out of proportion in a history, and which throw much light on the nature of English life in former centuries. We acquire also thus a great deal of biographical information about many English worthies of great historical value, which we are able to retain, but which escape when the head is being filled with the high and mighty doings of kings and parliaments, and the turmoil and perplexities of European wars and treaties. The author treats her subject in a loyal and reverent spirit, and with considerable skill. She has a great deal of sound antiquarian information

\* "*Sketches of Literary Characters and Celebrated Places.*" By Mrs. Thomson. London: Richard Bentley, 1855.

at command, which is interwoven without pedantry into a lively style. It is a pleasant thing to meet occasionally with a writer who is content with English literature and topics for the power to please, and does not force upon the reader far-fetched laborious illustrations and allusions which are only intelligible to the learned. Several of the sketches of literary characters are likewise very pleasing. The May-day's merry-making, at that great scholar's, Dr. Parr's, whose "boundless convexity of friz" afforded such amusement to Sidney Smith, we have especially noticed for its semi-humorous but respectful tone.

We are glad to find before us a translation of one of Emile Souvestre's quiet and graceful novels. "Leaves from a Family Journal" will, we think, suit the English taste, which has a reasonable satiety of the rattling excitement of Dumas, and the immoral sentimentality of Eugène Sue. Here is the romance of every-day domestic life artistically put forth with much purity of purpose.

A new translation of the "Decameron of Boccaccio,"<sup>10</sup> by Mr. W. H. Kelly, satisfies a great want in our literature. Few books have done greater service to European literature than this collection. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Molière, La Fontaine, Lessing, Keats, are the first names that occur of those deeply indebted to it. Few writers were more read in England in the olden time. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," tells us it was a favourite pastime of our ancestors to read it aloud. Many of the tales are taken from the "*Gesta Romanorum*," and the "*Fabliaux of the Old Trouvères*," though the greater part are original. Those tales, of which the incidents are borrowed, were however completely re-cast, and invested with that honied and eloquent diction, for which they are famous, and which has gained for Boccaccio the title of the Father of Tuscan prose. The tastes of nations in story-telling go through several gradations. Rude and uncivilized people delight in tales which appeal to their wonder and curiosity: such as mythological and saintly legends, the fabulous deeds of demigods and heroes. Rapid and continuous successions of miraculous and other incidents are demanded to interest and stimulate their childish fancies. As civilization begins to dawn, these become discredited, and interest no longer. Humorous and pathetic stories take their place, in which the incident still plays the principal part. And these ultimately glide into tales, in which the delineation of character, passions, and situations, become the principal objects of the care of the narrator. Boccaccio's "Decameron" is of the second kind. To analyse character has not been his aim; to amuse, to move to tears or laughter; to exhibit at most the effect of some one dominant passion, has been the extent of his desire. No book gives us such a picture of what life was in Italy at that period. His knights, merchants, ladies, artisans, monks, and friars, do not stand out in such relief as Chaucer's, but have a homely truth about them which there is no mistaking. The notion

\* "Leaves from a Family Journal." By Emile Souvestre. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1855.

<sup>10</sup> "The Decameron of Boccaccio: a Revised Translation." By W. H. Kelly. London: H. G. Bohn. 1855.

of setting all the stories in a frame has doubtless been taken from the East. This has great merit. There are few who do not envy that happy party of story-tellers, seating themselves evening after evening, on the lawn by the side of the white marble fountain, in the shade of the orange and cedar trees. The description of the plague is that portion of the book which gives us the highest notion of Boccaccio's power: here he is as gloomy and grand as Poussin. His awful picture of desolation is well known, when he tells us the cattle were left to roam at will about the fields and among the standing corn, which no one cared to gather, or even to reap; and that the animals would go out and return at night of their own accord. Boccaccio, like many other authors, did not know which was his best work. He, as well as his friend Petrarch, had a sort of contempt for what he had written in the vulgar tongue. Italy is much indebted to Boccaccio for his efforts to revive learning. The first Greek professor at Florence was appointed at his solicitation. He was a great enthusiast for Dante, and was appointed to lecture upon him. He left many books in Latin, he was one of the foremost students of the revival of learning, and a good man. His Correspondence with Petrarca is well worth perusal: so modest was Boccaccio about the "*Decameron*," that it does not appear he ever asked Petrarch to read it. In Petrarch's last letter, he appears to have just found it; he speaks of it with praise, and says he wept over the tale of Griselda. His friendship to Boccaccio was no barren one; he gave him money during life, and at his death fifty florins by his will, and "a winter pelisse to study in at night." They were both tender and grand-hearted men.

Mr. Bohn has contributed some further volumes to his excellent reprint of Defoe's works. We have the history of "*Moll Flanders* and *Colonel Jaque*,"<sup>11</sup> and also one of the best editions of "*Robinson Crusoe*"<sup>12</sup> which the press has produced. Who is there, whatever be his age, who does not become a boy again in lingering over the pages of this truthful story? How many millions of schoolboys have there been who have wished themselves far, far away from the dog-eared book, the blank school-wall, and the deal school benches, to live after the fashion of Robinson Crusoe in perpetual holiday in some island paradise, where repetition and irregular verbs have never been heard of? Who has not been shocked at the unfilial conduct of the young vagrant in going off to sea, after the serious and fond admonitions of his father and mother, and after having a brother killed, as a warning, "*in the Low Country wars*?" Who has not felt, who has not trembled with him in the first storm, when he heard the captain say softly to himself, as he went in and out of his cabin, "*Lord be merciful to us! We shall all be lost; we shall all be undone, and the like!*" Then how we accompany him day by day after the shipwreck in every proceeding; how we fear for him when his first raft, with its precious freight, ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, "and not being

<sup>11</sup> "*The Novels and Miscellaneous Works of Daniel Defoe.*" Vol. III. London: H. G. Bohn. 1854.

<sup>12</sup> "*The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.*" London: H. G. Bohn. 1855.

aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all his cargo had slipped off that end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water." What compassion we had for him when he built his great canoe, and could not get it down to the water; and then the footprint on the sand, the moment when we first came upon that is an epoch in one's life. It is a strange reflection, that we should never have read Daniel Defoe, if Daniel Defoe had died before the age of fifty, a time when most orderly citizens have done their life's business, and begin to think of retiring from this world altogether. But the son of James Foe, the Cripplegate butcher, was not like most orderly citizens. He had tried a great many things in life; he had been a hosier, he had been in the Dutch pantile business, he had been in the Portuguese trade, he had joined the standard of the Duke of Monmouth, he had been to sea, he had been a bankrupt, paying however in the end scrupulously all his creditors, he had government employment under King William the Deliverer, of whom he was a thorough-going admirer, he stood in the pillory under Queen Anne, he got into her favour and got out of it again, he was twice in prison for his political writings, and finally, had an apoplectic fit; and besides all this doing and suffering, from his twentieth year he had kept up in constant exercise a pen that was the terror of the enemies of civil and religious liberty. Most men, we have said, would have considered this enough for one life's work; but Defoe was of no ordinary stuff; sickness and misfortune could not weigh him down for long together, old age could not take away his strength. At the age of fifty-eight he commenced those wonderful series of tales which will be read as long as there is an English tongue. His works of fiction have imposed upon numbers, Lord Chatham and Johnson among the numbers, as real history. They owe this in great measure to the circumstantiality with which the narrative is told. He never appears to forget the part he is writing in a single line. The "Memoirs of Pepys" do not read a whit more real than one of Defoe's tales. His portrait is thus drawn in a proclamation issued for his discovery by Queen Anne's Secretary of State. "He is a middle-sized spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown-coloured hair, but wears a wig, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth."

The works of Cowper<sup>13</sup> and Burke<sup>14</sup> are also being completed in Mr. Bohn's Series.

The same indefatigable publisher has reprinted Ray's "Proverbs"<sup>15</sup> in his "Antiquarian Library," with such numerous additions that the quantity of vernacular wisdom is more than doubled, and he may claim the merit of having produced the most complete collection of those oracles of common sense existing in our language. As many attempts have been made to define the proverb as to define wit, and with as little success, the definition of Erasmus, "*Paromia est celebre dictum scitu quâpiam novitate insigne*," will include many *dicta* without being proverbs.

<sup>13</sup> "The Works of William Cowper." In 8 vols. London: H. G. Bohn. 1855.

<sup>14</sup> "The Works of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke." London: H. G. Bohn. 1855.

<sup>15</sup> "A Handbook of Proverbs." London: H. G. Bohn. 1855.

An enumeration of the different kinds of proverbs, after the same fashion as Barrow's famous description of wit, would perhaps be more successful. We consider, however, it is sufficient for all practical purposes, to say a proverb is a pithy or quaint saying, which, on being uttered, is recognised by its hearers as being the expression of a whole truth or part of a truth, and receiving by repetition the stamp of public authority, passes henceforward as current coin. Proverbs may be considered the unwritten wisdom of the country, in distinction to the written wisdom, which may be traced to specific authority, just as the law is divided into "*lex scripta*" and "*lex non scripta*." Proverbs are derived from the most miscellaneous sources: from the habits and natures of animals, from oracles, from historical events, from poets, from the manners and customs common to all men, the manners and customs of some particular time and place. Many proverbs are unintelligible without a long explanation, as the one about the Godwin Sands and Tenterden Steeple, for example. Some proverbs only express half a truth, while the other half of the truth is expressed in another proverb, as, "Take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves," and "Penny wise and pound foolish." The great beauty of a proverb is its terseness, which gives double force to the wisdom it contains. Few can excel in this respect the following Spanish one—"The eye of the master fattens the horse"—*El ojo del amo engorda el caballo*. Proverbs are to the uncultivated what quotations from historians, orators, and poets are to the cultivated. An illiterate man in dispute will often be silenced by a proverb, which he has heard fifty times before, unless, indeed, he happens to have a counter proverb at hand. Proverbs are great favourites with the lower orders. Spaniards and Italians have an astounding number at command. Sancho Panza, in "*Don Quixote*," and Renzi, in the "*Promessi Sposi*," interlace all their talk in proverbs; and this quality forms one of the great charms of these interesting characters of fiction. "Proverbs," in the language of Mr. Dykes, himself a gatherer of proverbs, "will, if judiciously employed, never fail of exciting by their quaintness, of delighting by their shortness, of persuading by their authority."

Constable's "*Miscellany of Foreign Literature*" is a periodical publication which puts within the reach of English readers, in excellent form, paper, and type, some of the best authors of the Continent and America. Vol. III. contains the charming "*Tales of Flemish Life*," by Hendrick Conscience. Vol. IV. contains the "*Chronicles of Wolkert's Roost*, and other Papers,"<sup>16</sup> by Washington Irving. We envy those who will now read these tales and sketches of character for the first time. Washington Irving is here, as he always is, equal to himself. He has the finish of our best English writers; he has the equability and gentle humour of Addison and Goldsmith. It is very rarely that we come upon an Americanism; he is not, however, wholly guiltless; he makes use of the expression to "*loan a few pounds*." It may be said with confidence no American writer is free from them.

<sup>16</sup> "*The Chronicles of Wolkert's Roost, and other Papers.*" By Washington Irving. Constable's Foreign Miscellany. Edinburgh. 1855.

For a neat little volume of fables, called the "Mouse and her Friends,"<sup>17</sup> we are indebted to Mr. John Edward Taylor. They are taken from Eastern sources, and freely translated into an easy form, so as to come easily within the comprehension of children. A work of this kind, freed from the prolixity and sententiousness of Oriental phraseology, has long been wanting.

A very interesting series of Letters<sup>18</sup> have appeared, which throw a great deal of light on Goethe's character, his youthful predilection, and the manner in which "Werther" arose. A much nobler picture of human life is given by the view of the real relations that subsisted between Goethe, Lotte, and Kestner than those which were invented of Werther, Lotte, and Albert; the friend and woman had to descend in order to give to the world a character of fiction which should have verisimilitude, as in the first book of Werther his own character and intercourse is portrayed. In the second part, the unfortunate Jerusalem and his unhappy end were taken as the model. Both Kestner, his wife, and friends, felt long the indelicacy which thus tore asunder the veil which should shelter the privacy of domestic life, and gave renewed notoriety to that most painful event; but their friendship continued to the end of Kestner's life.

T. Moriz Carriere, a pupil of the celebrated Casus, has sent forth a book on "The Nature and the Forms of Poetry,"<sup>19</sup> which for gravity of matter and historic interest is of very high value. Indeed, we do not pretend in this place to be able duly to estimate and determine its merit. It is one of the most complete treatises on æsthetics, so far as relates to poetry, which Germany has yet produced. It is not only valuable in itself for the original matter contributed by the author, but also as incorporating into its pages the many valuable principles which are to be found scattered through the works of the great æstheticians of Germany. It is true, we never fall in the way of any very learned investigation into the true nature of beauty and art without thinking of the speech of Mephistopheles, in which he compares these laborious philosophers to idlers standing by the loom, and explaining at great length that the web must be such as it is because it could not be otherwise; but he adds, none of them have ever done any weaving. Our prejudices were strongly aroused by the preface to the book before us, which informs us that "a full understanding of the beautiful, of poetic enthusiasm, of art, is only possible through that philosophical world-intuition, which the author has established as the overcoming and reconciliation of Pantheism and Deism in the idea of the living God, who, infinite as well as self-conscious, creating, indwelling, governing, reveals nature and history in himself as well as himself in nature and history!" A terrible announcement! The Germans are fortunate, and at the same time unfortunate, in the constitution of their

<sup>17</sup> "The Mouse and her Friends; with other Stories." By John Edward Taylor. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855.

<sup>18</sup> "Goethe und Werther." J. G. Cotta'scher Verlag. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1854.

<sup>19</sup> "Das Wesen und die Formen der Poesie." Von Moriz Carriere. Leipzig. 1854.

language. As an organ of speculative thought, it is unsurpassed; but the misfortune is, that on account of the great pliancy with which it lends itself to the expression of abstract and impalpable ideas, an immense deal of nonsense has been written and spoken in it. Heine tells us it was only when he came to try to translate Hegel into French, the mother language of clearness, that he found this obscure philosopher really had no meaning; "one by one his prudish philosophy dropped her mystical petticoats and stood exposed in all her naked deformity!" These pictures, and they form by far the greater part of the present work, which are not the mere emanations of a preconceived philosophical system, are extremely valuable as forming a trustworthy manual of criticism and a sound exposition of the true relation which the different kinds of poetry bear to each other.

George Sand, in obedience to most approved French custom, having reached her fifty-first year, and being a long established favourite of the French public, has commenced the history of her life;<sup>20</sup> which, if conducted to the end in the same proportions, and with the same freedom of digression, as we find in the first volumes, will occupy a considerable space in the library. She finds the maxim, she says, *Cada uno es hijo de sus obras*, incomplete as only regarding one side of the question. It is, doubtless, a generous idea that man shall by his labours and his virtue supply the want of pedigree; but we are, nevertheless, each of us made up of instincts the result of hereditary transmission, and which would render us the slaves of an ungovernable fatality, were it not for that force of personal will which Divine justice accords to each at his birth. We have on this head an amount of slippery metaphysics and theology concerning grace, free-will, and predestination, into which we have no ambition to enter; and the memoirs run the imminent danger of following the erratic precedent of Corporal Trim, in his "Story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles." The history, notwithstanding its discursive tendencies, and the continual traces of the opinions of that school of French politics of which the author is an eminent disciple, is\*entertaining and instructive; enlivened as it is, from time to time, with that truthful power of description, and ennobled with that vigorous eloquence which this lofty-minded woman has ever at command. The book bears a most solemn epigraph, and commences with a most solemn exordium. The epigraph is "Charité envers les autres, Dignité envers soi-même, Sincérité devant Dieu;" and, certainly, if these three conditions are fulfilled, the autobiography can hardly fail to be the first of its kind. The exordium has something in it of the solemn *facture* of the opening of the *Confessions* of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The narrator undertakes her memoirs as a duty, from no desire of occupying the public with her personality, in obedience to the dictates of pure reason, and of that principle of *solidarité* which is the most living and religious source of the progress of the human mind. George Sand was born in 1804, in the year of the coronation of Napoleon, and was baptized under the name of Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin; her family name of Dupin

<sup>20</sup> "Histoire de Ma Vie." George Sand. Paris: Victor Lecou. 1854-55.

was afterwards changed by marriage into Dudevant; but for years, even among her friends, it has been an affectation to call her by any other name than the pseudonyme she is so well known by. This name was not chosen out of any admiration for Sand, the assassin of Kotzebue, as has been asserted, but is the first syllable of Sandeau, an old acquaintance of George Sand; with the half of whose name she has had greater success than he with the whole of it.

George Sand is, by an illegitimate channel, the great-granddaughter of Maurice of Saxony, better known to English schoolboys as Marshal Saxe, the victor of Fontenoy, "a man of unbounded dissoluteness; of much energy, loose native ingenuity, and the worst *speller* probably ever known." He was the accepted lover of Anna Iwanowna, Duchess of Courland, but was dismissed on the discovery of a glaring infidelity. He was observed, in fact, carrying a woman on his shoulder across the court of the duchess' castle, under the duchess' own window. Anna afterwards, when she was elected Empress of Russia in 1730, said, 'He might have been Emperor of Russia; that mistress cost him dear.' At twelve years of age he ran away from his mother, and fought in the trenches before Lille, in the ranks of the allied armies, under Marlborough and Eugene. At thirteen, at the siege of Tournay, his horse was killed under him, and his hat was riddled with balls. A *reproof*, addressed to him by Eugene, that "rashness was not valour," appears to have been attended with some effect, for he was sparing in future of his own and his soldiers' blood. Notwithstanding his deficiency in orthography, his 'Letters' and his 'Reveries' have a certain sharp concise style; they are effective and frank, and the reflections are such as we should hardly look for from a man of Maurice's character. An early initiation into the dissolute court of the Regent probably ruined a naturally good disposition. His amours were countless and scandalous. Adrienne Lecouvreur, whose sad story has been recently dramatized, was an unfortunate object of his attachment. His last words were—"Life is a dream; mine has been a short but a splendid one." He himself was one of the three hundred and sixty-two bastards of Frederick August, *August der Starke*, King of Saxony and Poland, who lived in this world "so regardless of expense." Thus the author of "Consuelo" and "Valentine" has some of the wild blood of that extraordinary profligate in her veins—a doubtful honour. Aurore de Saxe, the grandmother of George Sand, was the daughter of Maurice of Saxony, and a Mademoiselle Verrière, *dame de l'Opéra*. She was married first to a Count de Horn, a natural son of Louis XV., of whom she was the wife only in name. Some horrible revelations took place on the night of the wedding, and the only time she was in his apartment was when she was called away from a ball at three o'clock in the morning to be present at his death bed, when she found him mortally wounded from a duel. Such were the manners of the time. This Aurore de Saxe was a very talented lady, an excellent musician, well acquainted with the old Italian masters, Leo, Porpora, Pergolesi, &c. We may, perhaps, recognise here the original of "Consuelo." She intermarried a second time with a Monsieur Dupin de Francueil, a receiver-general, the grandfather of George Sand. Monsieur Dupin



Franceuil died ten years after the marriage with Aurore de Saxe, leaving Maurice Dupin, an only son. The deceased receiver-general left his affairs in great disorder, so that his widow found herself *ruined*, that is to say, she had *but 75,000 livres de rente* left her after liquidation of his debts. This fortune was again very much reduced by the shock of the French Revolution. With what remained she bought the property of Nohant, not far from Châteauroux, in the province of Berry, where George Sand has passed much of her life, and whose peasantry and rustic life she has admirably portrayed in so many of her charming country tales. Several volumes are now filled with the early life and military adventures of Maurice Dupin, the father of George Sand. The correspondence between him and his mother, forms a series of very interesting letters. To justify their insertion, George Sand lays great stress on her conviction, that all existences are *solidaires les unes des autres*, mysteriously linked together, that every isolated life is an unexplicable enigma, and that her thoughts, her beliefs, her instincts, are all a mystery, unless she is able to trace their origin in the past, and that she is obliged to take a period of a hundred years to enable her to recount forty years of her own life. If we conceded to all biographers similar licence, we shall have most serious labours to undergo both as readers and reviewers.

But independently of the considerations which have induced Madame Sand to insert at full length that antecedent family history, the deep mutual affection of the mother and son, whose correspondence occupies so large a portion of the first volumes, their joys, trials, and solicitudes form a very interesting episode of human life, and give one much insight into these troubled times of revolution and war. The mother, Madame Dupin, the paternal grandmother of George Sand, was, at the commencement of the Reign of Terror, imprisoned in pursuance of a decree of the Republic, which prohibited the concealment of plate and jewels. She was confined in the *Couvent des Anglaises*. The father of Madame Sand was then fifteen years of age,—a handsome, clever, free-spirited, affectionate boy, with a great enthusiasm for music, and with such devotion to his mother as a lad of chaste and generous soul, who had never yet quitted the maternal roof, could only have. For some time he would come and wait, day after day, for hours in the parlour of the Convent, with the hope only of having a fleeting glance through the iron grating to which she was permitted to come. Then fresh measures of rigour were taken against the *détenués*; their relations were forbidden to remain in Paris, and the young Dupin was obliged to retire to Passy. From thence are written the letters, which form the commencement of the series in these *Memoirs*, which breathe the most pure and ardent filial affection. He finds this separation insupportable; he fears he will be sent farther away; he recalls the happy past, when they were always together; he brightens at every prospect of her liberation; he prays her to look up at the dome of the Pantheon every day at a fixed hour, when he will look there too (this he calls their rendezvous); he finds it less irksome and lonely to busy himself in his studies than to go out; for his face is always turned towards the *Couvent des Anglaises*, and he is filled with ungovernable longings to go there. Few poems or works of

fiction have such charms as these simple letters, which alternate between joy and hope, impatience and despondency, written by a guileless boy, sixty years ago, with little thought that they ever would be seen by anyone else than her who was the object of his affectionate solicitude. On the death of Robespierre, the prison doors are opened, and mother and son meet again. They retire to Nohant, the revenue of which is now almost their only income, and this is much encumbered by the amount of forced loans and requisitions which they have been called upon to raise for the necessities of the Republic. Maurice Dupin now gives himself up to his studies, under the guidance of his tutor, Deschartes,—a very eccentric individual, whose bizarre and honest nature is another object of interest in this family novel. The studies are principally of an artistic nature, to the neglect of Greek and Latin, and those branches which we in England consider as the “solid and sound education.” His only serious studies appear to have been military history: the campaigns of Marshal Saxe, and the movements of the armies of the Republic, were vigorously studied; for notwithstanding his deeply affectionate nature, the grandson of the Maréchal de Saxe begins to long to leave the quiet household at Nohant, and his good mother is pained to the heart at seeing the unquestionably warlike tendencies of this handsome youth, who, with the tender heart of a girl, has already made proof of the courage of a hero. His only horse is taken away for the service of the Republic, and this decides him. Why should he be loitering about there at Nohant, when France has need of every arm? He can serve her as well as his horse can, and he need then no longer go on foot. His mother reluctantly consents that he shall visit Paris. Full of his military projects, he finds an officer's grade is now only to be gained by passing through the ranks. He seeks the advice of that noble and simple-minded hero, La Tour d'Auvergne, the first grenadier of France, who asks him if the grandson of the Maréchal de Saxe is afraid of going through a campaign to gain his grade. His frank and ready answer gains the heart of the grey-haired veteran, who ever after takes the most tender interest in his welfare. The young man volunteers into a regiment of *chasseurs à cheval*. His next letters display the most anxious solicitude to convince his mother that he has only done his duty, that he has not the least intention of fighting, that she ought to be proud of being the mother of a defender of the country; then, with a pardonable vanity, he describes what an effect he produces with his *dolman vert*, his *toque rouge*, and his *joli sabre à la hussarde*. As to his moustaches, they are not yet so long as he could desire; but they will come. *Déjà on tremble à son aspect; du moins je l'espère*. A little farther on, we learn that the moustaches are as black as ink, and can be seen at two hundred paces. There is a vacant place in his regiment for a trumpeter; he offers it to his old tutor, *père Deschartes*. He invites his old *bonne* to come and be *vivandière*. On joining his regiment at Cologne, he is soon as great a favourite there as he was at home. The men all adore him, the *palfreniers*, the *fourriers*, the brigadiers are *aux petits soins* with him, call him *mon chasseur*, the *aides-de-camp* of his general, *fêtent* him with champagne; he has the *entrée* of the

salon of the general himself, to the consternation of the Germans, who are sticklers at etiquette; all the officers of the garrison enter into a conspiracy not to dance with the daughters of a *bécasse de baronne allemande*, because she had put a slight upon the young private soldier. But amid all the stir and bustle of his soldier-life he never forgets his *bonne mère*. He creeps away out of balls and suppers; he leaves his *belle chanoinesse*, whom we begin to hear about; he throws down his violin at musical parties, of which he is the life and soul, to write to her; he afflicts himself if her letters do not arrive regularly, if they are short, if she is unwell: encouraged by the attention the General d'Harville has paid him, Madame Dupin writes to the General to ask his protection for her son, and employment in the civil department, hoping to keep the wild affectionate fellow from going to those cruel wars. The General, a fine soldierly gentleman of good family *autre-fois*, is touched at this deep affection between mother and son; thinks the mother of such a handsome gallant boy ought herself to be worth something; writes a very polite letter to her, and invites her son to dinner. What passed will be best told in his own words:—

"He said nothing about your letter, but I guessed by his air there was something in the wind like that. He asked me if I thought I was able to do business in the *bureaux*. *Ma foi!* I told him I wrote like a cat; besides that this is true, I have no inclination for the tiresome trade of copyist, which learns nothing—leads nowhere. He asked me all sorts of questions on your family, your fortune, your habits, and took so much interest in all that—that the devil fly away with me, if I don't think he is in love with you without having seen you. He asked me if I were like you. I said 'Yes; I am too proud of it not to own it.' He then said, by way of compliment, that you must have been very handsome; and I could not help saying 'Pardieu! you were so still, and always would be.' And thereupon he said he had a great desire to present his respects to you."

However the Général is called away, and the young Dupin receives orders to go on to Thionville to the dépôt. When the young soldier announced his departure to his friends, they all cried out, "We must escort him away with due honours; have a boozing-party at his first resting-place, and separate well sprung, or we shall never stand it." Accordingly they go in cavalcade; cabriolets, barouches, saddle-horses, are put in requisition to accompany the young private to Bonn; they give him a final banquet in the park at Bruhl, and the parting takes place with embraces and tears. The young soldier finds himself alone, and finds to his sorrow, that this way of taking leave is the most painful of all. "The reflection which should give courage is put to flight. We sit at a banquet the image of eternal union; and all at once we are frightened at our solitude, like awaking from a dream." At Thionville he meets the same popularity. He gets his first grade of *brigadier*; and now the youth who was petted and spoiled at Nohant, who got up when it pleased him, who found his clothes beaten and brushed, his breakfast ready, and rang for a servant at the merest trifle, is kept at his military duties from six in the morning till nine in the evening: he has to groom his own horse morning and evening,

to drill on horseback and on foot, and study military tactics at every instant of spare time. Letter 44 is dated Thionville, though it was really written at Colmar, for our young soldier had deserted, and he wished to hide the fact from his *bonne mère*. The Général d'Harville, overcome by the solicitations of Madame Dupin, had left orders that her son, who was burning with impatience to take part in the war, should be kept at Thionville, and the young *chasseur* made a clandestine escape with the first detachment that was proceeding to the war; and finding his regiment in the country of Glavis, took part in the glorious campaign of Massena against Suwarrow. The first news his mother gets of his desertion is in the letter which commences thus:—

“A harvest of laurels, of glory, of victories; the Russians beaten, driven out of Switzerland in twenty days: our troops on the point of returning into Italy; the Austrians driven back to the other side of the Rhine; there, without doubt, is great news, and fortunate achievements. Well, *ma bonne mère*, your son has the satisfaction of having taken his share of that bit of glory; and in the space of fifteen days, he found himself at three decisive battles. He is wonderfully well: he drinks, he laughs, he sings; he leaps up three feet high when he thinks of the joy he will have in embracing you, in January next, and in laying at your feet, in your chamber, the little branch of laurel he may have merited.”

He demands pardon for the deceit he has practised, but it was his mother's fear which forced him to it. He describes their march across Switzerland, and the soldier and musician speaks thus of the first time he found himself under fire, criticizing it from a musical point of view.

“Figure to yourself a moment of solemn expectation, and then a sudden and glorious explosion. It is like the first dash of a fiddle-bow at an opera, when the attention is all collected for the opening of the overture. But what a splendid overture is, the cannonade *en règle*! This salvo of cannon and musketry!—the night!—with the tremendous rocks around, which increase the noise tenfold (you know how fond I am of noise)—what a sublime effect they had. And when the sun arose to enlighten the scene, and gild the rolling smoke, it was finer than all the operas in the world.”

The answer to this letter is in the collection. The original blackened and worn with its long service next the son's heart. Fond reproach, exultation, motherly pride and anxiety are pathetically intermingled; the suspense and torture of six weeks of uncertainty have been terminated by news of terror and delight; all the long-gathering emotions of a woman's and a mother's heart swept through the pen that traced these lines. We have thus conducted the young soldier to his first campaign. We would fain, if our space permitted us, accompany him further. We would show how he was over first in the affections of his comrades—first on the field of battle—volunteering for every dangerous service—ever generous to a fallen foe—bearing all his privations with gaiety and lightness of heart. We would fain stay a while from time to time with the poor widow at Nohant, horrified at the privations the young man makes so light of; to know that Maurice is living on “raw potatoes and *cau de vie*,” that he sleeps on

the wet ground while he writes "that it would be well if his *bonne* could air his bed, but, he has no occasion for the long lectures of Father Deschartes to make him sleep." The tidings of every gallant action comes like a sword through the mother's heart, she wishes "all the laurels were burnt to ashes which she foresees will be bought with her son's blood," and that he had never met that *maudit heros* "La Tour d'Auvergne." At the battle of Marengo, the bravery of "le citoyen Dupin" was the admiration of all; he was named lieutenant on the field of battle, and heard from his general that he had been a "*beau diable*" during the fight. But all his bravery, beauty, and wit did not prevent the forebodings of his poor mother from being accomplished, for he died an early and violent death, leaving a daughter, the famous George Sand, the child of his marriage with Sophie Victoire Antoinette Laborde—another *dame de l'Opera* who had previously lived in equivocal relations with a former lover—another source of great grief to the good lady at Nohant. Madame Sand has been accused of having attempted, in "Indiana" and other novels, to bring into disrepute what an Elizabethan bishop would call God's Holy Ordinance of Matrimony. We can conceive her affection for the institution not to be intensely great, considering the small store that has been set upon it both in the paternal and maternal line. •

We thank Madame Sand for having rescued the character of her father from oblivion. He is a more perfect hero than is to be found in any novel. The style, too, of his letters is vigorous, clear, and lively. His observations of character and descriptions of scenery show a strong power of perception, and the reflections are beyond his years. Many bales of despatches and protocols may be perused, and much less light be thrown on French military and domestic life during the Republic and Consulate than we obtain from these letters.

We shall no doubt see, as the *Memoirs* proceed, how the character of Madame Sand's father and his mother reacted on her own in its formation; and we doubt not the subsequent volumes will equal these which have already appeared in interest.

## ART.

IF authors would only write when they have really something to say, how beneficially would literature be sifted, its quantity reduced and its quality improved; and what a blessing it would confer on reviewers, amongst others! Honestly to write when they have something to say, and to be honestly silent when they have not, and deserve the approbation of mankind in both cases. The best books are records of the writer's own experiences, of what he himself has seen or known, or, best of all, has done. The writing then becomes naturally concrete, perspicuous, a mirror of the fact; and whether it be a book for the world and for ages, like Thucydides' History or Cæsar's Commentaries, or for nations and generations, like De Thou's Clarendon's, or Frederic the Great's accounts of their own times, or Boswell's Johnson, or

White's Natural History, there is this common to them all, that they are genuine records of genuine things, and "throw light on a subject." This supreme quality of genuineness is to be ascribed to Mr. Leslie's "Handbook for Young Painters,"<sup>1</sup> under which modest title the distinguished artist has contributed a work of rare merit to English art-literature, which stood greatly in need just now of some such book. For there is, no doubt, a new and lively interest, or may be a curiosity, about art as it is amongst us, quickened by new or newly-revived thoughts and aims, often more honestly entertained than clearly understood, and mixed with much just aversion against the spectres of cant and dilettanteism that hover around its precincts. In this movement there is hope, but also danger—danger lest the child be spilled along with the bath, as the German proverb says; and a word of advice and of guidance from a practical yet also thoughtful artist, equally related to the old and the new, is doubly valuable, were it only to regulate and modify speculative theories by proved experiences.

We profess, and have testified in these pages, considerable admiration of Mr. Ruskin's writings, and look upon their influence, in many respects, as most beneficial. Yet we are not blinded to the fact of the serious drawback caused by the love of paradox, the pugnacious self-assertion, the æsthetic sectarianism, and rhetorical Puritanism, of that zealous and eloquent preacher of the new Gospel of Art and old Gospel of Oxford; and we are therefore the reverse of sorry to see the *dicta* of the Oxford student qualified by the lessons of the Royal Academician, writing not "for the display of eloquence and learning," but from a "conviction that the thing just now most in danger of being neglected by painters is the *Art of Painting*."

It has been said of one of the ancient masters, that if it be true that the artist paints himself in his works, Margaritone must have been subject to much fear and terror, that being the sensation created by all his pictures. A comparison of Mr. Leslie's works with brush and pen would tend to confirm the above proposition, however different the inference to be drawn from it. That same suavity of temper which lights up his pictures with the serene light of day; the same urbanity and amenity that characterize his courteous gentlemen and handsome ladies in *rococo*-costume; the same quaint, well-bred, reticent humour, which smiles more than laughs and suggests more than it says, with which he interprets the thought of Shakspeare or Cervantes, meet us again in his written pages, accompanied by a candour and clearness of judgment, a healthy latent morality (so much better than your rhetorical *patent* one!) and tenderness of feeling, that must attach every ingenuous reader to him. "An artist is always the better for being national," he says, with a sound sense for the real, and leaving cosmopolitanism and 'the absolute' to shift for itself; and not the least of his own merits is the vernacular style and atmosphere of his writings. His "Life of Constable" is a charming piece of wholesome English

<sup>1</sup> "A Handbook for Young Painters." By C. R. Leslie, R.A. Author of  
 ● "The Life of Constable." With Illustrations. London: Murray, 1855.

life of the nineteenth century, setting forth the character, labours, sorrows, and joys of a bravely endeavouring English man and a bravely loving English woman, amidst English scenery, mill-dams, canal-boats, hedges, "Hampstead-heath," under a cloudy changeful sky; it is natural, healthy throughout, and what one may call "wholesome literature." In the present "Handbook" again, we have the experiences, judgments, opinions, of an English artist about matters relating to his art, told in that best of all styles which tells things, not simple in themselves, in the simplest way, "*sans phrase*;" with English artists, their works and ways, kept prominently in the foreground, and the rest in perspective, 'abroad' as it were; and with that homely matter-of-fact view of things which characterizes the sagacious common sense, and also at times the limitation, of the Islander. The book abounds therefore, as might be expected, with ingenious criticisms and characteristics of English masters: of Hogarth, from whose "moral teaching there is no escape. No palliation of vice will avail before him. Drunkenness cannot shelter itself under the mantle of good fellowship, nor lust assume the name of love. He does not give his prodigals generous and noble qualities, nor is trickery ever countenanced in his stories by the practice of people he means to represent as respectable." (pp. 121, 122.) Of Morland's art, whatever his failings, "there is no vulgarity. He is always homely, often slight to a fault, and it is said he was employed by a patron to paint a series of immoral pictures; yet such is the refinement of his colour, and his true feeling for the simplicity of nature, that his best works will always sustain companionship with those of Gainsborough, which can be said of no painter in the least degree vulgar." (p. 55.) As illustrative of Reynolds's fondness of children, we learn how "Lord Melbourne recollected that Sir Joshua bribed him to sit by giving him a ride on his foot, and said, 'If you behave well you shall have another ride;'" and how that "matchless picture of Miss Bowls, a beautiful laughing child, caressing a dog, which was sold a few years ago at auction, and cheaply, at a thousand guineas," came to be painted, which we quote as a specimen of the author's pleasant mode of relating "anecdotes of painters:"—

"The father and mother of the little girl intended she should sit to Romney, who, at one time, more than divided the town with Reynolds. Sir George Beaumont, however, advised them to employ Sir Joshua. 'But his pictures fade.' 'No matter, take the chance; even a faded picture by Reynolds will be the finest thing you can have. Ask him to dine with you; and let him become acquainted with her.' The advice was taken; the little girl was placed beside Sir Joshua at the table, where he amused her so much with tricks and stories that she thought him the most charming man in the world; and the next day was delighted to be taken to his house, where she sat down with a face full of glee, the expression of which he caught at once and never lost; and the affair turned out every way happily, for the picture did not fade, and has, till now, escaped alike the inflictions of time or of the ignorant among cleaners."—p. 302.

Mr. Leslie's general views on Art are, as we hinted, *English*, practical, eclectic; the authorities to whom he fondly refers are the lecturers who preceded him at the Royal Academy. There is wholesome truth

in his remarks about "High Art," and the mischief caused by commonplace, current notions respecting it: "high" and "low" Art being determined by the treatment and not by the subject. Yet we think Mr. Leslie is somewhat too indulgent, or may be only not sufficiently explicit on this latter point. If Haydon was made miserable by the ignis fatuus of "High Art" (seen through the medium of his own vanity), and junior artists "wasted time and probably talents upon large Cartoons for Westminster Hall," shall we say that Watteau, whom our author so greatly admires, spent time and undoubted talent well upon his theatricalities, and what Leibnitz calls the *Infiniment petit*? or Etty his patient industry and fidelity upon stupid women's backs and legs? There are high themes and there are low themes, and where both are equally well done, the former has greatly the advantage. To represent a nation's history and heroic life, and cause the deeds of the sires to be admired and emulated by their descendants, is a worthy aspiration of the noble artist, although it certainly does become a ridiculous "pretension" in the vulgar. If it is of the first importance to the painter *how* he tell a thing, it is surely also not a matter of indifference *what* it is he tells: whether it be a real, natural thing, capable and worthy to engage human sympathies; or whether it be a mere show-thing and phantasm, impossible from its own nature, or want of nature, to *treat* well, but possible only, perhaps, to "draw" or "colour" well. Let the well or ill drawn and coloured inanities that cover the walls of our exhibitions answer. Art has been defined as "the representation of *ideas* by means of material forms;" and Sir Joshua's remark, that "it is but poor eloquence which only shows that the orator can talk," is applicable to some much-admired "colourists." Colour, as has been said of rhythm, is enticing; it affects the sense first, then the imagination, and only at last the understanding painter may have discovered the "Venetian secret," and remained ignorant of the "open secret."

At the same time, we greatly admire Mr. Leslie's defence of the great colourists whose colour *was* expressive of thought and moods, and whose "eloquence" conveyed ideas. Indeed, that chapter "On Colour and Chiaroscuro" is, perhaps, the finest in the book; a noble argument, eloquently sustained. What pleasure would it not have given to old Goethe to have seen his "Theory of Colour," to which, while he lived, no one would listen, so lucidly, and it would seem quite unconsciously, confirmed, as is done here in the scientific exposition of the causes of lights and shadows.

The book abounds in quotable, melodious passages, pregnant with thought, observation, and tenderest feeling, and falling sweetly upon the ear like echoes of a poetic mind. Indeed, it is a book of Wisdom and Goodness, as well as of Art and Taste,—"*wholesome literature*," as we said. It recalled to our mind Vasari's fond boast of the richly-endowed natures of painters: they often, he says, possessed the gift of Poesy, and even a knowledge of Philosophy, like "Metrodor, who was equally well versed in Philosophy and Painting; and who, when sent for by the Athenians to Rome to decorate the Triumph of Paulus Æmilius, was retained by that captain to instruct his sons in Philosophy."



For a contribution of decided practical value towards the study of Art we are again indebted to Mr. Murray. In *Histories of Painting* the arrangement subordinate to Schools obscures, in some measure, the individuality of separate Artists. The natural correlative and supplement to such works, Dictionaries like the present (modestly entitled *Catalogue*), remedy that inevitable defect: it is portable, and conveniently arranged; condensation, Mr. Wornum<sup>2</sup> in a sensible Preface informs us, has been, and that judiciously, employed: readers will rarely turn to it unavailingly for information on those personal matters of date, school-connexion, and locale of existing pictures—materials that embody our idea of Genius—of which memory is apt to be less tenacious.

In another edition the higher and more peculiar merits of the greater masters might perhaps receive more perfect illustration. Deficiency on this point is what we mainly regret. It is a gallery containing of necessity numerous portraits, interesting only by virtue of the fact, that such men have lived; the Authors have indeed with considerable success contended against the mechanical tone, so besetting when a series has to be framed of the undistinguished many; yet for Truth's sake, not less than for relief, an emphasis, proportionate in some degree to their merits, should be given to the few, without the glory of whose genius the work of inferior hands would scarcely have attained notice. A few columns additional, but these requiring more than labour, and well purchased by the suppression of names obscure as Miscioli, and Dandini, and Dentone, might intimate the *technical* merits and method of the great Painters, —a matter at present almost passed over. Their inward characteristics again, and these strongly marked—relatively to imaginative or dramatic power, invention and study of Nature, might, we think, within narrow limits be forcibly and fundamentally set forth. Giorgione's idyllic aim, Giotto's dramatic creativeness, might thus be characterized; the claims of Titian and Piesolo specified without vagueness and compromise; Michel Angelo's style might be referred to a source nearer and more authentic than Luca Signorelli, and something more than multitude predicated of the works by which Tintoret has rendered San Rocco emulous of the Sistina.

Minor errata here and there occur; incomplete notices of Feti and the younger Mitelli; none of Mantegna's pictures at Monte Berico by Vicenza, and the true number of his engravings more than doubled. Yet the book, as a whole, has positive merit and completeness, such, that we should not have added criticism to our acknowledgment of Miss Farquhar's research and ability, without the belief that where so much has been done, that little more may be added which can alone confer permanence. Every subject is, in truth, the standard of its own treatment, and what is written on Art should be a work of Art in itself.

"In a country so largely connected with manufactures as this is, we cannot but wonder why the education of the eye has not been more generally cultivated," wrote John Burnet, between twenty and thirty years ago, in commencing his *Essay on the Eye*, which

<sup>2</sup> "Biographical Catalogue of the principal Italian Painters. By Miss Farquhar." Edited by R. N. Wornum. Murray. 1856.

forms the first part of his *Treatise on Painting*,<sup>3</sup> now before us. And, spite of the vast advance towards a universal study of Art, which has been made within the last twenty years, through Government Schools of Design, Industrial Exhibitions, Crystal Palaces, Art-Manufactures, Owen Jones-ism, and Ruskin-ism, we must still echo John Burnet's words of surprise at the absence of "*a general education of the eye*;" for, as yet, the very commencement of this great labour of national Art-education but shows how seriously injurious has been the neglect of so important a branch of education, and how wide and rich are the fields of Art-industry, still untilled, or but just brought into partial cultivation by all these labourers in the good cause of general enlightenment. Burnet was an old and ever earnest worker in this good field, and it is well that, amidst the labours of younger authors and fellow-workers, we should still recall how nobly the old pioneers in the cause have wrought. To the professional artist, and to the practical amateur, these four Essays have long been "standard works;" and to such readers, to notice them at the present day, might at first sight appear a piece of supererogation. To the orthodox in Art matters, "Burnet" is a "household word," and is regarded as an authority sound as Sir Joshua himself, and more trustworthy by far than the author of "*The Modern Painters*." For the heterodox, the effective etchings and studies of colour, which form the original feature of these Essays, possess an unceasing interest and attraction. It is with reference, therefore, to no artists, either orthodox or heterodox, that we would now call attention to the new and complete issue of these valuable Essays.

We believe that, long as this "*Treatise on Painting*" has been before the public, there is still a vast class to whom it is entirely unknown, and who would find in its pages profitable food. We believe that a copy of "Burnet" would be a useful and much-consulted work in the library of many a Mechanics' Institute, of many a Working Men's College, of many a Bedford-square and Harley-street College. The work brought into circulation amongst this fresh class of readers, would materially aid in the "*Cultivation of the Eye*," that object which its author had so much at heart. The etchings and studies of colour, which convey a vast amount of Art-knowledge in a most agreeable manner, would become keys whereby to unlock untold wealth of enjoyment to crowds who visit our National and Vernon Galleries. Many a one would find his difficulties solved after turning over Burnet's attractive pages, and would cease to wonder, with that excellent Colonel Newcome, upon his visit to the National Gallery, as to what could be the marvels admired in those "old masters," concerning which there is so much talk in the world. It is therefore as a work of popular reference that we now take notice of these four excellent Essays of John Burnet.

As in the above, so in the present case, we depart, for once, from our

<sup>3</sup> "A *Treatise on Painting, in Four Parts.* Illustrated by One Hundred and Thirty Etchings from celebrated Pictures, of the Italian, Venetian, Flemish, Dutch, and English Schools, and by Woodcuts." By John Burnet, F.R.S. London: J. and J. Leighton.

rule of confining our reviews to "Contemporary Literature" only, the merit of these books not consisting in novelty, but in permanent utility.

Mr. Harding has conferred a valuable gift upon teachers of drawing in his "Lessons on Art,"<sup>a</sup> and in his "Guide to Lessons on Art."<sup>b</sup> These two practical treatises do not, like Burnet's essays, especially address themselves to artists and amateurs of Art. They are elementary handbooks, in fact, containing, for the benefit of teachers and scholars in public and private classes, clear and concise rules by which the art of sketching from nature, landscape and architectural objects, may be attained. The system of elementary instruction laid down in these volumes is the condensed experience of many years in which Mr. Harding has pursued not only the career of an artist, but also of a very successful teacher of drawing; and thus, stamped with his name, the experience will be welcome to all teachers. "The whole intent of the system," says the author, "hinges on the strict observance of this principle—training the mind to a preconception and review of the purpose and consequence of every act of the hand. These must be contemplated and predetermined, never accidental." In this wise spirit, therefore, Mr. Harding commences by elucidating the first elements of geometry as the preparatory step towards the understanding of form and the representation of it upon a flat surface; and leads the student, by sure though slow degrees, into the mysteries of perspective, that "bugbear" to the lazy tyro. These mysteries, however, Mr. Harding contrives vastly to simplify, laying down in clear language a few precise rules, the thorough mastering of which by the pupil he makes a *sine quâ non*, and illustrating all his rules as he proceeds by placing before his scholars wooden models of *cubic sections*. Of the immense value to the teacher and scholar of these models we ourselves have been eye-witnesses, and can fully coincide with Mr. Harding in his earnest recommendation of them:—

"These models," he says, "afford inexhaustible illustrations to instruction, adaptable to the ever-varying necessities of infinitely varying capacities. They provide an ample field for exercising the ingenuity, taste, and talent of the pupil, which they first guide and then test; and will be found to accelerate his progress incredibly, when in the hands of a skilful teacher, who will from them supply endless examples wherewith to aid himself and his pupils over difficulties common to every attempt to impart or acquire knowledge. He may with them convey, and his pupil receive, an amount of instruction in a few hours, which could not otherwise be obtained in as many weeks."

Both volumes are accompanied with diagrams and various objects illustrative of these diagrams, "put into perspective," connected with each lesson of the series, and accompanied with full explanation both for teacher and pupil, and Mr. Harding strongly recommends the use in the school-room of a large black board upon which, as the lesson proceeds, each diagram may be sketched boldly and clearly in white chalk:—

<sup>a</sup> "Lessons on Art." By J. D. Harding. London: Day and Son; David Bogue.

<sup>b</sup> "The Guide and Companion to the Lessons on Art." By J. D. Harding. London: Day and Son; David Bogue.

"Whatever may be the subject of the lesson, especially a diagrammatic one, it should be drawn by the teacher on the board. The pupil thus sees it in all its stages, from its commencement to its completion; all have an opportunity of witnessing its growth, from its simple to its complex form. By this method, what at first appeared intricate and insurmountable, is stripped of these alarming characteristics, and the most timid are induced to attempt what appeared beyond their reach. . . . Of course, it is not intended to be understood that the pupil is learning to draw diagrams only, but that he learns principles of endless application."

Having mastered the theory, practice is provided for the pupil, in the exercise of his skill and newly-acquired knowledge, by the drawing of chairs, tables, "pots and pans," by the putting into correct perspective portions of rooms, and of any object, in fact, which the teacher or pupil may select as good "practice." To a pupil of quick observation and open inquiring mind, such a sensible and intellectual training of hand and eye must be a very paradise after the now, we will trust, almost exploded "inferno" of copying "copies"—yet, spite of a juster understanding of the aims of art, and of the means requisite for the attainment of a knowledge of drawing, which the Government Schools of Design have especially disseminated within the last ten or twenty years, we still fear that in many such "high places" as "fashionable schools for young ladies," and for "young gentlemen" also, and in many such dull lowly places as are attended by the principal drawing-master or mistress of a small third or fourth-rate country town, the copying of "copies," sad to think, is as rife as ever. How many an artist even, can call up as amongst the most painful of the memories of his childhood, his early drawing lessons; not because to draw was distasteful to him—no; for, on the contrary, to draw out of his free-will and imagination "the likeness of anything in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth," was his joy and delight, for the indulgence of which he would forfeit food and sleep. To scribble over waste-paper, copy-books, or walls, marvelous birds, beasts, men, and monsters, was delicious; but to "copy" that hideous "picturesque"—the master called it—that "picturesque," insipid pig-sty, that elegant five-barred gate, that staring dog's head, or that old man's face with the nose all awry—that was a deep tribulation and spirit-crushing grief! How often have fond parents shaken their heads over the dirty, rubbed-out, unrepresentable performance of some such thwarted genius, and deplored with sincerest regrets that, after all, "Dick" or "Tommy" quite disappointed them, and, "spite of all his promise, would make nothing of it." How many a bitter word has been spoken by the injudicious teacher, himself brought up in a false system, as his little pupil, who had shown "such an aptitude for the pencil," either scorned the copying of "copies" with bitter disgust, or, if of a meeker disposition, submitted with a sick and uninterested spirit, and performed his "task," but only in a feeble and utterly unpraiseworthy style. We have heard an artist remark, that he never sees to this day a flight of pigeons cleaving the clear deep blue of a midsummer sky, but it recalls to him as bitter an hour as he ever experienced in his artist-life. It recalls to him the time when, a boy of

nine; he was seated on a high chair before a desk, endeavouring to copy in sepia a highly-finished, most mawkish head of "Amy Robsart," or some such beauty, which had been "done in sepia" from the Gallery of the Graces, or a similar work of "high art" by his drawing-master, and left to be copied by his little pupil before the next lesson. He recalls the unutterable disgust which filled him, as vainly he sought with inexperienced fingers to "wash in" and "stipple;" how those smiling lips and long curls, and square Elizabethan ruff of fine lace, swam before his eyes; how he could have torn the smiling lady to pieces and trampled upon her; how "he hated drawing," he declared, in an indignant voice, and, looking up from his task, his angry eyes rested upon the deep blue sky without the house, athwart which a flight of pigeons with their gleaming white pinions winged their way; and how, touched to the quick by this living beauty, he sunk his little head upon his miserable drawing, and, bursting into a violent fit of tears, cried out in his child's heart "that he only wished that God had made him a bird to have wings and sail through the air, instead of having made him a boy, who had to sit and copy nasty sepia drawings!" Many a gradation of such soul weariness might be spared to both teachers and taught, were this copying of "copies" universally abolished; and all teaching and writing, and all action which leads towards this most desirable aim, the development of individuality, we warmly welcome. Truly does Mr. Harding say:—

"The prevalent method of teaching Art, which merely places before the pupil something to be copied, exercises the faculty of imitation. This is exactly analogous to, and is intended by, no better results than the bygone system of general education, now almost obsolete, wherein, whatever the subject, the pupil was merely called upon to commit a certain portion to memory. He who could deliver it from his tongue most correctly, and most glibly, was voted the best scholar; few, if any, critical questions were asked. Under this *régime*, every power save memory was hushed; no call was made on the intellectual faculties; talent was smothered or entombed, unless it had sufficient innate power to deliver itself from the somniferous or sepulchral load. Seeds were thinly scattered, and a harvest was altogether wanting. An attempt to teach Art, by requiring the pupil patiently and minutely to copy the example set before him, leads him as far astray from its attainment, as he would be led from the attainment of the Greek language, were his tutor first to require an exact copy of the character of its alphabet, then of the words, and finally of a whole sentence. When able to do this without mistake, he would be as near to a knowledge of the Greek language, as the like means would bring him to a knowledge of Art." —Introductory Chapter, p. 7.

In concluding our notice of these useful and practical volumes, we would suggest an addition to the store of lessons they contain, which it appears to us might, with advantage to the youthful student, be added to a future edition by Mr. Harding himself; or it might be judiciously and occasionally interspersed amidst the lessons by a teacher employing these books as his guide; we mean a series of studies in outline of the natural forms of leaves. Nothing certainly is more suggestive to the young Art-student of grace and beauty, than the curves and lines of foliage, nothing requires more delicacy and precision of pencil-line than the making of outline drawings of flowers.

The study of the unending variety of beauty and individuality, of the marvellous geometric forms and combinations in the growths of the commonest weeds which crowd our lanes and fields, is an Art academy in itself. Our Schools of Design have long availed themselves of these cheap and loveliest of "models," and with incalculable benefit to our Art-manufacturers. Why do not our teachers of drawing in private schools and classes, also turn their attention to these fertile "*Lessons on Art*" scattered around us by Nature's own hand? An artist much addicted to the study of "docks and darnels," once told us that she never had felt the benefit conferred upon humanity by the study of Art more strongly than by finding one morning, in her studio, her housemaid standing in contemplation before a large mass of thistle, which was in the process of being painted into a picture. "Lor', ma'am," said the servant, "but weeds is beautiful things. I never cared before to look at weeds; but I see they is beautiful things."

Laborious Germany, unhasting, unresting, is fertile as ever in the literature of Art as of other matters; and one rejoices to observe more and more how the shapeless root of erudition, nursed in the underground of learning and research, warmed by speculation, moistened by honest sweat of the brow, and also electrified by the genial touch of Winkelman, Lessing, Goethe, and the like, sends up fair flowers, pleasant fruit, into the open light of daily life, for the benefit of whosoever will look or taste. The books before us are, for German books, of a more than usually elegant, practical, and popular character, making the labours of the scholar enjoyable to the general reader.

Adolf Stahr, favourably known as an industrious popular Philologist and Archæologist, and less favourably as a *Publicist* of the impracticable democratic school of 1848, is one of those useful middle-men who make the produce of the University fit for the market: he rubs it bright from pedantic rust, gives it an elegant modern polish, though sometimes also a little varnish, and presents on the whole a most acceptable article. In the first volume of his "*Torso*," he gives a clear, well elaborated account of Greek Art, and what was connected with it in Hellenic life, manners, and institutions, illustrated by the records of classic writers, and exemplified by still existing "Art-works of the Ancients." These latter, their history, significance and critical exposition, form the staple of the book, round which the more general matter groups itself naturally and perspicuously. Opening with an eloquent chapter on "Nature, land, and people of the Greeks," and giving a few sufficiently enthusiastic pages to the "Greek gods" and the "Greek State," the author begins his subject with fabulous *Dädalos*, "the artist;" and making the reader acquainted with the earliest remains of Greek sculpture, with reminiscences of Egyptian stiffness still clinging to them; with the "naïf" Agenæan works, and the "Templegable," and its plastic ornamentation, he brings him to "Phidias and his works," the culminating point of the subject and of the book. There is some excellent matter here; and the account

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\* "*Torso, Kunst, Künstler, und Kunstwerke der Alten.*" Von Adolf Stahr. In zwei Theilen. Erster Theil. Braunschweig: Vieweg. 1854.

of the Parthenon, and the Parthenon-sculpture of the British Museum, must be of peculiar interest to English readers. From the heroic works of Phidias, we arrive by stages at the erotic ones of Praxiteles; and as with the former we had the history and philosophy of Jupiter and Minerva statues, of Amazons and Centaurs, so we have here of Venuses and Dianas;—and so on, till a chapter on Portrait-statues brings us to the time of the Roman Emperors and the end of the first volume. All which, seen by the light of German erudite *Æsthetics*, and unprejudiced *Humanität*, gains new meaning, and speaks to us very singularly of that bright-shining Hellenic culture, the gay blossoming time of the genius of young Europe, so brilliant, joyous, rapid, so vanished and immortal!

Yet we must say that Mr. Stahr's unlimited admiration of everything Greek appears to us, in some cases, questionable, both in tone and in reasoning. He is also too much inclined to consider mere "Liberty" as the mother of Greek Art. Liberty, that inner freedom which emancipates a man from subserviency to the world, and constitutes him a sovereign ruler over that kingdom of his which he "can cover with his hat,"—this, certainly, has much to do with every activity of genius. But the "political liberty" of 20,000 sovereign Athenian Democrats, upheld by the slavery, or civil disability, of all the rest of the people: why should that, politically considered, have proved so much more favourable to Art than, for instance, the not less great political liberty of the numerically much larger class of English "gentlemen," whom Mr. Stahr would probably sneer at as "Aristocrats"? But this by the way only, and merely as a qualification of the author's occasional lapses of the Archæologist into the Publicist.

The book concludes with a short chapter on "the Colouring," and a thoughtful one on "the Nude," of Greek sculpture. A word on the former subject may not be without use at the present moment, when travellers from Rome bring tidings of a "Coloured Venus," arising under the hands of an eminent English sculptor. There is no question that many plastic works, and some of the most renowned, of the Greeks were tinted, coloured, or composed of polychromic materials. In properly estimating the value of this fact, however, it is necessary to remember two things: *First*, the Greeks derived their Art from Asiatic people, to whom colour was at all times more attractive and important than form; so, to the Russians of this day, *red* and *beautiful* are synonymous terms. Further, the art of Sculpture in Greece, as elsewhere, began with carving religious images, idols; whose most valuable property was, to be life-like, awe-inspiring. The head and hands of these "works of early Greek Art," were carved in wood, and rudely painted in imitation of Nature. The rest of the body was a mere wooden frame-work, a clothes-horse, covered with gaudy apparel, exactly as may be seen (and admired by whoever chooses) in continental Roman Catholic Churches at this day. The periodical presentation of a new garment, called the *Peplus*, to their tutelary goddess by the Athenians, was a grand pan-Hellenic festival. The *Peplus*, wove and embroidered by young ladies of distinction, was

carried to the shrine of Minerva,—the Panathenaic frieze of the Elgin marbles shows in what manner. This originally real clothing of the statues was, at a more advanced period, merely *suggested* by colour or difference of material. Phidias's celebrated temple-statues of Jupiter and Minerva were composed of ivory and gold: the drapery of the latter, the fleshy parts of the former material; the eyes formed of precious stones. They were far-famed for their overpowering preternatural aspect; they were only exposed to sight on solemn occasions, and the awe-struck beholder felt as in the presence of the living God. The intention was theological rather than æsthetic. Architectural sculptures also, on the outside of temples, were freely coloured, the hair and accessories gilt; and the effect under the bright sky and sun of the south, must have been gay enough, and harmonizing with the joyous triumphant Hellenic life—while it lasted. We learn also of statues being polished with a preparation of wax, to soften the glare of the marble, and to give it a general flesh-like hue; and of others where the help of the colourist was confined to mere lines and indications: the woollen and silken cloth of the primitive image being idealized into a faint stripe of colour upon the white marble; calling upon the imagination of the spectator to fill up the outline, while satisfying, thus cheaply, the conventional habit of the eye accustomed to look for colour. Finally, we know that many statues of the best period, Praxiteles' Knidian Venus amongst them, the mother and type of all renowned Venuses, were purely plastic, and that, while Greek sculpture still continued in highest perfection, it had begun to depend solely upon form, discarding chromatic aid. Thus we see the progress was from the gaudy to the simple, from the gaily coloured wooden doll to the pure marble or bronze statue: from Asiatic grotesque naturalism, to European ideal simplicity. The purely plastic statue presents to the cultivated eye the higher, the spiritual form, as it were, and leaves much to the imagination; for need the sculptor, if he knows the meaning of his art, envy the imitative advantages of Madame Tussaud's workshop! But we have been led away by this theme from Mr. Stahr's "Torso;" of which we only wish to add, that a judicious translator might make it a most acceptable book to the general English reader.

As Stahr guides us among the remains of Heathen Art, so Pastor Otte<sup>7</sup>, with still greater diligence, and with a pious love with which we can more easily sympathize, enumerates, arranges, and interprets for us the works of Mediæval Art of his own country; where, under *Kaiser* and *Reich*, the spirit of the Middle Ages found probably its fullest actual development in civil, political, and religious life, as in Dante's poem it had received its fullest spiritual expression. The author gravely receives his reader, on the threshold of his book, with a definition of Art as "the representation of an idea in material form, and according to laws," adding that the Christian idea, incapable of complete representation

<sup>7</sup> "Handbuch der Kirchlichen Kunst-Archäologie des deutschen Mittelalters." Von Heinrich Otte, Pastor in Fröden. Dritte umgearbeitete Auflage. Mit 13 Stahlstichen und über 302 Holzschnitten. Leipzig: Weigel. 1854.



in material form, necessarily partakes of a symbolical character, and demands faith as one condition of thorough intelligence. Nor need the reader be alarmed at this preliminary and sudden demand, in case he should not be quite prepared for it: the author's own faith seems to us quite sufficient for the purpose in hand. Moreover, what is important, he adds to faith, knowledge, and to knowledge love, that is, sympathy with his subject; and so, by the light of these three lamps, he leads you faithfully through the venerable aisles and avenues of sacred Mediæval Art: expounds, first of all, the technical, symbolical, artistical meaning of Church-architecture; the history and characteristic of the various styles; illustrates it all conveniently and attractively by plans, views, drawings, and outlines; gives alphabetical lists, handy for reference, of the churches and ecclesiastical buildings of Germany, grouped according to period and style, with a short, intelligent account of each: indeed, what may be called a geographical-historical dictionary of German Church-Architecture. Passing to the sister arts, Sculpture and Painting, which are treated somewhat more compendiously, we learn of the various schools in the different provinces of Germany (including the Netherlands, which once belonged to the *Reich*), of their masters and works. Here, again, our studies are both assisted and rewarded by numerous, well selected, delicately executed illustrations; and always there is a liberal list of "Literature," given for the benefit of those who wish to enter more minutely into any of the matters touched upon. And on the whole, the good Pastor guides you expeditiously through the length and breadth of his land; points out the pious, ingenious works of his forefathers, from the luxuriant regions of the Rhine, the Main, and the Danube, to the sandy flats of the Oder and the Vistula: and as you grow acquainted with the distinctive character of the Arts and Monuments of each province, and compare the imaginative exuberance of the South and West with the stiff, grave, compact resoluteness of the North and North-East, you imperceptibly learn also something of the different character of the people. That bare, square, stiffly-symmetrical church of *Xerichow*, for instance, with its monotonous pair of tall, firm steeples, and rigorous walls and roofs, has something quite touching in its honest brick-simplicity and straightness;—as we have indeed often felt to be the case with those lank, gloomy, yet sternly-handsome gothic brick churches of Northern Germany, where the material strictly limited the builder to mere strength and straightness, and the watchful observance of unornamented truths;—and reminds you of Frederick William's tall Prussian grenadiers, with their peaked caps and uniform club-tails, and their dumb strength and fidelity. And then the rich, broad, harmoniously-diversified piles of Byzantine churches of the Rhine country, and the bulky roominess and chiseled and perforated richness of St. Stephen of Vienna! Not that the faithful Pastor hints at anything of that sort; but your thoughts need not be bound by his text, and will perhaps wander a little while he discourses learnedly, in the latter part of his book, on Epigraphy and Iconography, on church-symbols, festivals, and saints. Of the latter, there is a really curious and instructive alphabetical catalogue, and you learn with interest such mysteries as that, for instance,

"*Apollonia* carries red-hot pincers, holding a tooth, and is patroness against tooth-ache;" whilst

"*Barbara*, with sword and chalice (because an angel carried the Sacrament to her prison, and because her votaries do not die without its benefit), and a dungeon-tower by her side, in which her heathen father had confined her;— is patroness against lightning, because the judge who condemned her was killed by it;"

which no man is the worse for knowing. The illustrations, on wood and steel, are often curious, always excellent, and, in some instances, singularly beautiful; amongst the latter, a "*Madonna*," after Hubert Van Eyk, with the gorgeous queenly character of the oil-painting happily rendered, and a scene from Dürer's "*Apocalypse*" deserve to be particularly "named."

Rich also and attractive in illustrations of a more elaborate character is Heideloff's "*Medieval Art in Swabia*."<sup>8</sup> Pastor Otte surveys, in a necessarily compendious manner, the whole of Germany; Professor Heideloff, in a more leisurely way, and in shortest stages, takes us on an easy pleasure-trip through a single province, where nothing noteworthy need be passed by, where we can visit villages and castles as well as cities and cathedrals, look at details, examine monuments, carvings, inscriptions, and listen to local traditions. Here, for instance, is a delicately-engraved tombstone of the thirteenth century, from Stuttgart, with the effigies of a Count and Countess of Württemberg which, with characteristic expression of the Teutonic physiognomy and spirit of Christian piety of the period, for style, beauty, and gracefulness, would bear comparison with the best Greek works; and a view of the little town of Herrenberg, as it appeared in the year 1643: with a high-roofed, hospital-looking *Schloss* upon the hill; a lofty bi-steeped church half-way down, and the compact little town with its clean gable-houses, prominent *Rath-haus*, school-house, and other communal buildings, leaning snugly against the side of the hill, shut in by the turreted walls, and surrounded by richly-wooded fields and meadows: altogether so articulated, organized, self-sufficing, that one can well fancy an inhabitant of it nursing an honest pride in being a *Bürger* of Herrenberg. Studies of this description are most valuable aids to history: they bring visibly before our eyes modes of existence of old generations, and teach us frequently, what in the pride of our ignorance we are apt to forget, that—

"Not only we, the latest seed of Time,  
New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
Cry down the past; not only we, that prate  
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well."

The elegance of the present work, the care bestowed by the editors (men of first rank in their various ways) upon the historical as well as artistic matter, show that it has been a labour of love—a labour which Germans so fondly bestow upon the illustration and history of the Fatherland. In Germany, more than elsewhere, artists, literary men, and even

\* "*Die Kunst des Mittelalters in Schwaben. Denkmäler der Baukunst, Bildnerei und Malerei.*" Herausgegeben von C. Heideloff, unter Mitwirkung von Architect C. Beisbarth. Mit erläuterndem Text von Prof. Fr. Müller. Stuttgart: Ebner and Seufert. 1855.

booksellers, still continue in many cases to perform work from mere love of the subject, and with a view to something besides the wages. This same laudable "love" meets us with gravely benign smiles in the illustrated pages of the "Golden A.B.C.,"<sup>9</sup> the prettiest, seriously-sweetest little picture-book for children. Each letter of the alphabet, as ornamental initial-letter to a scriptural verse, contains a complete, beautifully-designed little picture, representing some scene of Sacred History, parabolically illustrative of the sense of the verse; and the style of the whole in the highest degree creditable to the "designer, engraver, and publisher." The first, Gustav König, author of the "Life of Luther in Pictures," the best of modern illustrated histories we know, has here well sustained the nonhonourable designation he has received in his own country, as the religious painter of Protestantism.

The curious in classical archaeology will find much food for conjecture in a "Description of 1367 Vases of the Munich Collection."<sup>10</sup> The "Description" is preceded by a learned treatise on the history and distinctive character of ancient vases, and followed by tables containing eighty-six differently-shaped vases in outline, and facsimiles of many inscriptions, letters, and marks.

Kugler's "History of Architecture"<sup>11</sup> we need only announce. The author's name, sufficiently established in this country, will at once commend the book. The number before us (the first of the work, which is to appear in parts) contains an account of the early architecture of Egypt, of the nations of Central Asia, and of the Pelasgians. The latest sources of information (the Nineveh discoveries, amongst others) are made use of; and in the treatment the details are subdued by a philosophical spirit, which looks for organic unity, and aims at keeping the *living* element, the character of country and people, before the reader's mind. The illustrations are good.

A book from Treves,<sup>12</sup> dedicated to Bishop Arnoldi of holy-coat celebrity, looks suspicious, but turns out really remarkable: nothing less than the actual "manual of Byzantine painters," with the whole history and mystery of their art, as practised by them from times immemorial to this present day. It reveals a singular chapter in Art-history, and characteristically illustrates the history of a people.

Travellers in Greece and the Levant are, it appears, much puzzled as to the chronology of fresco-decorations in the churches: they find so much similarity in style, arrangement, and treatment, that it is not easy to say whether a work belongs to the tenth or to the eighteenth century; nay, pictures not yet dry look as if they had been executed by

<sup>9</sup> "Guldenes A, B, C." Gezeichnet von Gustav König; gestochen von Julius Thäter. Gotha: Justus Perther.

<sup>10</sup> "Beschreibung der Vasensammlung König Ludwigs in der Pinakothek zu München." Von Otto Jahn. Mit XI. Tafeln. München: Jos. Lindauer. 1854.

<sup>11</sup> "Franz Kugler, Geschichte der Baukunst." Erste Lieferung. Stuttgart: Ebner und Seufert.

<sup>12</sup> "Ἑρμηνεία τῆς ζωγραφικῆς. Das Handbuch der Malerei." Vom Berg Athos: aus dem handschriftlichen neugriechischen Urtext übersetzt, mit Aumerkungen von Didron d. A. und eigenen von Godefr. Schafer, Dr. beider Rechte, &c. Trier: Fr. Lintz. 1855.

one of the masters from whom Cimabue learnt. Monsieur Didron and a party of French archaeologists alighting at a convent at the foot of Mount Athos, to rest their weary limbs, luckily stumbled upon a new church filled with scaffolding, and painters, busy with brush and mortar, covering the walls with fresco; and this was what they witnessed. A younger brother of the master spread and smoothed the fresh plaster upon the wall, upon which the master himself immediately sketched his picture; he was closely followed by the first pupil filling up the outlines of the sketch; a younger pupil gilded the glories, painted the inscriptions and ornaments, while two still smaller fellows prepared the colours. The master sketched his picture completely from memory, and as if "by inspiration." Within the hour he drew upon the wall a picture, of superior merit, representing Christ charging his apostles to teach and baptize the nations: twelve figures nearly the size of life. And while thus productively occupied, he dictated, seemingly from memory, the texts and sentences for the inscriptions which rapidly appeared under the hand of his younger assistant. "Did you execute all these other finished pictures in the same manner as you do that?" asked the astonished traveller. "Yes," answered the painter, without looking up from his work. The Frenchman knew not what to think, expressed his wonder, his admiration; the busy master could not understand what there was to be wondered at, was surprised at the surprise: Nothing simpler than his proceedings, he observed, "there are hundreds of others on Mount Athos who do the like; it is the way our fathers taught us, as they were taught by their fathers; and, besides, it is all written down in this book, you see." It was a manuscript, in modern Greek, with a profuse mixture of Turkish, Russian, lingua franca, and even German expressions; and the book before us, printed at Treves, is a German translation of it, with notes and emendations. A very curious book indeed, the manual and text-book of the Byzantine painters' "complete art," strictly adhered to, and handed down from father to son, a thousand years or so.

Holy Mount Athos, with its 935 churches, chapels, convents, and hermitages, and its 6000 monks, mostly Russians, is the great painting academy of Eastern Christendom, and artists, armed with brush and manuscript-book, wander from there all over Greece, Turkey, Russia, and decorate the sacred edifices of all orthodox believers of the nineteenth century, in strict obedience to, and imitation of, the designs and directions of their forefathers of the ninth. More or less perfect in design, but always respectable in technical skill and execution by virtue of constant repetition; debarred from all invention or originality by unchanging adherence to the canon, they figure forth saints, apostles, and sacred heroic stories, much as the bee builds its hive and the beaver its hut. The starting-point of the supremacy of old Hellenic Art was, when they broke through traditional routine, and brought life and movement into the conventional types of Egypt and Asia; and here, by a strange reversion, is their land the nursery of such an Asiatic death in life! Such a practice in an important element of social life must be symbolical of many things. People whose formative expression of their religious thought remains fixed for a thou-

sand years, so that, in a living changing world, the *thought* must be necessarily either dead or falsely expressed, can hardly be expected to be a veracious people, for one thing; accordingly "Greek falsehood" has long been proverbial, and the value of the "word of a gentleman" in the mouth of a Russian, has lately become historical.

The painter's "Handbook from Mount Athos," opens with a prayer to the Virgin Mary, and is divided into four books. The first contains minute instructions in matters technical: how brushes and colours are to be prepared; how to put the plaster on the wall; how to do "beards and hair;" how to make "the varnish with *raki*," &c. The second prescribes "how the miracles of the Old Testament are to be represented," in what manner the persons of each ~~of~~ are to be grouped, and their "characters" portrayed; in which latter department the beard, for one thing, forms an item of minute distinction. Thus Reuben has a "pointed" beard, Gideon a "forked" beard, Levi a "round" beard, Judas a "broad" beard, Issachar a beard "of the form of rushes;" and Gad has "curly hair," but Dan's is "dishevelled." The third book treats of "the representations of festivals and the events of the New Testament," and of the "character" of the *dramatis personæ*. Here is a "character:" "The most holy Mother of God is of middling age. Some say also that she is three ells high; wheaten complexion; yellow-haired, with yellow eyes; hair fine, large brows, middling nose; long hand and fingers; beautiful clothes. Humble, unpretending; not negligent (in dress); loves natural colour in her dress, as is proved by the Homophorium which is preserved in her temple." Finally, there are topographical directions assigning to each particular subject its own particular locality on the walls of the church, and reciting the appropriate inscription for each.

Amongst the "characters" of the witnesses to the Church, we notice a selection of heathen philosophers, and how they are to be done, and what they say:—

"Plato, an old man with large broad beard, says: 'The old is new, and the new is old; the Father is in the Son, and the Son in the Father; the One is divided in Three, and the Three are One.'"

"Sophocles, a bald-headed old man, with fine-forked beard, says: 'God is without beginning, and simple according to his nature, who has created the Heaven with the Earth.'"

On the whole, it is not difficult to perceive that the thing which is now a dead idolatrous routine was once the expression of living human intellect and conviction.

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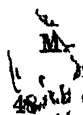
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